Aug. 5, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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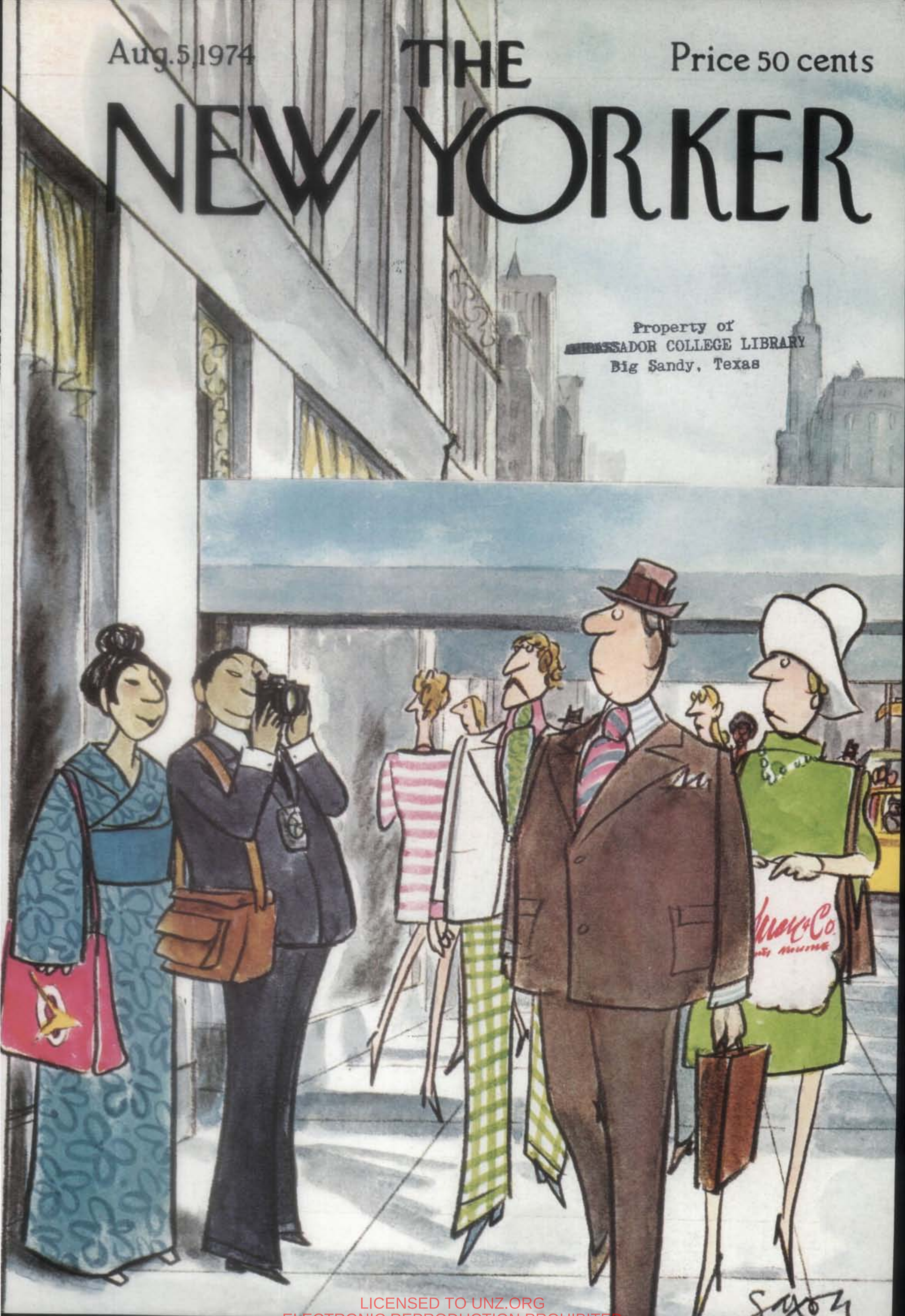

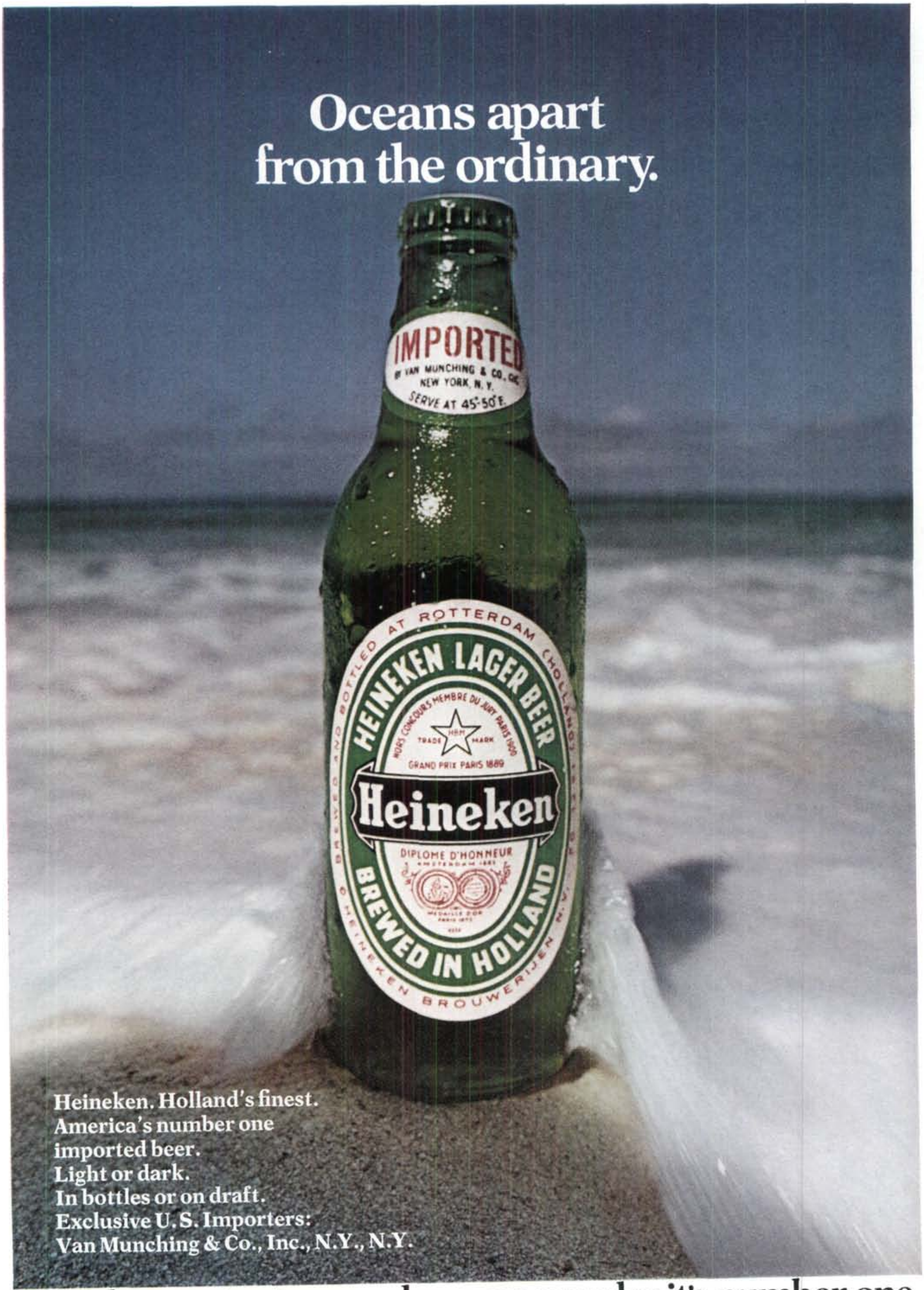
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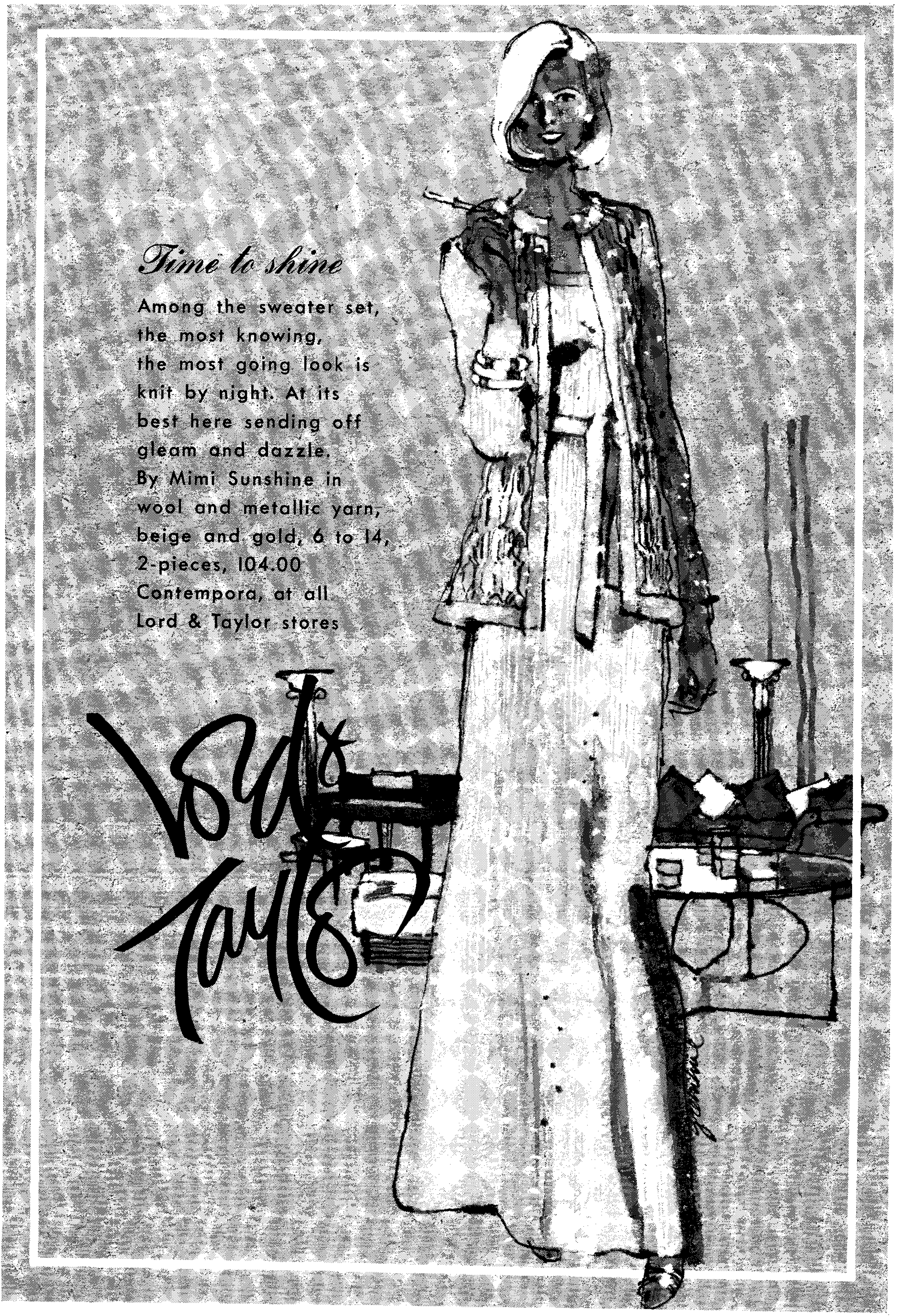

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Belack and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Burnt Flower Bed—Paul Sparer and Jane White in Ugo Betti's play, translated by Henry Reed. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Aug. 11.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. May close Sunday, Aug. 11.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prodigal Sister—A musical with a book by J. E. Franklin, music by Micki Grant, and lyrics by them both. Directed by Shauneille Perry. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 4. Free.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by members of the Young Vic company, on loan to us from London. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Edward J. Moore (who wrote the play) and Conchata Ferrell are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Aug. 11.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Elizabeth Sturges is especially good as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down—A play by Tom Eyen. (Top of the Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. YU 2-9292. Tuesdays at 7:30 and 9:45, and Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Words and Music—How to write terrific popu-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lar songs, and then how to put them over, partly through body English. Our delightful teacher is Sammy Cahn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8.)

Long Runs—don't bother me, i can't cope: A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **the fantasticks:** 5,937 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **godspell:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **el grande de coca-cola:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **grease:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **the hot l baltimore:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **irene:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. West of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **a little night music:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, William Daniels, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Aug. 3.)... **moonchildren:** Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen and Renée Tadlock, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)... **pippin:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **raisin:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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BALLET

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, July 31: "Napoli Divertissements," "Undertow," and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 1: "Apollo," "Undertow," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 2: "Some Times," "Grand Pas Classique," "Pillar of Fire," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, Aug. 3: "Tales of Hoffmann."... ¶ Monday evening, Aug. 5: "La Bayadère," with Mikhail Barishnikov, formerly of the Kirov Ballet; "Three Virgins and a Devil;" "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux;" and Act III of "The Sleeping Beauty."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 6: "La Bayadère," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Etudes."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Aug. 7-8: "Swan Lake." ... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 9: "Apollo;" "Billy the Kid;" "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," with Mikhail Barishnikov; and "Etudes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 10: "Theme and Variations," "Billy the Kid," and "Le Baiser de la Fée."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 10: "Swan Lake." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

National Ballet of Canada—With Rudolf Nureyev (dancing at all performances except Sunday matinée, Aug. 4.), in the final performances of a three-week engagement. Wednesday and Thursday, July 31-Aug. 1: "Giselle."... ¶ Friday through Sunday, Aug. 2-4, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 6-7: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 8-10: "La Sylphide" (Erik Bruhn will take part in the Friday and Saturday evening performances), "Le Loup," and "The Moor's Pavane." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, with others. Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to three.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

James Cotton—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Chicago-blues vocals and harmonica, with his band. At eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, starting Tuesday, Aug. 6.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Bill Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a trio, through Sunday, Aug. 4, at ten.

Tommy Flanagan—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Wilbur Little, through Saturday, Aug. 3, from nine-thirty.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Lionel Hampton—Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970). Piano, leading a band, at nine and eleven-fifteen, beginning Monday, Aug. 5.

Helen Humes—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Jazz and blues singer, with a backing combo. Through Saturday, Aug. 3, at nine-thirty.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio. Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten until three.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine to three. Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Red Norvo—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Vibraharp, with Hank Jones, Milt Hinton, and Joe Corsello. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 6, from nine-fifteen to one.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Paul Quinichette and Oliver Jackson. Thursdays and Fridays from nine to one.

Dakota Staton—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Jazz singer, with Mike Longo's trio, at nine-thirty, beginning Monday, Aug. 5.

Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Saxophones, co-leading a quintet, beginning Monday, Aug. 5.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Joe Williams—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Jazz and blues singer, with the Roland Hanna trio, through Saturday, Aug. 3.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Ted Wilson, Jr., through Saturday, Aug. 3, from nine-fifteen to one.

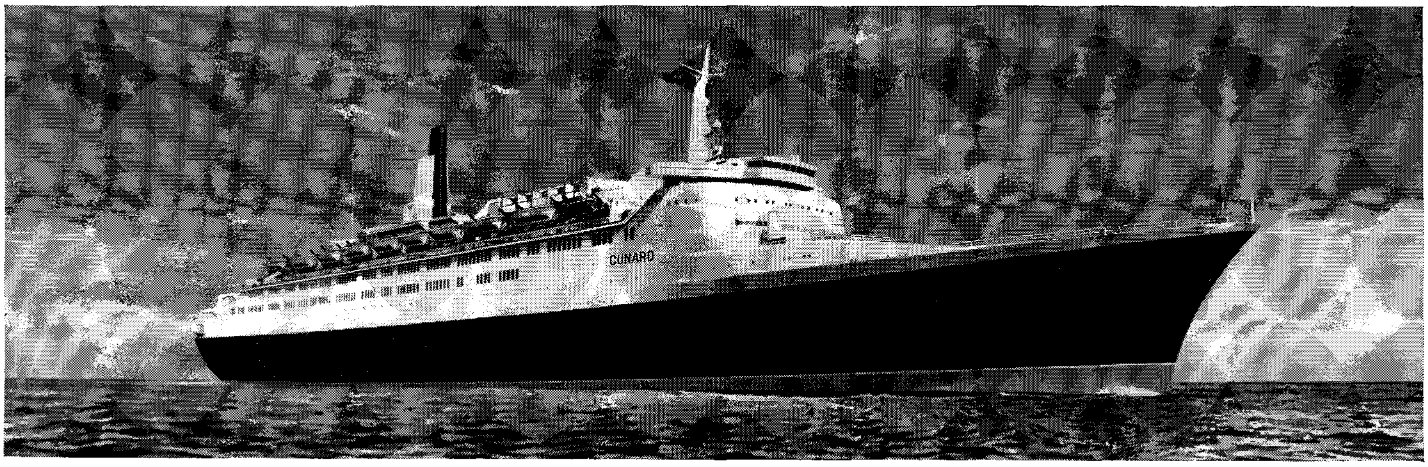
●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A long, narrow closet of a night club with uncomfortable wooden pews built to accommodate four but often seating a cramped six. Fred, a spirited and somewhat fresh jazz-rock sextet, works opposite folksingers Terri and Maggi Roche through Sunday, Aug. 4. Shows at nine and eleven. Coffee, tea, and hot-fudge sauce are the staples. Tuesdays are allotted to fledgling performers; closed Mondays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Trumpeter and Basie-band alumnus Joe Newman takes time off from his duties as a prime mover for Jazz Interactions (a nonprofit organization that promotes jazz around town) to head up a



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quartet Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday, Aug. 5, drummer Keno Duke's Contemporaries, a quintet—tenor saxophonist George Coleman, Frank Strozier on alto sax, pianist Harold Mabern, and bassist Lisle Atkinson—holds forth. Guitarist Ryo Kawasaki, who has been regarded as an Oriental Wes Montgomery, performs with his trio on Tuesday, Aug. 6. Nine to three are the music hours.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its topnotch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. The full-bodied, booming gospel group, the Voices of East Harlem—ten singers and four musicians strong—performs Wednesday and Thursday, July 31-Aug. 1. Two Nashville citizens visit Friday through Sunday, Aug. 2-4: Waylon Jennings, an appealing country-and-Western singer, and his band, and Linda Hargrove, a young singer, songwriter, guitarist, and pianist. On Tuesday, Aug. 6, James Cotton—Chicago bluesman, singer, harmonica master, and one of a handful of true blues artists still on the scene—brings in his band for a week's stint. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Tommy Flanagan, a fine, highly respected pianist, performs with bassist Wilbur Little through Saturday, Aug. 3. Pianist Cedar Walton begins collaborating with bassist Sam Jones on Monday, Aug. 5. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate singer Joe Williams, who has the blues every day, and his distinguished backing musicians—pianist Roland Hanna, bassist Richard Davis, and drummer Freddie Waits. They will all pack up their suitcases and move on down the line after Saturday, Aug. 3. Sonny Stitt and Gene Ammons revive their tenor-saxophone duels of twenty-odd years ago on Monday, Aug. 5, when they start co-piloting a quintet. Two shows weeknights, three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the center of the room. Calvin Jackson, a West Coast musician and composer for films and television, easily overcomes any audio competition here. A strong, two-fisted pianist with a flair for concert-performer flourishes, he collaborates with bassist Rusty Gilder Mondays through Saturdays from eight to one. Chuck Folds claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A large square room, with red walls, red carpeting, red tablecloths, and Italian dishes with tomato sauce. Singer Linda Hopkins devotes herself almost entirely to slick, cult-conscious renditions of Bessie Smith blues Tuesdays through Saturdays. In much the same way a comedian might "get serious" all of a sudden, taking an important stand and telling the applauding audience, "Please, don't applaud," Hopkins warns her listeners, "I ain't Bessie, and I wouldn't try to fool you." Many listeners are indeed fooled; these innocents should investigate the fine Bessie Smith recordings available. On Sunday, Aug. 4, Marta Heflin sings some pop and lightweight rock. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Shows begin at nine and midnight.

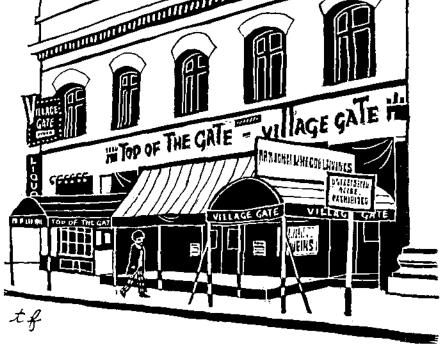
Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Ted Sturgis on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. The Half Note, now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club, is enjoying success on the crest of reëmerging night life in the city. Singer Helen Humes made her first records at age fifteen (with James P. Johnson, no less), spent four years as a Basie vocalist (1938-42), and worked with many other topnotch outfits, including Red Norvo's trio. She is here with a combo through Saturday, Aug. 3. The Alexanders the Great Quartet, co-led by Ray and Mousey Alexander, trades sets with Humes. On Monday, Aug. 5, another fine female jazz vocalist, Dakota Staton, begins her snappy, foot-stamping interpretations, aided by pianist Mike Longo's trio. The No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing ensemble, opens things up. Music from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. On Sundays, Jane Valentine, a jazz singer, performs with Hayward, and bassist Lyn Christie helps him out Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Pete Clarke, Major Holley, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Nightly, except Sundays, when the Frankie Dash quartet moves in.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Subway, and the Reno), but with many of the aspects of a hip, music-laden sauna, this New York pinnacle on the overamplified folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. Folkie Steve Baron swaps sets with the Aztec Two-Step, a Boston folk duo that lifted its name from a poem in "A Coney Island of the Mind," by Lawrence Ferlinghetti. Their music is about as good as Ferlinghetti's poetry. Through Monday, Aug. 5, Ray Manzarek, a virtuoso rock organist known for his blazing solos with the Doors, brings his own band in on Wednesday, Aug. 7. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.



Metro, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—Closed through Tuesday, Aug. 6.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are melodist Teddy Wilson on piano, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Ted Wilson, Jr., age twenty-eight. They satisfyingly revive swing tunes from nine-fifteen to one. Red Norvo, the patriarch of the vibraharp—he took up the instrument as soon as it was invented, having already mastered the xylophone and marimba, which were then (some forty-five years ago) considered instruments of vaudeville—arrives with pianist Hank Jones, Joe Corsello on drums, and Milt Hinton (who will have lingered on) on Tuesday, Aug. 6. Woody Allen, now a standup clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Thursdays through Saturdays, Junior Mance, a master of the bluesy piano, works with his trio. The hours are ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. Holly Woodlawn, a scrawnily slinky female impersonator, churns out torchy numbers and twirls a feathery boa Tuesdays through Saturdays. Cliff Grisham, who throws himself all over the piano and pounds at it in the jolly manner of an aging uncle entertaining his young charges, plays for Sally Eaton's rasping vocals, purported to celebrate the blues. Shows start at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Chet Baker, a cool, placid middle-aged man with a horn, shares his fifties sensibilities with the young musicians in his combo. Guitarist Attila Zoller leads a trio Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retains the Sunday-night slot. Music from nine-thirty until three Wednesdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Pianist Bill Evans plays heady games with his trio through Sunday, Aug. 4. On Tuesday, Aug. 6, Novella Nelson and her bassist, Richard Davis, who leads the backup trio, descend the murky staircase. A striking young woman, who usually performs perched on a stool, Nelson has greater dramatic talents than singing abilities. She forcefully, and sometimes gruellingly, attacks and reconstructs a variety of songs, from "Happy Talk" to "Why Don't You Do Right?" Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, about fifteen other first-rate musicians, and lively vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater take over on Mondays. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays

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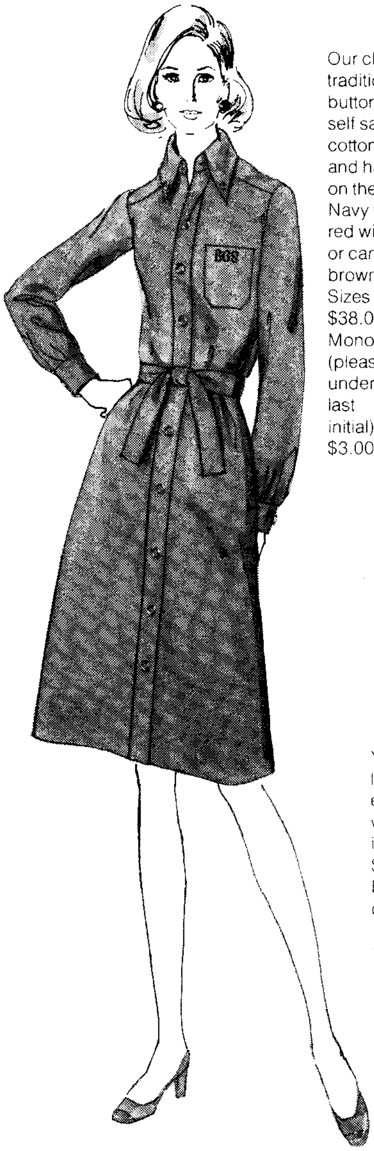

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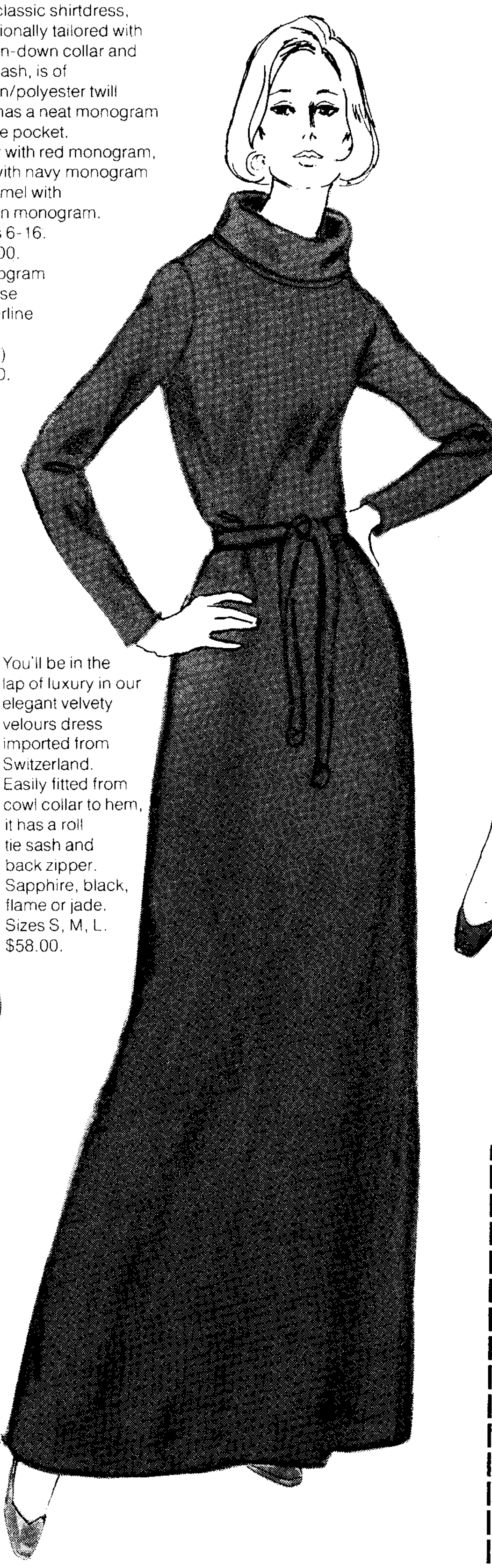

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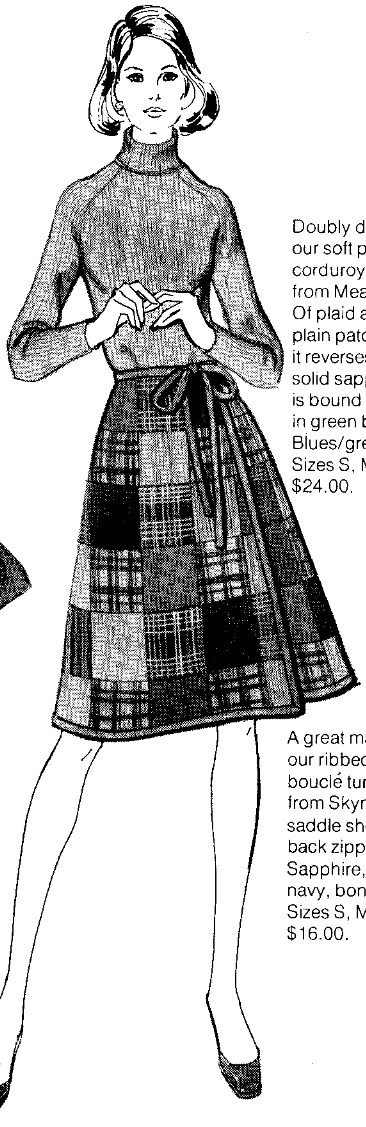

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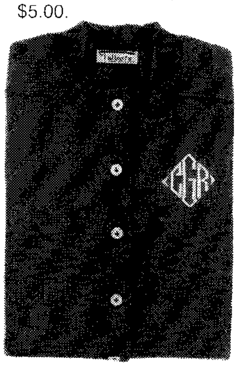

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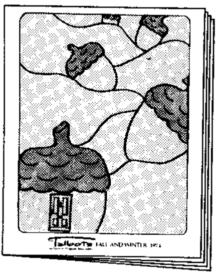

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to reedman Russell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Dill Jones on piano. Wednesdays, trumpeter Ed Lewis and a swing quartet take the stand. Thursdays and Fridays, dry-witted and animated boogie-woogie stylist Sammy Price frolics with tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and the fine drummer, Oliver Jackson. Saturdays, Quinichette and Lewis co-pilot a quartet. Singer and pianist Mabel Godwin and her trio will spend a month of Sundays here, beginning Sunday, Aug. 4. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **plaza restaurant,** newly redecorated and renamed (in recent years, it has been known variously as the Edwardian Room and the Green Tulip), is back in business with dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are six to ten Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **palm court,** pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews are on hand Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight, while violinist Sandu Marcu supplies the music Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room at the top. Helen Forrest sings at dinner and supper. On Monday, Aug. 5, the Lionel Hampton band will succeed Miss Forrest. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are live through Saturday, Aug. 3; on tape thereafter. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Eleanor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—French singer-composer-pianist Michel Legrand appears at dinner and supper. Anthony Terini's trio plays for dancing all evening long. On Monday, Aug. 5, the Glenn Miller Orchestra, led by clarinettist Peanuts Hucko, will take over the dinner-and-supper schedule, and also contribute half the dance music. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—Forty-nine black-and-colored-crayon drawings by a member of the Nabi group, including studies for a four-panel sculpture named *Lit*. Through Sept. 27. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Stewart Waltzer—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Pennerton West (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **african-american institute,** 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **parsons,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by forty American abstract artists. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others, during the hiatus, pull from their stock and mount shows of gallery artists, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of those open: **arras,** 29 W. 57th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **feiden,** 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 67th St. . . . **kennedy,** 20 E. 56th St. . . . **larcada,** 23 E. 67th St.; open Saturdays. . . . **lewison,** 30 E. 60th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **sabarsky,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

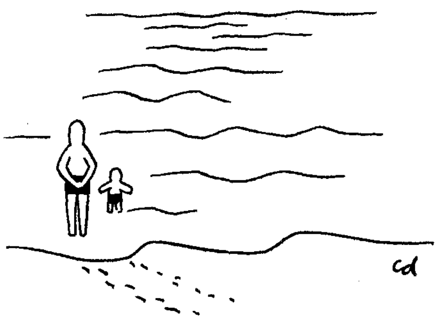
PHOTOGRAPHY

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952) / **A. J. Russell** (1831-96)—Gravures of Sioux Indians. / Photographs from 1868 and 1869. Through Aug. 15. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

C. L. Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) (1832-98) / **Julia Margaret Cameron** (1815-79)—A double exhibit of portraits. Through Sept. 30. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Paul Strand—A group of twenty gravures of photographs. The pictures, taken in the thirties, are of Mexican peasants and religious statuary. Through Sunday, Aug. 4. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At **eastman kodak,** 1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St.: A large exhibition of black-and-white and color photographs by high-school-student winners in an annual competition held by *Scholastic*. This is an outstanding and somewhat unsettling show. If fourteen-year-old kids can take pictures as good as these—and they're not just technically accomplished, they're plain good pictures—where does that leave grownups (professional photographers and serious amateurs alike), and what does it say about the medium? That photography is as "easy" as some people have always maintained it was, and not the arduous craft and lofty art form its advocates claim it is? Or is it that photography is coming into its own—that the proliferation of photography shows and books and courses, and the exertions of gifted teachers have propelled the minimum standard of achievement, in both the technical and aesthetic sphere, to unprecedented heights? These photographs at once reflect a familiarity with the great photography of the past and a gameness about the problem of photographic cliché that make one feel optimistic about the future of photography—if a little put out by such a display of precocity. Through Sept. 14. (Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.). . . **women's interart center,** 549 W. 52nd St.: A joint exhibition is being held here of photographs by students and teachers of the Center (which offers courses in painting, ceramics, sculpture, weaving, acting, and filmmaking as well as in photography), and by members of a group called Women Photographers of New York. The work of the Interart group has an atmosphere of radical experiment (Jill Lynne's "Body Landscape," for example, shows a *mons Veneris* (for want of a better word) superimposed on a cornfield, and Ann Sass offers a picture of a nude woman sitting with her legs spread apart) but not much substance. It doesn't benefit from its proximity to the superb work of the Women Photographers, who are all professionals, and who have a common concern for meticulous printing technique as well as certain stylistic affinities. Particularly memorable are some small, fine photographs by Carmen Quesada Burke—one showing a country road, another a scene high in the mountains, and another a large family posed in the doorway of a tenement—that have a rare quality of inner repose and great delicacy of composition. Judith Steer's lovely picture of a white clapboard house reflected in a pond, taken just as its surface was disturbed by an enormous ripple, and Linda Vidhuina's elegant composition of wooden crates piled on a street in the downtown commercial district are other works that make the trip to this decrepit loft building off Eleventh Avenue (and the ride in the long-uninspected elevator) worth undertaking. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 8.). . . **jewish museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.). . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.). . . **soho photo,** 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Albert Boyance, John Hershey, Vincent Pucciarelli, and Michael Rhodes. Through Sunday, Aug. 4. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)



MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Seurat to Matisse: Drawings in France" is an exquisite exhibition of a hundred and eighty-four works on paper from the museum's collection, done in France between 1881 and 1954, the year of Matisse's death. Most of the principal painters and sculptors of the period are represented, and more than half of the exhibits are the work of non-French artists who came to Paris because, as Gertrude Stein observed in "Paris France" (and William S. Lieberman quotes in the catalogue), "Paris was where the twentieth century was." The term "drawing" is used here to include works in watercolor, gouache, pastel, collage, and even assemblage, and in most, if not all, cases these have the qualities one associates with pen-and-ink, pencil, crayon, and charcoal—the quickness, the immediacy, the sense (belied, to be sure, by his signing and dating his work and his employment of good paper) that what the artist is doing is strictly for his own use. The pictures are arranged in a way that points out connections and contiguities of style, morphology, ideology, and subject, but that doesn't insist on anything. For example, a Modigliani line drawing of a woman's profile (which looks as if it might have come out of an Egyptian tomb and caused viewers to exclaim "How like a Modigliani!") is hung next to a Cubistic profile by Lipchitz of another woman with an extremely long neck, and the resemblance doesn't end there, recurring in Lipchitz's pure Cubist abstraction in crayon, charcoal, pencil, watercolor, and ink called "Seated Nude." The brief and unpretentious catalogue essay is almost completely reprinted in the signs scattered throughout the exhibition, but the catalogue is worth having for the reproductions (of ninety-one works)—in fact, for one reproduction alone: Matisse's "Nude with a Necklace," done with perhaps two dozen heavy black brush strokes in maybe that many seconds, and inviting hours of contemplation. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Works of cord and tape, which the spectator can enter, by Marlene Scott V. Through Sept. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open,

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METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhibition here of photographs, models, studies, and replicas of nineteenth-century New York public sculptures by, among others, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Karl Bitter, John Quincy Adams Ward, Frederick William MacMonnies, and Henry Merwin Shrady focusses on works that many of us have passed a hundred times but have never paused to scrutinize. After seeing this show, some people may feel even more impelled to hasten past objects like the Hunt Memorial, on Fifth Avenue; the Horse Tamers, at the gates of Prospect Park; the Four Continents, in front of the Custom House; and Daniel Webster, in Central Park. But for others—those who take the "whatever was is right" view of the urban landscape, and delight in all manifestations of nineteenth-century architectural ornament—the show will be inexpressively gratifying, and surely it is for the lover of New York, rather than for the student of real sculpture, that it has been mounted. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ A large exhibition of Currier & Ives prints—landscapes, city views, genre scenes, cartoons, portraits of pet animals, and pictures of clipper ships, steamboats, and trains. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ An exhibition of twelve quilts from the American Wing, spanning twelve decades (1800 to 1920) and illustrating twelve varieties of American quilt design and technique. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Fifty-four paintings, prints, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1882-1967), from the more than two thousand works bequeathed to the museum by the artist and his wife. Through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Craft objects from six private collections, among them a collection of rugs, jewelry, ceramics, and sculptures by contemporary American Indians. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ "Toys From the Attic," a selection, never previously shown, from the museum's collection. Among the array of dolls, games, puppets, and doll houses are some fabric dolls by Dorothy Heiser, which are remarkable portraits of contemporary British royal personages. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—Nineteenth-century paintings from the Museo de Arte de Ponce of Puerto Rico. William Holman Hunt, William Adolphe Bouguereau, Jaroslav Czermak, William Etty, and others. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ An exhibition of memorabilia commemorating the hundred-and-first anniversary of the birth of the German director Max Reinhardt (1873-1943). Through Sunday, Aug. 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhaustive exhibition of manuscripts, books, newspapers, etchings, and documents by or pertaining to Washington Irving. Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—An exhibition of scenic and costume designs by Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Saturday, Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—A five-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs—Wednesday, July 31: Charles Mackerras conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Misha and Cipa Dichter, pianos. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: Anthony Newman, organ, in an all-Bach recital. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3: Leon Fleisher conducting the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and Lilit Gampel, violin. An hour before the concert on Friday, Mr. Firkusny will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 5, and Wednesday, Aug. 7: Milton Katims conducting the orchestra and acting as viola soloist, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Jaime Laredo, violin. An hour before the concert on Monday, Miss Kraus will give a half-hour recital, and an hour before the concert on Wednesday, Miss Kraus, Mr. Katims, and Charles Russo, clarinet, will give a half-hour recital. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 6: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Lorin Hollander, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: A piano recital by Alicia de Larrocha. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9-10: Robert Shaw directing the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Benita Valente and Karen Altman, sopranos; Mallory Walker, tenor; Malcolm Smith, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Evenings at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

BETTY DAVIS—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Aug. 4, at 8.

JOHN COLTRANE EXHIBIT—Photographs, poetry, original art work, memorabilia, and a tape of the music of the tenor and soprano saxophonist, who died in 1967. (New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 7. Optional contribution for admission.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: An all-Beethoven piano recital by Alexis Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Three all-Beethoven programs performed by the Boston Symphony. Friday, Aug. 2, at 9: Ferdinand Leitner conducting; no soloists. . . . Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: Hans Vonk conducting, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . Sunday, Aug. 4, at 2:30: Ferdinand Leitner conducting, with Christoph Eschenbach, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: Gunther Schuller conducting the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 9: Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Gershwin program, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 8:30: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Britten-Mahler program, with Stuart Burrows, tenor, and Charles Kavaloski, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 2:30: Gunther Schuller conducting the Boston Symphony in a varied program, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Opening performances by the Philadelphia Orchestra of a four-week season that will run through Saturday, Aug. 24—Wednesday, July 31: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of Russian music, with Tedd Joselson, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 1: Andre Kostelanetz conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 2: Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3: Eugene Ormandy directing an all-Beethoven program, with Kathryn Bouleyn, soprano; Claudine Carlson, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Douglas Lawrence, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by John Denver on Sunday and Monday, Aug. 4-5, and by Ferrante and Teicher on Tuesday, Aug. 6.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 7: Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Earl Wild, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8: William Smith conducting the first Saratoga Lawn Concert, with the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting, with André Watts, piano. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30: A violin recital by Eugene Fodor. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 4, at 5:30: Francisco Aybar, piano, in a performance of Albeniz's "Iberia." . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 11, at 5:30: Evelyn Lear, soprano, and Thomas Stewart, baritone. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 25. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 3: Judith Jamison, Miguel Godreau and John Parks, and Nala Najan. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 6-10: Pearl Lang and Dance Company, Pilobolus Dance Theatre, and members of the Chuck Davis Dance Company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30 and Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CONNECTICUT COLLEGE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by Nora Guthrie and Ted Rotante, the Multigravitational Experiment Group, Sara and Jerry Pearson, Trisha Brown and her company, the Pilobolus Dance Theatre, and Laura Dean and Dance Company will close out the dance season. (Palmer Auditorium, New London, Conn. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 2-3, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Pittsburgh, Wednesday, July 31, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Chicago, Thursday, Aug. 1, at 5:35 (twi-

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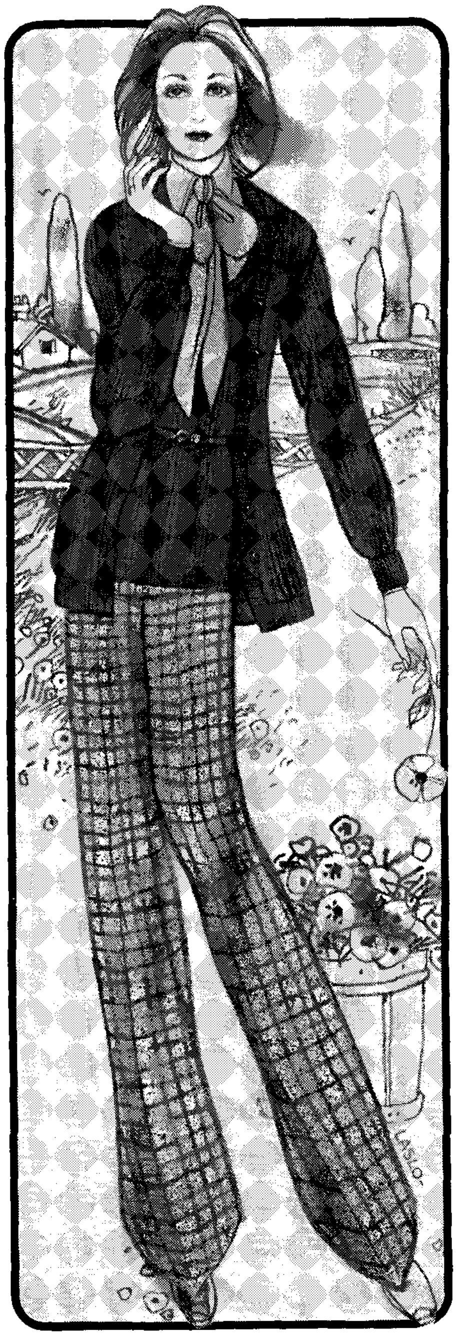

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

night doubleheader), and Friday, Aug. 2, at 8:05.... ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 9, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 10, at 2:15.... **YANKEES:** Vs. Boston, Saturday, Aug. 3, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Whitey Ford, Mickey Mantle, Phil Rizutto, Hank Bauer, Joe DiMaggio, Bobby Brown, John Mize, and other major-league players of past years, will start at 1:15); Sunday, Aug. 4, at 1 (doubleheader); and Monday, Aug. 5, at 8.... ¶ Baltimore, Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8, and Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—New York Stars vs. Jacksonville Sharks. (Downing Stadium, *Randall's Island. Wednesday, July 31*, at 8. For tickets, call 355-1213.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Test, Wednesday, July 31; the Whitney, Saturday, Aug. 3; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 5; and the Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 10.... **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Monmouth, Saturday, Aug. 3, and the Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 10. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)... **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31.

PRO TENNIS—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Cleveland Nets, Wednesday, July 31, at 8.... ¶ New York Sets vs. Detroit Loves, Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For tickets, call 581-6622.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 12.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR**, with Barnard Hughes, Cynthia Harris, and Marcia Rodd. Directed by David Margulies. The second of two plays by the troupe. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park Near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks, sponsored by the Schlitz beer people. Pierre Boulez is conducting the second in a series of three peripatetic programs: **CROCHERON PARK**, Bayside, Wednesday, July 31, at 8:30.... **PROSPECT PARK**, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8:30.... **BOTANICAL GARDEN'S DAFFODIL HILL**, Saturday, Aug. 3, at 8:30. ... ¶ Leonard Bernstein will conduct the third program, and act as piano soloist: **CENTRAL PARK'S SHEEP MEADOW**, Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8:30.... ¶ For the final performance, Andre Kostelanetz will conduct a repeat of the first program: **CLOVE LAKES PARK**, Staten Island, Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 8:30.

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 11.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Boyd Neel conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. (Wednesday, July 31, at 7:30.)

WOLLMAN RINK—More beer music, this time the Schaefer brewery's annual summer upheaval. Friday, Aug. 2, at 7: Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '77.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 3, at 7: Bruce Springsteen, Anne Murray, and Brewer & Shipley.... ¶ Monday, Aug. 5, at 6:30, and Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 7: Sha Na Na and Jae Mason.... ¶ Friday, Aug. 9, at 7: Uriah Heep and Manfred Mann.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 10, at 7: Earl Scruggs Revue, David Bromberg, and Cowboy. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CARL SCHURZ PARK—Thursday, Aug. 1, at 8: A jazz concert by the Lee Shaw Trio.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 8, at 8:30: Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Arturo Delmoni, violin. The last in a series of concerts. (In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Terrence Frazor conducting a chamber orchestra in the first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, Aug. 6, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place at the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

JAZZ ON THE RIVER—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, July 31, at 7:30: The World's Greatest Jazz Band and also David Amram and his friends.... ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 7, at 7:30: Roy Ayers Ubiquity and the J.P.J. Quartet. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**, with Norman Atkins and Geraldine Brooks. (Nightly at 8.30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

DEEP BREATHING—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—**METS:** Vs. Cincinnati, Aug. 11 (day). Los Angeles, Aug. 12-13 (night) and Aug. 14 (d). Houston, Aug. 26-27 (n), Aug. 28 (d), and 29 (at 4:15). Atlanta, Aug. 30 (n), Aug. 31 (at 4:15), and Sept. 1 (d). Montreal, Sept. 9-10 (n).... **YANKEES:** Vs. Chicago, Aug. 16 (twi-night doubleheader) and Aug. 17-18 (day). Minnesota, Aug. 19-20 (night) and Aug. 21 (d). California, Aug. 23 (n) and Aug. 24-25 (d). Milwaukee, Sept. 2 (day doubleheader) and Sept. 4 (d). Detroit, Sept. 6 (twi-night doubleheader) and Sept. 7-8 (d).

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—**WEDNESDAY, AUG. 14:** New York Stars vs. Portland Storm, at Downing Stadium, Randall's Island.... **SATURDAY, AUG. 17**—maybe: Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven. ... **WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21:** New York Stars vs. Houston Texans, at Downing Stadium.... **MONDAY, SEPT. 2:** New York Stars vs. Philadelphia Bell, at Downing Stadium.... **FRIDAY, SEPT. 6:** New York Stars vs. Florida Blazers, at Downing Stadium.

GOLF—Westchester Classic. (Westchester Country Club, Harrison. Aug. 22-25.)... ¶ U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Ridgewood Country Club, Ridgewood, N.J. Aug. 26-31.)

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Aug 26-Oct. 12.... **ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 26-Oct. 19.

TENNIS—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Aug. 19-25.)... ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 19-25.)... ¶ United States Open Championships. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Aug. 28-Sept. 8.)

YACHTING—America's Cup final trials. (Newport. Starting Aug. 15.)... ¶ Australia vs. France, in an elimination series for the right to challenge the United States in the America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Aug. 22.)... ¶ America's Cup races. (Newport. Starting Sept. 10.)

MUSIC—The fall season of the New York City Opera, at the New York State Theatre (TR 7-4727) will open on Aug. 28, with Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," and will run through Nov. 10.

DANCE—Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, Aug. 13-25.

OTHER DATES—Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, Aug. 30-Sept. 15.... ¶ Labor Day is Monday, Sept. 2.... ¶ Ukrainian Festival on Ice, at the Nassau Coliseum, Sept. 3-8.... ¶ Third-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, Sept. 16.

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SEPT. 19 • COLONIAL WEST INDIES CRUISE
❼ GRIPSHOLM • 13 Days • 5 Ports

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OCT. 3 • BERMUDA CRUISE
❽ GRIPSHOLM • 6 Days

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JAN. 2 • WEST INDIES CRUISE
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DEC. 2 • GALA CARIBBEAN CRUISE
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DEC. 18 • BRAZIL AND WEST INDIES
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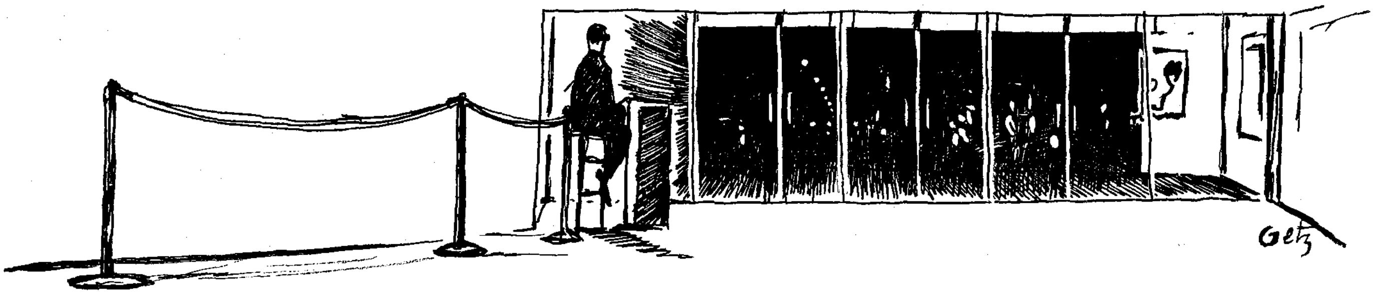

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4	5	6	7	8		

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EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 6: "Lost Horizon" and "The Talk of the Town."
From Aug. 7: "Mädchen in Uniform" and "Ecstasy."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Aug. 6: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry" and "The Paper Chase."
From Aug. 7: "The Great Gatsby."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 6: "A Very Natural Thing."
From Aug. 7: "Score."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 6: "Going Places."
From Aug. 7: "The Conversation" and "Klute."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"American Graffiti."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Aug. 6: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."
From Aug. 7: "The Parallax View."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bank Shot."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Daisy Miller."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Flesh Gordon."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Golden Needles."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Aug. 6: "A Very Natural Thing."
From Aug. 7: "Score."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Aug. 6: "The Parallax View."
From Aug. 7: "California Split."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Aug. 3: "The Last Detail" and "Serpico."
From Aug. 4: "Escape to Nowhere."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
July 31: "Nayak the Hero."
From Aug. 1: "Pigpen."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"For Pete's Sake."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Carnal Knowledge."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The White Dawn."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 6: "The Day of the Dolphin."
From Aug. 7: "The Great Gatsby."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Mame."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Going Places."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bank Shot."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Aug. 6: "My Name Is Nobody."
From Aug. 7: "The Parallax View."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Death Wish."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Education of Sonny Carson."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Golden Needles."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 6: "Daisy Miller."
From Aug. 7: "The Parallax View."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Going Places."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 6: "Citizen Kane" and "Jules and Jim."
From Aug. 7: "Cries and Whispers" and "Smiles of a Summer Night."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"For Pete's Sake" and "The Heartbreak Kid."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Aug. 6 at one or another of the theatres: "Love and Anarchy" and "Made for Each Other" / "The Sting" / "A Night at the Opera" and "At the Circus."... ¶ Through Aug. 3: "Things to Come" and "Transatlantic Tunnel."... ¶ Aug. 4-6: "A Farewell to Arms" and "Algiers."
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 31: "The Navigator."
Aug. 1-3: "Savage Messiah" and "The Conformist."
Aug. 4-5: "The Wild One" and "On the Waterfront."
Aug. 6: "King of Hearts" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne."
Aug. 7: "Sherlock Junior."
From Aug. 8: "A Clockwork Orange" and "If . . ."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 6: "Mame" and "40 Carats."
From Aug. 7: "Herbie Rides Again."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Claudine."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Mame."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Tamarind Seed."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Aug. 6: "Mary Poppins" and "Cinderella."
From Aug. 7: "Snowball Express" and "Dumbo."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 6: "Going Places."
From Aug. 7: "Ophelia."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
July 31: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Man Is Not a Bird."
Aug. 1: "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Ballet of Othello."
Aug. 2: "State of Siege" and "Z."
Aug. 3: "Greaser's Palace" and "Putney Swope."
Aug. 4: "The Devil Is a Woman" and "The Scarlet Empress."
Aug. 5: "Mandabi" and "Come Back, Africa."
Aug. 6: "Don Quixote" and "And Quiet Flows the Don."
Aug. 7: "A Day in the Country" and "Boudu Saved from Drowning."
Aug. 8: "Charade" and "Two for the Road."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Free Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Aug. 2: "Richard III."
Aug. 3-5: "Henry V."
Aug. 6-8: "Hamlet."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
July 31: "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Major Barbara."
Aug. 1-5: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."
Aug. 6-7: "The Magician" and "The Virgin Spring."
From Aug. 8: "Beauty and the Beast" and "Black Orpheus."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Aug. 6: "S*P*Y*S" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Sting."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"For Pete's Sake."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 6: "Going Places."
From Aug. 7: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 6: "The Day of the Dolphin" and "Take the Money and Run."
From Aug. 7: "The Conversation" and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 6: "Don't Look Now" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From Aug. 7: "The Great Gatsby" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 31 at 2: "L'Age d'Or" (1930), directed by Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dali;

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But not just pat answers. You try hard to come up with a lower fare, an easier connection, a faster route, a free stopover, whatever's best for the customer.

You could get by with less. A lot of folks wouldn't know the difference. But when it comes to people, a Delta professional couldn't care more. DELTA The airline run by professionals.

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some French dialogue with inter-titles. . . . ¶ July 31 at 5:30: "Underworld" (1927), a silent film, directed by Josef von Sternberg, with George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 5:30: "He Who Gets Slapped" (1924), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer. . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 8: "The Unknown" (1927), a silent film, directed by Tod Browning, with Lon Chaney and Joan Crawford; French inter-titles. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2: "The Mystic" (1925), a silent film, directed by Tod Browning, with Aileen Pringle and Conway Tearle; and "The Unknown." . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5:30: "The Monster" (1925), a silent film, directed by Roland West, with Lon Chaney; and "While the City Sleeps" (1928), directed by Jack Conway, with Lon Chaney; some scenes missing. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at noon: "Intolerance" (1916), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Mae Marsh. . . . ¶ Aug. 3 at 5:30: "Freaks" (1932), a silent film, directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova and Wallace Ford. . . . ¶ Aug. 4, three Johnny Weissmuller-Maureen O'Sullivan Tarzan films—at 12:30, "Tarzan Escapes" (1936), directed by Richard Thorpe; at 3, "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (1932), directed by W. S. Van Dyke; at 5:30: "Tarzan and His Mate" (1934), directed by Cedric Gibbons. . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 2: "The Monster" and "While the City Sleeps." . . . ¶ Aug. 5 at 5:30 and Aug. 6 at 2: "Sun-Up" (1925), a silent film, directed by Edmund Goulding, with Pauline Starke and Conrad Nagel; and "Paris" (1926), a silent film, directed by Edmund Goulding, with Charles Ray and Joan Crawford. . . . ¶ Aug. 6 at 5:30: "The Mystic." . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at noon: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 2: "The Scarlet Letter" (1926), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson; inter-titles and a few scenes missing. . . . ¶ Aug. 7 at 5:30: "Confessions of a Queen" (1925), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Alice Terry and Lewis Stone (the last three of the seven reels are missing); and "The Sporting Venus" (1925), a silent film, directed by Marshall Neilan, with Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 2: M-G-M cartoons, newsreels, and featurettes. . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 5:30: "The Scarlet Letter." . . . ¶ Aug. 8 at 8: "The Wind" (1928), a silent film, directed by Victor Seastrom, with Lillian Gish and Lars Hanson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 31: "A Free Soul" (1931), directed by Clarence Brown, with Lionel Barrymore and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ Aug. 1: "The Damned Don't Cry" (1950), directed by Vincent Sherman, with Joan Crawford and David Brian. . . . ¶ Aug. 2: "The Magician" (1926), a silent film, directed by Rex Ingram, with Alice Terry and Paul Wegener. . . . ¶ Aug. 3: "City Girl" (1930), a silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan. . . . ¶ Aug. 4: "Only Yesterday" (1933), directed by John M. Stahl, with Margaret Sullavan and John Boles. . . . ¶ Aug. 7: "Devotion" (1946), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Ida Lupino and Paul Henried. . . . ¶ Aug. 8: "Deep Valley" (1947), directed by Jean Negulesco, with Ida Lupino and Dane Clark. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Algiers (1938)—An entertaining piece of kitsch, featuring a torrid romance between Charles Boyer and Hedy Lamarr, making her American film début. Directed by John Cromwell, it's a remake of the infinitely superior French film, "Pépé le Moko," directed by Julien Duvivier—and so close a remake that many of the original sequences are followed shot by shot. Yet this version is pure Hollywood, sacrificing everything to glamour, and the heavy makeup and studio lighting make everything seem so artificial one can get giggly. In the role that Jean Gabin made famous, Boyer (who may be an even greater actor than Gabin) is reduced to giving so many passionate, hot glances at the inhumanly beautiful Lamarr that he almost becomes a self-caricature. He plays Pépé, the French crook who is safe in the Casbah, where he lives like a lord, but who longs for Paris. And Lamarr, with her slurry German-English, plays a Parisienne visiting Algiers. Sigrid Gurie is the native girl in love with Pépé, Joseph Calleia slinks about corners as the suave detective, and Gene Lockhart is the rotten squealer. James M. Cain had a hand in the dialogue. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 4-6.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Murray Hill.)

And Quiet Flows the Don (1957)—A kaleidoscopic view of life in prerevolutionary Russia, featuring such hot-tempered characters as a man who lashes his rival with a whip and a brokenhearted girl who attempts to cut her throat with a scythe. Episodic melodrama, high on flaring nostrils. The director, Sergei Gerasimov, adapted Mikhail Sholokhov's novel. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (34th St. East; through Aug. 6.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor, on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The screenplay is from Richler's own novel, adapted by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to shoot Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's fairly ponderous. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

The Ballet of Othello (1964)—A Russian film, directed, performed, and choreographed by Vakhtang Chabukiani. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Bank Shot—With George C. Scott and Joanna Cassidy, directed by Gower Champion. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East.)

Beauty and the Beast (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length film is perhaps the most imaginative and charming of all fairy-tale movies. Jean Marais (in Christian Bérard's makeup) is a magnificent Beast; he lives in an enchanted landscape that suggests the sensuous elegance and extravagance of Gustave Doré. Josette Day is the delicate Beauty. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 8.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio; starting Aug. 8.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I.)

Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. A beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969)—Paul Newman and Robert Redford are charming people to watch on the screen, even when the vehicle doesn't do them justice. George Roy Hill directed this overblown, frolicsome Western. (Art, Columbia I, and Juliet 1.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Cinema Studio; July 31.)

California Split—With George Segal and Elliott Gould, directed by Robert Altman. (Cinema I; starting Aug. 7.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps. Love and money triumph. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross, Faye Dunaway a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to track down

Confessions of a magazine reader-revisited.

by DAVID OGILVY

Author of "Confessions of an Advertising Man"

I READ 34 magazines every month. I like them all, but the one I *admire* most is Reader's Digest.

The editors of The Digest are in possession of a remarkable technique: *they know how to present complicated subjects in a way that engages the reader.*

This gives the editors of The Digest great influence in the world. They put their influence to admirable use.

They are on the side of the angels. They are crusaders, and they carry their crusades, in 13 languages, to 100 million souls each and every month.

They crusade against cigarettes, which kill people. They crusade against billboards, which make the world hideous. They crusade against boxing, which turns men into vegetables. They crusade against pornography.

They crusade for integration, for the inter-faith movement, for the Public Defender system, for human freedom in all its forms.

Good Pope John once told The Digest editors, "How comforting it will be for you, when you come to the close of your lives on earth, to be able to say to yourselves: *We have served the truth.*"

No log-rolling, no back-scratching

Nineteen years ago Reader's Digest first opened its columns to advertising. This worried me. I was afraid that The Digest editors would start pulling their punches in deference to advertisers and even give editorial support to advertisers — an obvious temptation to magazine editors. But this has not happened; The Digest has remained incorruptible. No log-rolling, no back-scratching.

The success of The Digest is deserved. It does not depend on prurience, voyeurism or cheap sensationalism. What The Digest editors offer their readers are *ideas, education* (practical and spiritual) and *self-improvement.*

The instinct of these editors is toward *clarity of expression.*

The current issue, as I write, includes articles on religion in schools, on the Congo, urban renewal, violence on television, Abraham Lincoln and safe driving. Each of these subjects is presented in a way which I can understand. If I did not read about them in The Digest, I wouldn't read about them anywhere. I wouldn't have the time.

Some highbrows may look down their noses at The Digest, charging it with superficiality and over-simplification. There is a modicum of justice in this charge; you *can* learn more about the Congo if you read about it in *Foreign Affairs Quarterly,* and you can learn more about Abraham Lincoln if you read Carl Sandburg's books about him. But have you time?

Never boring

I seldom read a highbrow magazine without wishing that a Digest editor had worked his will upon it. I would then find it more *readable.* The Digest articles are never long-winded, never obscure, never boring.

I also admire the editors' *courage.* They have the guts to open their readers' minds on delicate subjects. They grasp nettles. Like venereal disease, cancer, mental illness. They are not humorless prigs. Their sense of humor is uproarious. They make me *laugh.*

Editorial technique

Their *techniques* fascinate me. First, the way they present the contents on the cover — a tantalizing menu which invites you to the feast inside. (I have never understood why *all* magazines don't do this.)

Second, the ingenious way they write the titles on their articles. They pique your curiosity — and they promise to satisfy it. For example:

What Truckers Say About Your Driving

Professional drivers sound off on the most common — and dangerous — faults of the amateur.

How could anybody resist reading an article with a title like that?

I earn my living as a copywriter in an advertising agency. It is a matter of life and death for me to get people to read my advertisements. I have discovered that more than half the battle is to write headlines which grab people's attention and *force* them to read the copy. *I learned how to do this by studying headlines in The Digest.*

The Digest editors do not start their articles in the front of the magazine and carry them over in the back. They carry you through their magazine without this maddening interruption, and I bless them for it.

The battle for men's minds

You and I, gentle reader, live in the United States, and we think of The Reader's Digest as an *American* magazine. So it is — 18 million Americans buy it every month. But it is also published in 22 other countries — 11,615,000 copies a month. It is the most popular magazine in several countries abroad, including all of the Spanish-speaking countries.

The International editions of The Digest carry more or less the same articles as the U.S. editions. The editors have discovered that subjects which are important to people in Iowa, California and New York are equally important to people in France, Tokyo and Rio.

Thus it comes about that Digest editors have a profound influence on people who are free to read what they want. *This magazine exports the best in American life.*

In my opinion, The Digest is doing as much as the United States Information Agency to win the battle for men's minds.

Credit where credit is due. I know nobody who deserves the gratitude of their fellow Americans more than DeWitt and Lila Acheson Wallace. The Digest is the lengthened shadow of these two great editors. Theirs are the names at the top of the masthead. It is the most formidable of all mastheads: no less than 208 men and women. Among them you will find some of the most distinguished journalists in the world. No other magazine is so richly endowed with professional competence.

Some magazines are dominated by the men who sell advertising space. In my experience, there has never been a good magazine which was not, like The Digest, dominated by its *editors.*

Long live The Reader's Digest!

David Ogilvy

"Some years back Reader's Digest asked me if I would comment on why so many people all over the world read it. I agreed to try, because I regard The Digest as a major force for good in the world, and I wanted to say so. My observations at that time hold true today. Only the figures needed revising."

(Advertisement)

the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful, funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Coronet.)

CINDERELLA (1950)—A full-length Walt Disney animated film. (Festival; through Aug. 6.)

CITIZEN KANE (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

CLAUDINE—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (New Embassy.)

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Elgin; starting Aug. 8.)

COME BACK, AFRICA (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers around a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

THE CONFORMIST (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Elgin; Aug. 1-3.)

THE CONVERSATION—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic creature who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Gramercy, and Symphony; starting Aug. 7.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Aug. 7.)

DAISY MILLER—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybil Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a

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continent of hotels; she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Aug. 6.)

LES DAMES DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE (1945)—Robert Bresson's film was defended at the time of its release by Jacques Becker, to his credit; not by many others. It is highly stylized, artificial on purpose, with a degree of photographic chic that Bresson later cast off. Cocteau wrote the dialogue; Maria Casarès plays a diabolical sophisticate called Hélène who is engaged in a revenge drama. The presence of Cocteau and Maria Casarès makes the film glamorous, histrionic, and not typical of Bresson, though glimmers of his reserved sensibility show through. In French. (Elgin; Aug. 6.)

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY (1937)—Jean Renoir's short (thirty-seven-minute) film from a de Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Jeanne Marken and Sylvia Bataille are the mother and daughter who are seduced on a family outing on the banks of the Marne; Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Music by Kosma. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 7.)

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (72nd Street East, and Symphony; through Aug. 6.)

DEATH WISH—With Charles Bronson, directed by Michael Winner. (Loews Ciné.)

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN (1935)—Marlene Dietrich as the universal siren in a Spanish shawl. Josef von Sternberg directs her in a clever, perversely dehumanized picture said to have been one of his favorites. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

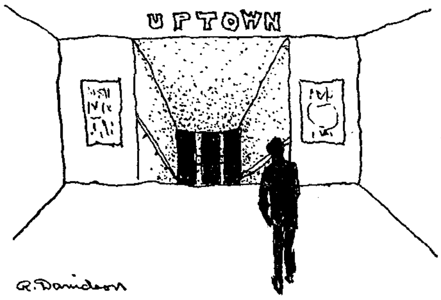
DIRTY MARY CRAZY LARRY—With Peter Fonda and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

DON QUIXOTE (1957)—A doggedly faithful version of the Cervantes classic. With Nikolai Cherkassov as the Knight. Directed by Grigory Kozintsev. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 6.)

DON'T LOOK NOW—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Olympia; through Aug. 6.)

DUMBO (1941)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon. Small children react with terror when Dumbo's mother is forcibly separated from him. (Festival; starting Aug. 7.)

ECSTASY (1933)—The romantic, sensuous Czech film, directed by Gustav Machaty and starring the very young Hedy Lamarr, was originally intended to be called "Symphony of Love." It was banned here, and then released, and then withdrawn, and finally reissued in so many different versions that everyone who talks about it appears to have seen (or imagined) different sex acts. The theme is Lawrencian, as Henry Miller pointed out in the definitive essay on the picture, "Reflections on Ecstasy," and the sex scenes are both explicit and symbolic. The peculiarity of this famous picture is that it's innocently absurd and yet delicately, tenderly erotic. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 7.)



THE EDUCATION OF SONNY CARSON—With Rony Clanton, directed by Michael Campus. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (12/23/72) (Olympia; starting Aug. 7.)

ESCAPE TO NOWHERE—With Lino Ventura and Lea Massari, directed by Claude Pinoteau. In French. (Cinema II; starting Aug. 4.)

A FAREWELL TO ARMS (1932)—The American lieutenant in this early version is played by Gary Cooper—the young Gary Cooper, before he became repulsively earnest and folksy—and he's the definitive Hemingway hero. Frank Borzage, who directed, has a feeling for the tenderness of young lovers and considerable skill, but the picture, which retains much of Hemingway's dialogue while tidying up the plot and making it obvious, is rather small-scale, low-key, and unexciting. Part of the problem may be Helen Hayes as the English nurse. Even in 1932, she was already so damnably *appealing*—so wistful and whimsical and touchingly forlorn. It's strange that an actress with the endurance of an ox and probably with as much energy as Mickey Rooney should be so wan and so lacking in force. Rinaldi is played by Adolphe Menjou. (Quad Cinema; Aug. 4-6.)

FLESH GORDON—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Plaza.)

FOR PETE'S SAKE—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Columbia II, Greenwich, and Loews 83rd St.)

40 CARATS (1973)—Liv Ullmann, Edward Albert, Gene Kelly, and Binnie Barnes in the sort of Broadway-hit material that simply doesn't work on the screen any longer—not on any level. It's meant to be romantic and clever, but a miscast Ullmann and the wet-lipped young Albert are a dismaying pair. Directed by Milton Katselas. (23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

A FREE WOMAN—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Paris.)

GOING PLACES—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick

COME HOME WITH US.

In this island of love, our laughing children talk to you in French. They splash in warm lagoons. And invite you to swim with them in the clearest water in the world.

This is Tahiti, with French bread and wine, and a lei of shells when you leave.

It's the first stop in our South Pacific. We'll take you on to the wonders of New Zealand and to our big neighbour, Australia. To the seldom-seen Cook Islands. New Caledonia. Norfolk Island. Samoa. And to Fiji, where the world's day begins.

Every night, we fly out from Los Angeles, home to our South Pacific. In DC-10's that capture the feel of the Pacific.

Come home with us.

air new zealand
It's our South Pacific.

Moorea, eleven miles from Tahiti, in the Society Islands.

Offshore oil

A safer, more economical way to get millions of barrels of oil from ship to shore to you.

America imports one-third of its oil. Even with energy from other sources, U.S. oil imports will increase for some years. Most of that increase will come from the Middle East. Important as that oil is, it may not arrive here nearly as efficiently as it could.

The reason? America is largely inaccessible to the biggest, most economical oil tankers in the world —*supertankers.* This is because at 200,000 tons and up, these ships require much deeper water than is found in almost any U.S. port.

The result is that America must now rely on smaller tankers to supply our energy system. For example, six 70,000-tonners are needed to deliver the same 3 million barrels of oil that a single 400,000-ton supertanker could deliver.

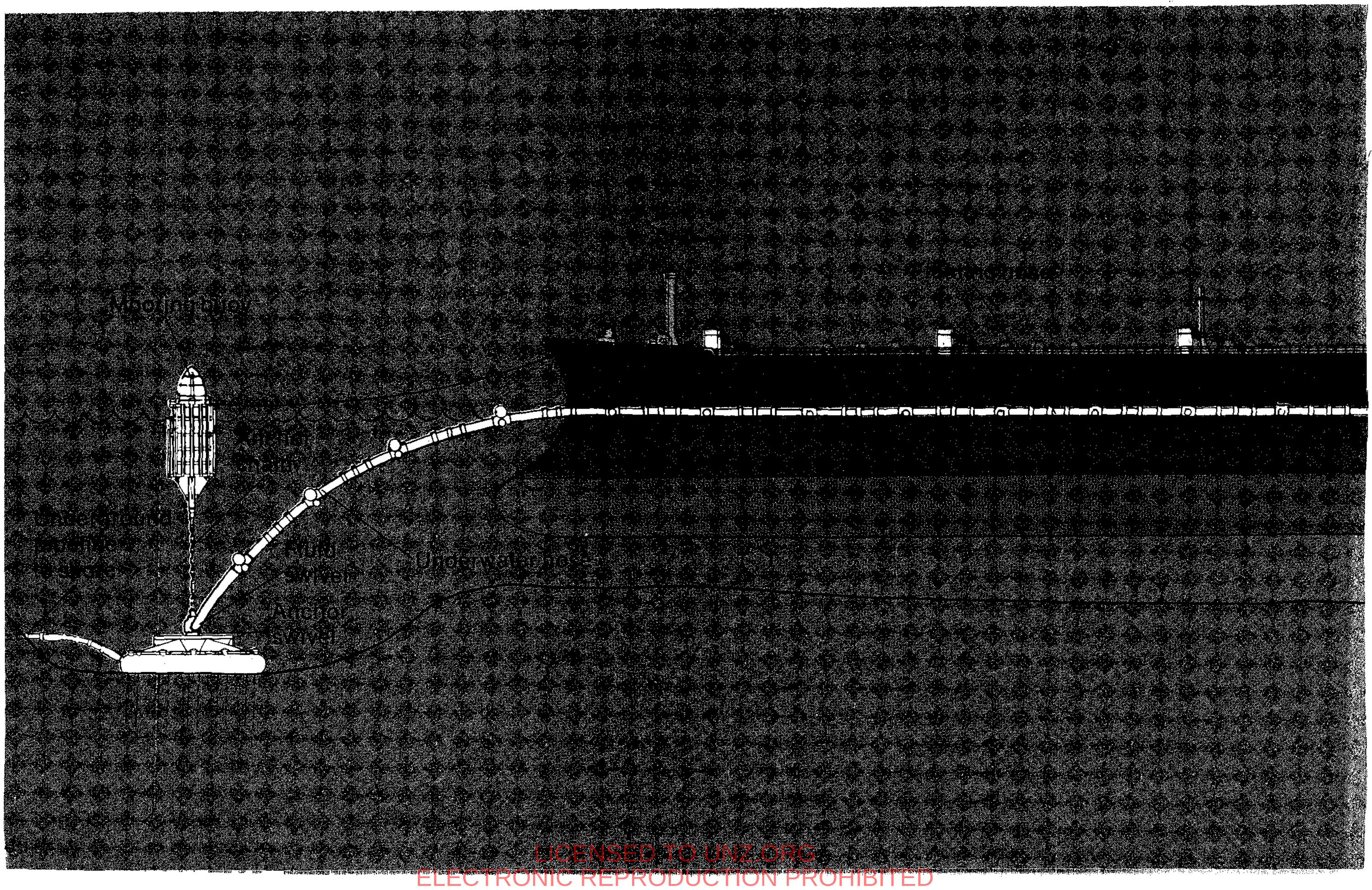
Using fewer but larger ships would reduce harbor congestion, decreasing the chances of collision and spills. Using the big ships also would improve efficiency. For example, moving crude oil from the Middle East to the United States in supertankers would require significantly less fuel than moving the same oil in medium-size tankers.

An offshore answer

One promising solution to the shortage of U.S. deepwater harbors is the single buoy mooring, or SBM. Each SBM is anchored well off shore. It is equipped with a swivel which permits the ships to "weathervane" 360 degrees to face into wind, waves and current. Supertankers simply moor to the SBM, hook up to floating cargo hoses and pump off their oil. The oil is transferred via pipelines buried beneath the sea floor—and beneath the ground on land—to storage tanks.

Compared to in-port unloading it's fast, simple—and safer. Offshore facilities have been used successfully for years by dozens of countries throughout the world.

Now, Exxon and other compa-



terminals.

nies are engaged in design and other studies for the development of the first deepwater offshore oil terminals for the U.S. Of course, permits will be necessary to allow construction to begin.

A giant step in the Gulf

Several offshore oil terminals have been proposed for the Gulf of Mex-co. One of these is "Seadock," a facility planned for installation off the coast of Texas by Exxon and a number of other companies. Plans are to locate "Seadock" 32 miles offshore, southeast of Freeport. Conventional underground pipelines would move crude oil from "Seadock" to refineries along the Gulf Coast and in the Midwest.

Another proposed deepwater terminal called LOOP—Louisiana Offshore Oil Port—would be located 20 miles off the Louisiana coast. It would move crude oil, again via underground pipeline, to refineries in Louisiana, Mississippi and the Midwest.

Both "Seadock" and LOOP would accommodate present-day and future supertankers, unloading their cargos at the rate of several million barrels a day.

Exxon and other companies also are looking into the feasibility of similar offshore oil terminals to serve the Northeast, including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware.

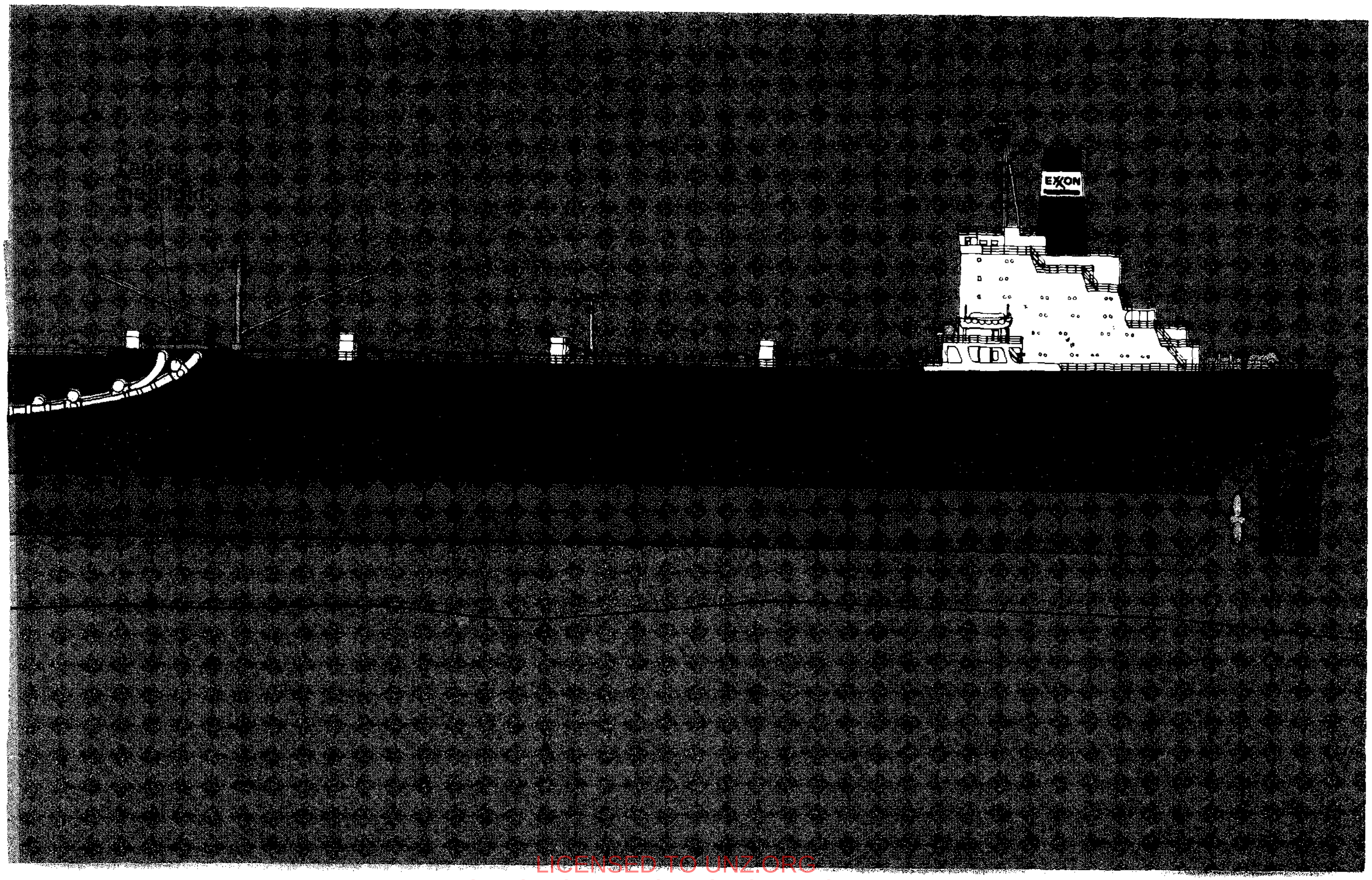
Should states and the cities involved desire it, offshore facilities could provide the opportunity for local industrial expansion.

What about the environment?

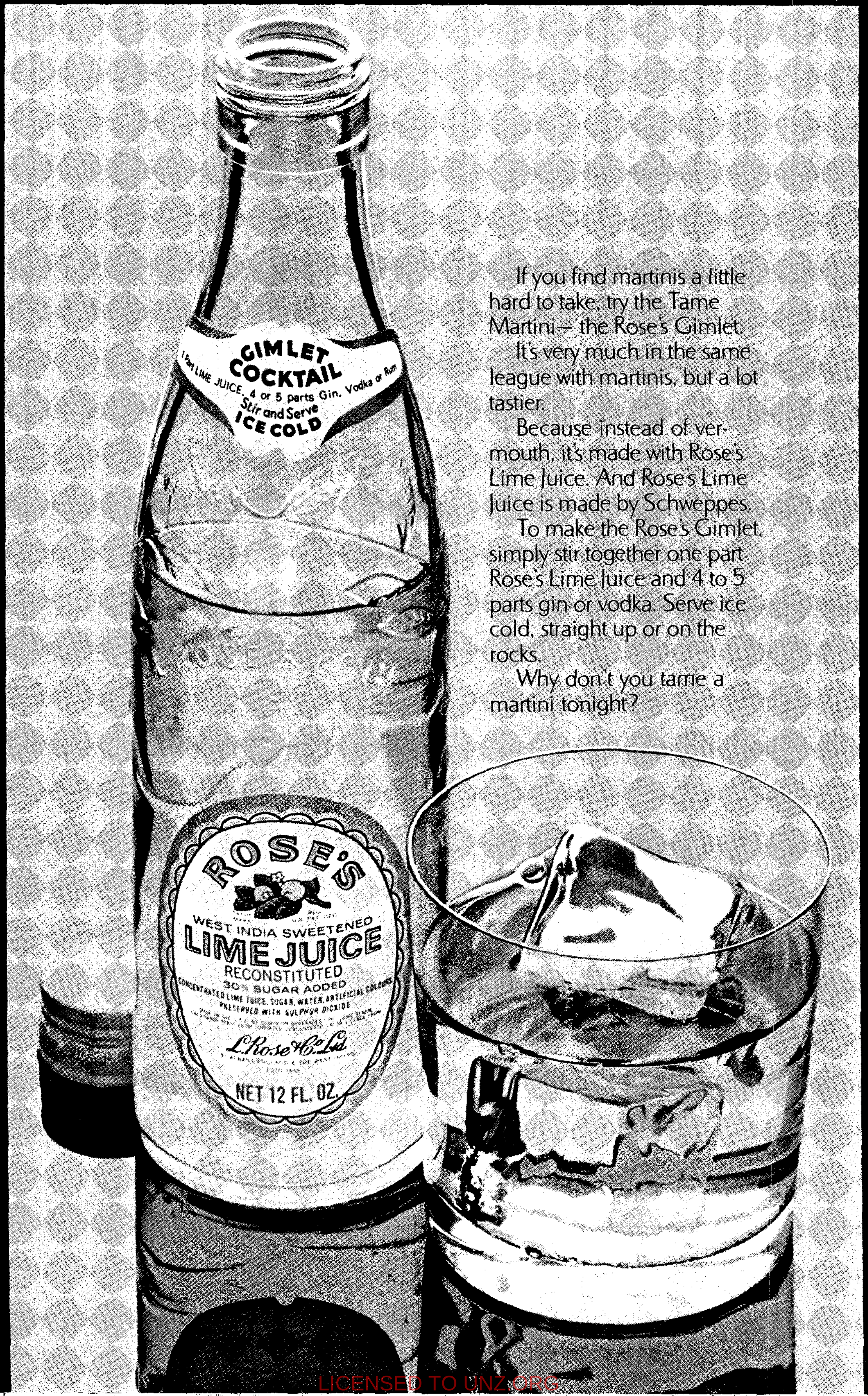
Offshore oil terminals greatly reduce the effect of tanker operations on the environment. Noise and visual impact would be cut a good deal because the unloading facility cannot be seen from shore and because fewer tankers would be coming to it. Storage tanks, which are needed no matter how oil is delivered, can be located so as to minimize their visual impact on the landscape. But the drop in harbor congestion would be the greatest environmental benefit because it would substantially reduce the chance of collisions and spills.

If you would like more information on oil tankers and offshore terminals, write for our free booklets, "Safer Tankers and Cleaner Seas" and "Reducing Tanker Accidents," Exxon Corporation, P.O. Box 703, Elmsford, New York 10523.

EXXON



THE ROSE'S GIMLET. THE TAME MARTINI.


GIMLET COCKTAIL
1 Part LIME JUICE, 4 or 5 parts Gin, Vodka or Rum
Stir and Serve ICE COLD
ROSE'S
WEST INDIA SWEETENED
LIME JUICE
RECONSTITUTED
30% SUGAR ADDED
CONCENTRATED LIME JUICE, SUGAR, WATER, ARTIFICIAL COLOURS
PRESERVED WITH SULPHUR DIOXIDE
L. Rose & Co. Ltd.
NET 12 FL. OZ.

If you find martinis a little hard to take, try the Tame Martini— the Rose's Gimlet.

It's very much in the same league with martinis, but a lot tastier.

Because instead of vermouth, it's made with Rose's Lime Juice. And Rose's Lime Juice is made by Schweppes.

To make the Rose's Gimlet, simply stir together one part Rose's Lime Juice and 4 to 5 parts gin or vodka. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Why don't you tame a martini tonight?

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Trans-Lux 85th St., and 8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Playboy, and New Yorker; through Aug. 6.)

Golden Needles—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Robert Clouse. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (8/5/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton), but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Aug. 7.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (Paramount; Aug. 6-8.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Regency; through Aug. 6.)

Henry V (1944)—Laurence Olivier's glorious version of Shakespeare's historical drama. (Paramount; Aug. 3-5.)

Herbie Rides Again—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Berry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 7.)

If . . . (1969)—Lindsay Anderson uses an English school for boys as a metaphor for a rotting traditional society. An attempted epic on student revolt, with too many muddy undercurrents. With Malcolm McDowell. (Elgin; starting Aug. 8.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

The King and I (1956)—Dopey film version of the dopey musical about a king of Siam and a prissy English widow who finds the number of his wives and children amazing, and musically invigorating. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr play the dopes. The music is by Rodgers and Hammerstein, as if you didn't know. (Plaza; Aug. 6.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; Aug. 6.)

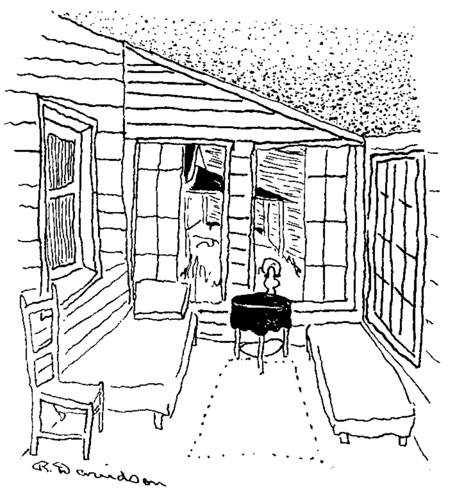
Klute (1971)—Jane Fonda in her finest dramatic performance, as an intelligent, high-bracket call girl, in Alan J. Pakula's murder melodrama. The picture is reminiscent of the good detective mysteries of the forties, though the suspense devices are not as entertaining as they used to be. With Donald Sutherland. (Gramercy; starting Aug. 7.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Cinema II; through Aug. 3.)

Lost Horizon (1937)—The original version, directed by Frank Capra—part popular adventure and part prissy, high-flown cracker-barrel sentimentality. The opening trip through the icy waste is exciting, and Ronald Colman speaks in his charmingly cadenced manner, but Shangri-la, the genteel Himalayan utopia of peace, health, and eternal life, is enough to make one head for the nearest gin mill. With Sam Jaffe as the High Lama, Edward Everett Horton, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, John Howard, Margo, and Jane Wyatt. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 6.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. Joy for kids. In French. (7/22/74) (Trans-Lux East, and Beacon.)



Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 7.)

Made for Each Other (1971)—Renee Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, wrote and star in this original, romantic comedy about a knocked-out, bleached-blond failed actress and a grubby misfit who meet in an encounter group. The movie believes there is a Kingdom of Heaven that you can get to if you help each other be vulnerable and open. It's Frank Capracorn updated by ethnic humor and simplified Freudianism, but it's so skillfully worked out that it's emotionally pleasing, and Renee Taylor's performance gives the film depth and conviction. Robert B. Bean directed. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

The Magician (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 6-7.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it doesn't have the driving force that might have held it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 1-5.)

Major Barbara (1941)—Terrible, but bearable; there's a fascination to its clunkiness. Shaw had allowed "Pygmalion" to be cut and adapted for the screen, and it was a great success, but he got stubborn on this one and hung on to his dialogue; Gabriel Pascal, who had produced "Pygmalion," had also been spoiled by its success and decided to direct this time. Their failings were compounded: the actors posture and talk, and the movie goes on and on until whatever it's meant to be about no longer seems to matter. It's too cheerful to be really boring, however. The cast includes Rex Harrison (in a role based on Gilbert Murray), Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley, Sybil Thorndike, Robert Newton, Emlyn Williams, Deborah Kerr, and Stanley Holloway. William Walton did the score, Cecil Beaton the costumes. (Cinema Studio; July 31.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Juliet 2, and Guild. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

Mandabi (1968)—A story set in modern Africa, directed by Ousmane Sembene. In Wolof. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 5.)

Man Is Not a Bird (1966)—A Yugoslavian film,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

directed by Dusan Makavejev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Festival; through Aug. 6.)

My Name Is Nobody—About a gunslinger of the eighteen-nineties who is already out of date and knows it, played by Henry Fonda in steel-rimmed glasses. Fonda is one of the rare actors who always look as if they were thinking. The hero worship of a young drifter (Terence Hill), who proudly calls himself Nobody, does nothing to rescue him from his knowledge that it is better to be a small somebody than one of the spectacular but dead nobodies who people the history books about frontier times. Written by Ernesto Gastaldi from an idea by Sergio Leone. Sage, slightly oversophisticated. Directed by Tonio Valerii. (7/29/74) (Loews Orpheum; through Aug. 6.)

The Navigator (1924)—Arguably, Keaton's finest—but amongst the Keaton riches can one be sure? What isn't subject to debate is that this movie about a useless young millionaire (Keaton) who can't even shave himself, and his rich dizzy girl friend (Kathryn McGuire) adrift on an enormous, deserted ocean liner without lights or steam is one of the greatest comedies ever made. It was also his biggest box-office success. Keaton and Donald Crisp directed. According to Keaton, Crisp was to take care of the dramatic scenes but lost interest in them and "turned into a gagman. Well, that we didn't want, but we did manage to pull the picture through." Noble Johnson plays the cannibal chief; Crisp's face appears in a portrait at a porthole that petrifies the hero. (Elgin; July 31.)

Nayak the Hero (1966)—Satyajit Ray made this film about a film star (Uttam Kumar, an enormously popular real Indian film star) who suspects himself of being a man of straw. He goes from Calcutta to Delhi to get a prize. For most of the film, we are in the beguiling world of long-distance trains. The actor has a dream about drowning in money, is asked for autographs, gives an interview in the *wagon-restaurant*, and deals with a distinguished old passenger who is epicene with near-senility. The film is the achievement of a great film director working outside his usual style: fumbling now and then with surrealism, using flashbacks that flaw the normal concord of his narrative sense, but sometimes illuminating everything with lines that suddenly show character in movement, like the glare of a torch catching a figure on a staircase. In Bengali. (7/29/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; July 31.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

On the Waterfront (1954)—One of the most powerful American movies of the fifties, best in its intimate scenes (Marlon Brando courting Eva Marie Saint, Brando with his brother, Rod Steiger), worst in its attempts at dynamic Christian symbolism and in Karl Malden's big moments. Elia Kazan directed from Budd Schulberg's script. Score by Leonard Bernstein. (Elgin; Aug. 4-5.)

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Ophelia (1962)—With André Jocelyn and Juliette Mayniel, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy; starting Aug. 7.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (10/29/73) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. The way out here—very carefully nourishing no particular political enmity—is to attribute the assassination to a chest-beating secret brotherhood bent on a kids' manhood game of seeing who can hold out the longest. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Cinema I; through Aug. 6. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, Loews Orpheum, and Waverly; starting Aug. 7.)

Pigpen (1969)—With Pierre Clémenti and Jean-Pierre Léaud, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Aug. 1.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (Olympia; through Aug. 6.)

Putney Swope (1969)—A mostly funny, haywire farce by Robert Downey about an advertising agency called Truth & Soul, Inc. Putney Swope is a weary-looking black, hoisted into the chairman's seat by a bad accident of boardroom voting. Things thereupon explode. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 3.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like "I am not in the giving vein today." He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Paramount; through Aug. 2.)

Romeo and Juliet (1966)—Performed by the Royal Ballet, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 1.)

Savage Messiah (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (11/18/72) (Elgin; Aug. 1-3.)

The Scarlet Empress (1934)—Josef von Sternberg turned the story of Catherine the Great into what he himself called a "relentless excursion into style;" the décor and the visual motifs became the stars, and Marlene Dietrich was used as a camera subject instead of a person. She's photographed behind veils and fishnets while dwarfs slither about and bells ring and everybody tries to look degenerate. Von Sternberg had a peculiar notion that all this showy pomposity proved that film was an art medium. The picture is egocentric and empty of drama, yet it has the fascination (and the tediousness) that bizarre, obsessional movies often have. Sam Jaffe, in a fright wig and smiling like a death's-head, plays mad, crippled Peter; Dietrich's daughter, Maria Sieber, appears in the opening scenes as the young Catherine; John Lodge, with dashing long hair and a mustache, swaggers about in furs. With Louise Dresser, strangely folksy as the old Empress, and Jane Darwell, Gavin Gordon, and C. Aubrey Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 4.)

Score—With Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant, directed by Radley Metzger. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu; starting Aug. 7.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. Why can't they all get on? "They're all cousins!" he shouts, throwing himself face down in the sand, crying out for another scheme of things. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Cinema II; through Aug. 3.)

Sherlock Junior (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by

Keaton, it's a marvellously imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks that are so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Elgin; Aug. 7.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman's exquisite carnal comedy—a boudoir farce that becomes an elegy to transient love. With Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Harriet Andersson, and Jarl Kulle. In Swedish. (5th Ave. Cinema; starting Aug. 7.)

Snowball Express (1973)—From the Disney studios, with Dean Jones and Nancy Olson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (Festival; starting Aug. 7.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Regency; through Aug. 6.)

State of Siege (1973)—The most recent Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (4/14/73 and 5/12/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through Aug. 6.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Symphony; through Aug. 6.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—The combined writing talents of Irwin Shaw and Sidney Buchman resulted in a script about one Leopold Dilg (Cary Grant), a factory worker falsely accused of arson and manslaughter by the management. He breaks jail and is hidden in the home of a vacationing judge (Ronald Colman) by the judge's softheaded, fuzzy-headed landlady (Jean Arthur), who is convinced of Dilg's innocence. The judge takes a more dogmatic legalistic view, but is persuaded to relax his scruples. Did the authors think they were writing a Shavian comedy of ideas? The ideas are atrocious and silly, but the people are so pleasant that the picture manages to be quite amiable and high-spirited anyway. George Stevens directed; with Glenda Farrell, Edgar Buchanan, and Rex Ingram. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 6.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They meet twice in Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Music Hall.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals, starting with a montage of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in snatches from the days of "Say, let's put on our own show! That'd be different!"—all comically the same. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

Things to Come (1936)—The most elaborate science-fiction movie ever made in England until "2001." H. G. Wells wrote the tendentious screenplay, the celebrated designer William Cameron Menzies directed, Georges Périnal was the cinematographer, and Arthur Bliss wrote the score. It's a handsome movie, with great costumes and some wonderful howlers (by Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson) in the dialogue and acting. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 3.)

Transatlantic Tunnel (1935)—Though actually a remake of a much better German sci-fi adventure film, this melodramatic English production, directed by Maurice Elvey, has some memorable and gripping sequences once it gets under way—which takes a while. The title tells the story: it's about trying to drive a tunnel under the Atlantic, with all the floods and eruptions imaginable. Strong-jawed Richard Dix, one of the most likable early screen stars, is the lead, with Madge Evans opposite him. (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 3.)

Two for the Road (1967)—Glossy comedy by Stanley Donen about two lovers, though not about love, which isn't in his range. Frederic Raphael did the competent but unfelt screenplay. Audrey Hepburn and Albert Finney. Finney looks as if he is in a role too tight for him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 8.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. Life is hauled up by the bootstraps, and a broad grin appears on dandily dressed rival gangsters' faces. Solid fun. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

A Very Natural Thing—With Robert Joel and Curt Gareth, directed by Christopher Larkin. (Cinema Village, and Ciné Malibu; through Aug. 6.)

The Virgin Spring (1960)—A young girl is raped and murdered on her confirmation day, and her father (Max von Sydow) takes a bloody revenge. On the stark side. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 6-7.)

The White Dawn—With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett, directed by Philip Kaufman. (Loews Tower East.)

The Wild One (1954)—Despite its naïveté and clumsiness, a key movie that affected the life styles of the fifties and sixties. With Marlon Brando—in his magnetic, soft-eyed youth—as the leader of a rebel motorcycle gang, and Lee Marvin and Mary Murphy. Directed by Laslo Benedek. (Elgin; Aug. 4-5.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Cinema Studio; Aug. 1-5.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 31.)

Z (1969)—A political thriller (based on the Lambrakis affair) that is one of the most exciting melodramas ever made. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Irene Papas. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 2.)

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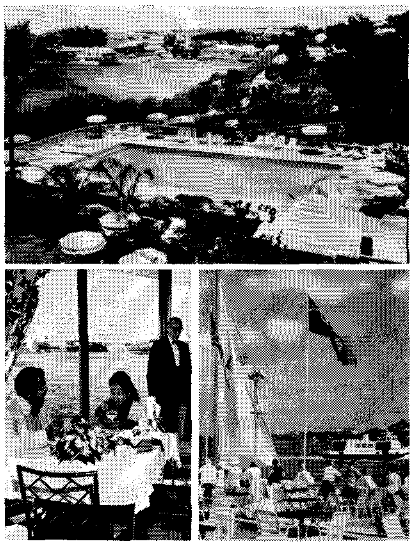

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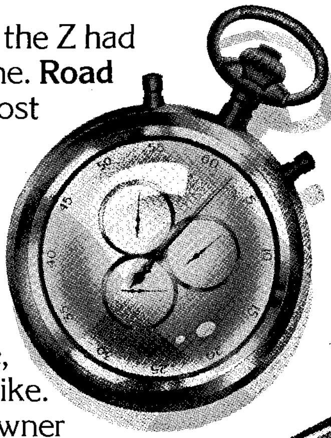
Anatomy of a legend:

Introducing Datsun 260-Z for 1974. A product of four years of exhaustive development in Japan, and four in America. Eight years of in-depth scrutiny resulting in numerous design and engineering refinements to give America what it wants: gran-turismo motoring as faultless as modern automotive technology can provide. And, at a reasonable price.

The legacy of "Z."

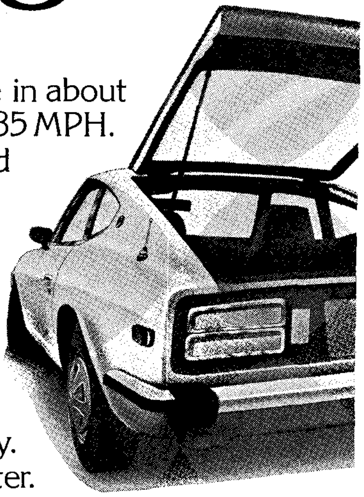
Americans got their first look at the Z-Car late in 1969. It was love at first sight. Here was a car fired by an overhead cam six with all the power and response of a domestic V-8. A flat out performer with nice manners, an impressive list of standard creature comforts, and economy to the tune of around 20 miles per gallon.



Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. **Road & Track** called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, **Car and Driver** readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a **Road & Track** owner survey published in 1972, showed that "91% of all Z-Car owners polled said they would buy another one."

The driver's machine.

Whatever else the Z-Car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH. A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.



The picking of nits.

Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,

DATSUN 260-Z SPECIFICATIONS: **Engine:** 6-cylinder, in-line SOHC, water cooled. Bore & stroke: 3.27 in. x 3.11 in.; Displacement (2565cc) 156.8 cu. in.; Compression ratio: 8.8:1; Carburetion: 2 Hitachi. **Transmission:** All-synchromesh 4-speed or optional 3-speed automatic. **Dimensions:** Length: 169.1 in.; Width: 64.1 in.; Height: 50.6 in.; Wheelbase: 90.7 in.; Tread,(front) 53.3 in.; (rear) 53.0 in.;

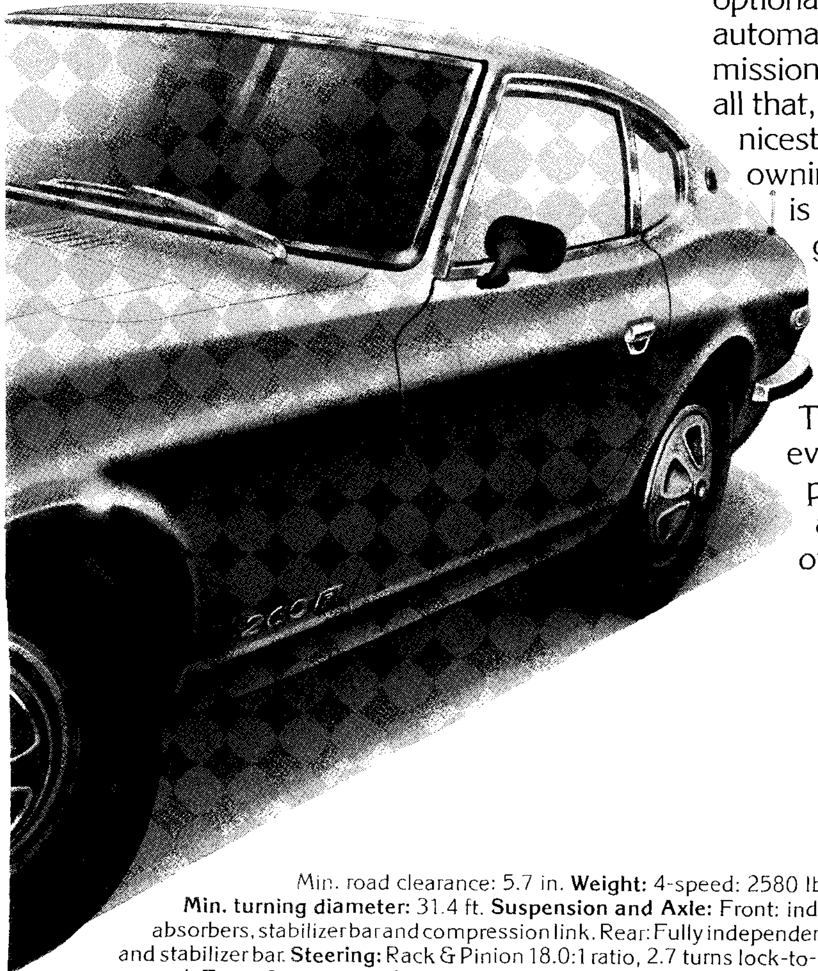
new Datsun 260-Z.

engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from $9,000 to $25,000.

The affordable legend.

The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.



The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6'6" adults in unadulterated comfort. Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning. Deep cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the nicest luxuries of owning a 260-Z is being able to get the same parts and service you'd get if you owned a Datsun economy sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun dealers, nationwide.

What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun...then decide.

Datsun Saves

Min. road clearance: 5.7 in. **Weight:** 4-speed: 2580 lbs.; Automatic: 2590 lbs. **Seating capacity:** 2 persons. **Min. turning diameter:** 31.4 ft. **Suspension and Axle:** Front: independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers, stabilizer bar and compression link. Rear: Fully independent strut type with coil springs, telescopic shock absorbers and stabilizer bar. **Steering:** Rack & Pinion 18.0:1 ratio, 2.7 turns lock-to-lock. **Brakes:** Power assisted, all 4 wheels, hydraulically operated. Front: Disc brake 10.7 in.; Rear: 9 in. drum brake (leading and trailing shoes).

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, in the days leading up to the House Judiciary Committee's votes on impeachment, there seemed to be a change in the American air. It was not that—as the thought is often expressed—"the tide was moving against the President." Another tide appeared to be running in our affairs, and that tide had remarkably little to do with the President. Indeed, it was a part of the new atmosphere that suddenly the President seemed almost a peripheral figure in the proceedings. The fusillades of charges coming out of the White House—that the Judiciary Committee was a "lynch mob," that it was a "kangaroo court"—were not so much opposed as ignored. A shift in the country's attention seemed to have occurred. The nation's gaze was moving away from the one, omnipresent man whose angry statements and restless travels about the country and the world had held us spellbound for so long—as though it were he, and not we, who held the key to our future—and was focussing on scores of other men, justices and congressmen, who now occupied the center of the stage for the first time. Suddenly our affairs seemed to be in the hands of "reasonable men, acting reasonably"—in the phrase of John Doar, special counsel of the Committee. The shift in attention was a sign of recuperation in the body politic. Observers had been on the lookout for one more "firestorm" to resolve the issue; instead, they found themselves in the midst of this quiet mending. The fortunes of Richard Nixon were never the main issue of the impeachment proceedings. "Our judgment is not concerned with an individual but with a system of Constitutional government" is how House Judiciary Committee Chairman Peter Rodino put it in his statement opening the impeachment debate. In fact, it had been the President's blurring of his own interests with the nation's interests, and his use of government power to "get" his own political opponents, that had led to some of the offenses under examination by the Committee. The change in atmosphere was anticipated by the moving words of counsellor Doar, when, in recommending the President's impeachment, he said, "As an individual, I have not the slightest bias against President Nixon. I would hope that I would not do him the smallest, slightest injury." Doar's words were a signal that the President would be judged by new standards. This was not a case of the "enemies" taking revenge. The new judges, perhaps bearing in mind that the way we now handle a President may set the standard for the way future Presidents will handle all of us, were steering clear of vengeance. The intemperate accusations levelled by the President's aides seemed to invite a response in kind. But the Committee left all that aside. They were not hitting back. They were starting over.

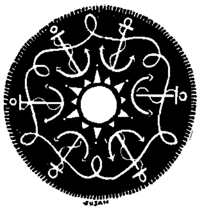
Righteousness

WE had a talk the other day with Tom Davenport, a tall, blond, blue-eyed Virginian who was in town to screen "The Shakers," for which he is the director, narrator, and co-producer, and which is probably the definitive film on the Shaker movement. The film is definitive because there are only twelve Shakers left, out of a thousand or so who were alive at the end of the nineteenth century. The survivors—all women, who range in age from forty-eight to eighty-nine—are suspicious of exploitation by the press and reluctant to discuss their religious beliefs in public. Consequently, it took more than a year of imaginative persuasion on the part of Mr. Davenport, an engaging and transparently honest young man, to obtain permission to make his film.

We looked up Shakers before we attended the screening, and found that they are one of the oldest of a hundred and thirty utopian communities that were established in the United States between 1663 and 1858, and that in the middle of the nineteenth century they were the largest. They began as a group of French Protestants called Prophets, who fled to England at the beginning of the eighteenth century and joined the radical Quaker movement. The Prophets believed that they received the gift of prophecy through "agitation of the body," and when this behavior was ritualized into patterned dances the group became known as Shaking Quakers, or Shakers. (Their official name is the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing.) Mother Ann Lee, who established the American Shaker community, was an English blacksmith's daughter who underwent a profound religious experience and emerged from it preaching that direct spiritual union with God could be achieved through celibacy and communal living. In 1774, Mother Ann and eight disciples (including her husband) emigrated to America and founded a commune on the site of what is now the Albany airport. By 1850, there were six thousand converts, enrolled in nineteen prosperous Shaker communes, stretching from Maine to Kentucky. Shakerism went into a long, slow decline after the Civil War; the pastoral communes were overwhelmed by the industrial revolution, and the rule of celibate liv-

ing attracted fewer and fewer people. Today, there are only two Shaker villages left—Canterbury, New Hampshire, with three residents, and Sabbathday Lake, Maine, with nine. A third Shaker commune—at Hancock, Massachusetts—was sold to a nonprofit corporation, and is operated as a tourist attraction; it contains no Shakers.

Armed with this information, we went to see Mr. Davenport's film, which turned out to be a poetic evocation of Shaker life, presented through nineteenth-century drawings, interviews with the Sisters (as the Shaker women call themselves), and scenes showing their busy rural life. The charm of the film lies in the contrast between the Sisters themselves—gentle ladies in white net caps—and their radical commitment to a celibate, highly disciplined, totally communal society. After the screening, we sat down with Mr. Davenport and asked him how he had happened to get interested in the Shakers.



“Through Zen Buddhism,” he told us. “I lived in the Far East for four years—in Taiwan—and discovered Zen. It appealed to me because it is a Spartan and highly disciplined religion, but I had difficulty assimilating its Japanese cultural tradition. Then, one day, I came across a book on Shaker furniture, and the simplicity and bareness of it reminded me of things I'd seen in Japanese Zen temples. And I thought, Here is something in my own tradition that can give me an American clue to Zen. So I got in touch with a musician named Frank DeCola, who was studying Shaker music—there are hundreds and hundreds of Shaker songs surviving from the nineteenth century—and the two of us worked out a proposal and raised some money. Then we spent a year visiting the two Shaker communities and persuading them to let us photograph their lives. The Shakers are a bit paranoid about the outside world, because they feel that people value them more for what they have made than for what they are. One of the things I've tried to do in the film is to break down the constant effort of the museum people to freeze the Shakers at about 1850, instead of dealing with them as live human beings. Although both communities closed their membership in 1957, on the ground that potential recruits were more interested in loaves and fishes than in spiritual values, the Sisters constantly impressed upon me that the Shaker experience involves continuous growth and change. They are still terribly upset by the emphasis on Shaker furniture rather than on Shakers as human beings. The other common mistake people make is to think that the Shakers are dying out because they are celibate. Quite the contrary. The Shakers survived for two hundred years—longer than any other communal society—precisely because they *were* celibate. Because of the celibacy rule, for example, women were always treated as equals; the normal tensions of family life didn't apply. It was a highly disciplined, hardworking society, in which the individual was sacrificed to the greater good of the group. Gratification came from subduing your ego, from submitting to the authority of the elders. And within this ordered, highly structured life the Shakers would have these meetings that provided a tremendous outlet for everybody's pent-up emotions. Many of the songs and the intricately patterned dances that were used in these meetings have been preserved by the Sisters.”

“What, exactly, do the Shakers believe?” we asked.

“When Mother Ann had her religious experience, she said she broke through to God and became Christ incarnate,” Mr. Davenport replied. “And she said that this experience was open to anybody who rejected sexuality. This was the promise of Shakerism, and its appeal—that one could leave off sin, obtain the Christ spirit directly, and become resurrected and regenerated in this life. The Shakers carried Calvinism a step further and said, ‘The Kingdom of Heaven is here and now.’ It is a totally dualistic religion. Shakers believe that there is a world of generation (the real world) and a world of regeneration (a higher world, to which they belong). In the real world they were expert farmers, furniture-makers, herbalists, and prolific inventors—they are responsible for the buzz saw, the threshing machine, the rotary harrow, and the clothespin, among other things. But they never overlooked their religious quest. Their rule was that beauty and usefulness were somehow married. As Sister Lillian says in the film, ‘When you do something, you do it as though you were to live a thousand years and as though you were to die tomorrow.’ You put your whole heart and soul into making a chair, plowing a field, or baking a loaf of bread, but you don't rush it. The Shakers are a vanishing species now, but I think there's something in us that will always love them. The idea of righteousness is a stronger current in our society than many people realize, and righteousness has always been pretty much the property of organized churches. To find a group of people who have been *living* righteousness for two hundred years instead of just talking about it is a rare and beautiful experience.”

Americans 32, Stars 29

STARS are New York Stars, new team in town, N.Y. entry in new World Football League. World Football League stretches from New York to Hawaii, is composed of twelve teams. Best team names: Detroit Wheels, Chicago Fire, Jacksonville Sharks. The Sharks are the Sharks because sharks eat dolphins. Of course, dolphins also butt sharks in the belly and make them go away. Short history of the New York Stars: Well, they were going to be the Boston Bulls for a while. Then they weren't. On February 20, 1974, they had a coach and four players signed. On March 4th, they acquired a name (Stars). On April 9th, they signed two quarterbacks. Practice camp, June 3rd. Opening game, July 11th, against Sharks, in Florida. Nationally televised game. Stars dominate statistics, lose 14–7; winning T.D. scored with two minutes remaining.

Then comes evening of July 17th, Stars' home opener. Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Also home of N.Y. Cosmos (plural word), city's professional soccer team. Seats about twenty-two thousand. Built by the W.P.A. Horseshoe shape, concrete seats, like the old Lewisohn Stadium. Brisk business in old half-inch-thick foam-rubber squares to put on seats. Great view of Manhattan State Hospital, on Ward's Island. Not so great view of Manhattan skyline. Stadium refurbished by Stars, but never furbished in first place. Brand-new scoreboard. Scoreboard gives off strange information: fifth down, nine yards to go, ball on the two. Public-address system with carrying power of maybe twenty yards. We sit at top of end zone, catch faint whispers. Helicopters hover overhead to watch game. Plenty of carrying power in helicopter noise. Balmy night. Crowd of almost eighteen thousand. (Bigger crowd of ticket buyers than went to Yankee game same afternoon.) Floodlights from old Ebbets Field cast just enough light to let you know that something is happening on field. Small dust storm from parking lot makes you wonder if maybe you are watching a rodeo. *Fun*, though. Don't want you to get wrong idea. A genuine New York sporting event. Cries of "Who's got tickets to sell?" and "*Hey*, beer." And—oh, yes—after it gets dark there's this terrific plane that flies overhead, absolutely silently, with electric lights under the wings spelling out an advertising message for a radio station. It is just like something from a Philip K. Dick novel.

We sit next to an old-timer. "When pro football began, all those years ago," he says, "I would go to games in Bloomfield, New Jersey, and stand on the sidelines. There weren't any seats. I find this kind of informality delightful. By the way, the Jets, who were called the Titans then, drew only nine thousand to their first game at the Polo Grounds."

Touchdowns in the W.F.L. count seven points. The W.F.L. football is gold with red stripes. The gold has been coming off on the hands of receivers. Says the old-timer, "It's a wonder they don't have gilt complexes."

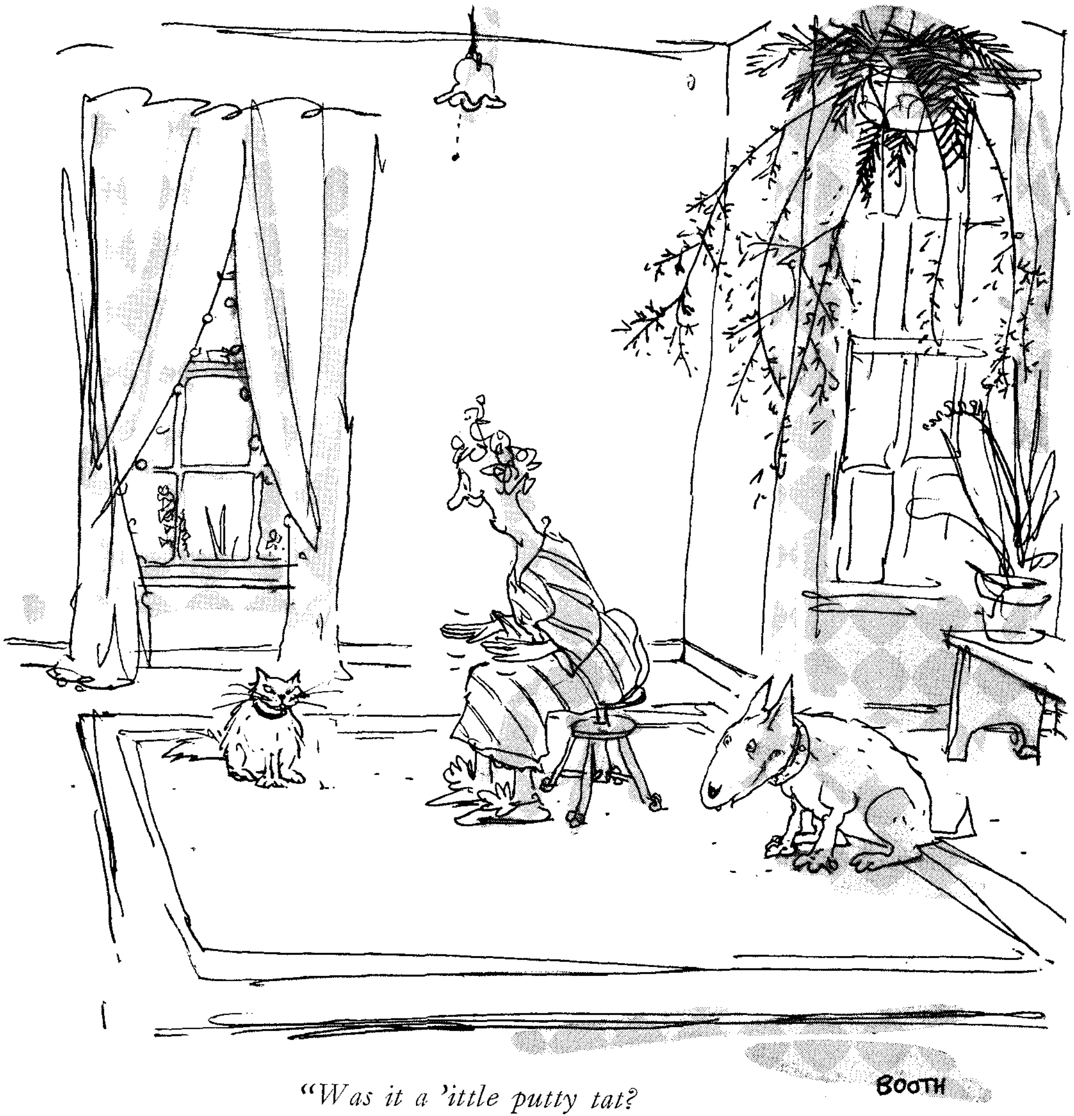
Everybody stands up, so we assume the National Anthem is being sung. Then the game begins: N.Y. vs. the Birmingham Americans. The Stars get the ball on their own nineteen, then receive a holding penalty, fumble the ball on third down, and are lucky enough to get out of the situation with only a field goal against them. After that, they look just fine for the rest of the first half, dominating the statistics. They have three hundred and fifteen yards, eighteen first downs. The Americans, who have been picked as the class of the W.F.L., have ten yards, no first downs. The score is 29–3.

The halftime show is a Rugby match. Good Rugby, according to a Japanese ex-Rugby player sitting on our other side. Then everything goes wrong for the Stars. The old-timer says that the Birmingham spotters must have read the Stars' defense. The Americans score touchdown after touchdown, and win, 32–29, on a seventy-three-yard pass play with just over two minutes remaining in the game.

On the bus back to Manhattan, people argue about whether the Stars are as bad as the original Mets—and are they therefore bad enough to be worth following.

Second Lives

IN the city's architectural population, certain class distinctions are obvious. The great mansions of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are the aristocrats; the graceful town houses of the Federal period are the quaint, Anglicized gentry; the brownstones and solid apartment buildings of the upper East and West Sides are the sturdy burghers; and the glass boxes of the business districts are the frightening newcomers—the heralds of soullessness. In this broad context a modest place must be left for firehouses. Firehouses are among the city's servants. Like warehouses and loft buildings, they are designed primarily for utility, and, like those deceptively humble structures, they acquire cachet when their original careers come to an end. Old, decommissioned firehouses are ideal homes for the splintery, exotic factions that abound in New York. The Gay Activists Alliance is quartered in a former firehouse on Wooster Street—a firehouse marked by a lambda on its façade and enhanced by a spiral staircase in its interior. Many of the city's women's-liberation groups meet in an antiquated firehouse on West Twentieth Street. The recent auction of a ninety-two-year-old firehouse on East Twenty-fifth Street attracted nearly two hundred bids, and the building finally went, at two hundred and seventeen thousand dollars, to the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist, which is converting the property into a combined auditorium, Sunday school, and nursery. On East Eleventh Street is a firehouse, built in 1858, that has gone through several changes since it passed out of service, in 1959: it has been home for a trucking company, a counterculture commune, a community



"Was it a 'ittle putty tat?
'es it was. It was a putty!
Tum tum tum!
Tum on, pwetty putty,
tum det on Mommy's wap."

center, and a set of private apartments. We toured this firehouse when it was a counterculture commune. The ground floor, where the fire engines had been kept, contained a high, deep space well suited for large meetings. The second floor had been turned into photographic laboratories and workshops. The third floor—another generous space, illuminated by a skylight—was lined with small lofts (bedrooms), like the inner court of a medieval castle. A swing—a wooden disc suspended at the end of a knotted thick rope—hung from a beam on this floor. On the ground floor was an enormous round dining table, constructed from the weathered boards of a demolished New England barn. The commune members spoke enthusiastically of films they had made and of newspapers they were going to publish. Like other high-minded coalitions of the late sixties, they eventually broke apart, and the firehouse passed into other hands.

A typical nineteenth-century New York firehouse takes up about as much space as a brownstone. It has a flat, three- or four-story façade with an imposing, mouthlike portal. Two small doors frame the portal, plain cast-iron pilasters and architraves adorn the façade, and, naturally, the façade is often painted bright red. In architectural circles, the city's old firehouses have a reputation for strong construction; despite one's first impression, they were not turned out by a cookie cutter. (An unusual problem that can arise with an old firehouse—it has become a matter of concern for the Ninth Church of Christ, Scientist—is that the urine of bygone fire horses may have weakened the structural steel under their stalls.)

Over a century ago, when the Fire Department was a volunteer department, firehouses rivalled each other in luxury. In 1852, Naiad Hose Company No. 53 moved into new quarters at 179 Church Street, and what ensued is told in the "History of the New York Fire Department," by Lowell M. Limpus:

> New York firemen had never seen anything like the magnificent mansion that was fitted up for the members of Naiad's crew. It contained a drawing-room, a library, a well-stocked kitchen, and a huge dining room. The place was hung with expensive paintings. There was a pianoforte for the musically inclined.... The effect on the other companies was galvanic. They had always been highly competitive, and wealthy members of rival organizations began to fit up their quarters in similar fashion. Before long somebody installed a dormitory and within a short time sleeping quarters became a commonplace. Soon members of the more prosperous companies began to live in the palatial new firehouses that were popping up . . . all over New York.

There was also rivalry with private houses. Before the turn of the century, distinguished architects were being commissioned to design firehouses. In 1895, the city erected a firehouse, at 87 Lafayette Street, that it boasted could bear comparison with the great homes on Fifth Avenue. The architects were Napoleon LeBrun & Sons, and the firehouse still stands, dark and empty. It is in an eclectic French Renaissance style, and is adorned with shell forms, dolphins, and floral wreaths. Thanks to a low corner tower, a hip roof, and outsize dormer windows, it looks like a carriage house commissioned by a whimsical French queen. The startling effect has not been improved by a recently added air-raid siren. Scott Fitzgerald must have had a similar building in mind when he described Jay Gatsby's "factual imitation of some Hôtel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy." The firehouse is slated to be sold this fall, and all eyes will be upon it then. A much more impressive firehouse, also currently vacant, is the Old Brooklyn Fire Headquarters, at 365 Jay Street, which was designed by Frank Freeman and completed in 1892. This remarkable building, with massive forms and deep-set windows creating intense contrasts, is considered the culmination of the Romanesque revival in New York. It is a five-story structure, with a peaked roof and a slightly taller attached tower, and the façade is framed by powerful turretlike buttresses. The building has a granite base, the trim is sandstone and terra-cotta, and the upper walls are of a dark-brown Roman brick. The roof is of red tile and is bordered with copper. The whole façade has a strength and beauty that fanciers of architecture go far out of their way to see.

"You are an affront to the palate."

Psychic Sail

THE Chosen Chief of the Ancient Druid Order, Dr. Thomas Maughan, made his first public appearance in the United States recently, but it was pretty hard to tell. Dr. Maughan was a featured guest on New York's first Psychic Sail, which was held on board the Marine and Aviation ferryboat Kennedy, but he was lost in the crowd of palmists, clairvoyants, astrologers, psychic healers, tarot experts, numerologists, psychometrists, auric portraitists, and other psychics who sat on the wooden benches on the two principal decks of the ferry and did their various things for a crowd of over five hundred paying customers. Most of the customers were young, most looked like patrons of a suburban shopping mall, and many were the kind of people who describe themselves as easily hypnotized. They waited in long lines to get their palms or their charts read, surreptitiously checking out their reflections in the dusty ferry windows. The only recognizable famous person on the cruise was the guy from the Rickel Home Centers commercial, who was wearing the same green jacket that he wears on TV. The customers who had come to party stood on benches near the bar in the stern and pounded on the low ceiling to the music of The Deadly Nightshade, a three-woman band, whose bass player wears a Massachusetts resident fishing license on her hat. The Psychic Sail was held (when else?) at night, from eight till midnight, and the moon was supposed to be out but wasn't. Only a few of the passengers stood on the breezeway and looked at the lights as the ship sailed up and down the East River and the Hudson with the grace of a huge floating filing cabinet. The people who spent the most time on the breezeway were a Marine and Aviation cop, who smiled genially and edged away from anyone who came to talk to him, and a man with a hearing aid, who said he had just escaped from the Willowbrook mental hospital.

"Which economist makes a lot of sense this week, Albert?"

• •

On B Deck there were large crowds around John Griffith, an auric portraitist, and Thomas Johanson, a psychic healer. Mr. Johanson cured two bad backs and a pinched nerve, and then he decided to take a rest. Mr. Griffith drew pictures of people's auras with Crayola crayons. The pictures showed an outline of the subject's head surrounded by colored halos, each representing a different aspect of his or her personality. "I was drawn across the room by your magnetic field," Mr. Griffith said to a large woman with a blond beehive hairdo, whose portrait he was drawing. "Deep down inside, you are a very sensitive person, and if I said that even now you are sensitive to the other people around you in this room, would you agree or disagree?" The woman agreed, Mr. Griffith added a yellow halo for sensitivity, and he continued like that (orange for warmth, red for concern, purple for indecision, green for healing value) until he had filled up the paper with halos. We noticed that the blond woman's aura was exactly the same as the aura that Mr. Griffith had drawn earlier of a reporter from C.B.S. News.

The Chosen Chief of the Ancient Druid Order spent the whole cruise sitting in the bow of A Deck, talking to a group of never more than twelve people. He looked like a cross between Samuel Beckett and Santa Claus. He was bald, with a long white beard, bright brown eyes, and white hairs growing out of his ears. He was wearing a white shirt that showed a pair of blue suspenders and an undershirt beneath, and he was drinking grape soda from a paper cup. Gathered around him were a black woman, a high-school girl in a pink skirt, a woman with a streak of silver in her hair and daisy earrings, a man wearing Barry Goldwater-type glasses, a young man in a fake-denim jacket, and a brooding man in a suit. A woman from Port Jefferson, Long Island, who was wearing a very large green Lucite ring and a dress of bright check, had this exchange with the Druid:

WOMAN: Can I ask you a question?

DRUID: Haven't you already?

WOMAN: What is your opinion of Roger Denim's Mind Dimensions program?

DRUID: What is my opinion worth? Nothing except to me. Don't waste time on other people's opinions.

WOMAN: Do you remember any of your former lives?

DRUID: Aren't we all trying to forget them?

WOMAN: Wouldn't you like to break the cycle?

DRUID: Oh, yes, I would like to. Like the workman going home after a hard day. But there's this little clique up there (*he pointed heavenward*) sitting in their plush upholstered seats, and when I go up there I make them very uncomfortable. They're afraid I'll take their jobs from them.

WOMAN: How do you get rid of demons?

DRUID: You just give them a kick in the pants and tell them to move along.

WOMAN: I'd like your advice about—

DRUID: Don't ask for advice. When you let someone give you advice, your judgment is weakening and his is improving.

Then the Druid turned to a girl who said she was a Brooklyn College psychology student and who was writing down the conversation in a spiral notebook. "Oh, ye are wise who learn by rote the dead thoughts of other men," he said. The psychology student never looked up as she wrote "Oh, ye are wise . . ."

SPLENDID LIVES

THE Bishop of Hurlingham, aged ninety-two, radical, widowed, is a cousin three times removed of Queen Victoria and would not have troubled to endear himself to the royal mind, his own being well occupied with books, pigeons, politics, and worry at the moment over the self-imposed starvation diet of his beautiful Derby winner. And also—when he slept, fitfully, in his library—with thoughts of the Almighty, of his dead wife, of the blessings brought by the young, and of the noble father that begat him, whom he suspected of being more stoutly thoughtless than history recorded.

He sat this evening at the head of his illustrious family's oak table, this more than illustrious dissenter, and tried with native interest to create something cohesive of the three other people dining there. His younger sister, Biddy, aged eighty-six, sat facing him. Before the First World War, the Bishop had chained himself to the railings of the Houses of Parliament with her and his wife, and been sent with the suffragettes to prison, where he had joined their hunger strikes.

A local ear, nose, and throat specialist on his left, Dr. Spencer, had been trying for years to get him to his office for treatment for deafness. "Come on Tuesday and we'll play a rubber of bridge afterward," Dr. Spencer said to him loudly. "Apart from that, there is the question of your hearing. The treatment I'd like you to have admittedly went out quite widely between the two world wars, but it's still the best."

"Oh," said the Bishop, staring at the foot of the table and missing his wife. "Is that so? What does it involve?"

"Copper wires."

"I don't hear you."

"Copper wires."

"That's what I thought you said."

"Through the nose and out of the ears. Thin as a moth's antenna."

"What's that you say about moths? I got the rest."

"No alarm," said Dr. Spencer.

Ridgeway, the American girl on the Bishop's right, shivered.

"You don't say," said the Bishop. He bent his head courteously toward Dr. Spencer and at the same time gave a push to a modern chrome trolley bearing plates of consommé in the direction of Ridgeway, a pretty, long-haired revolutionary girl whom he had sat down with in Trafalgar Square in a demonstration about Southern Rhodesia.

"It was good of you to protest about Southern Rhodesia," the Bishop said to her. "Our government's behavior hasn't been your fault."

"Certainly not yours," said Ridgeway.

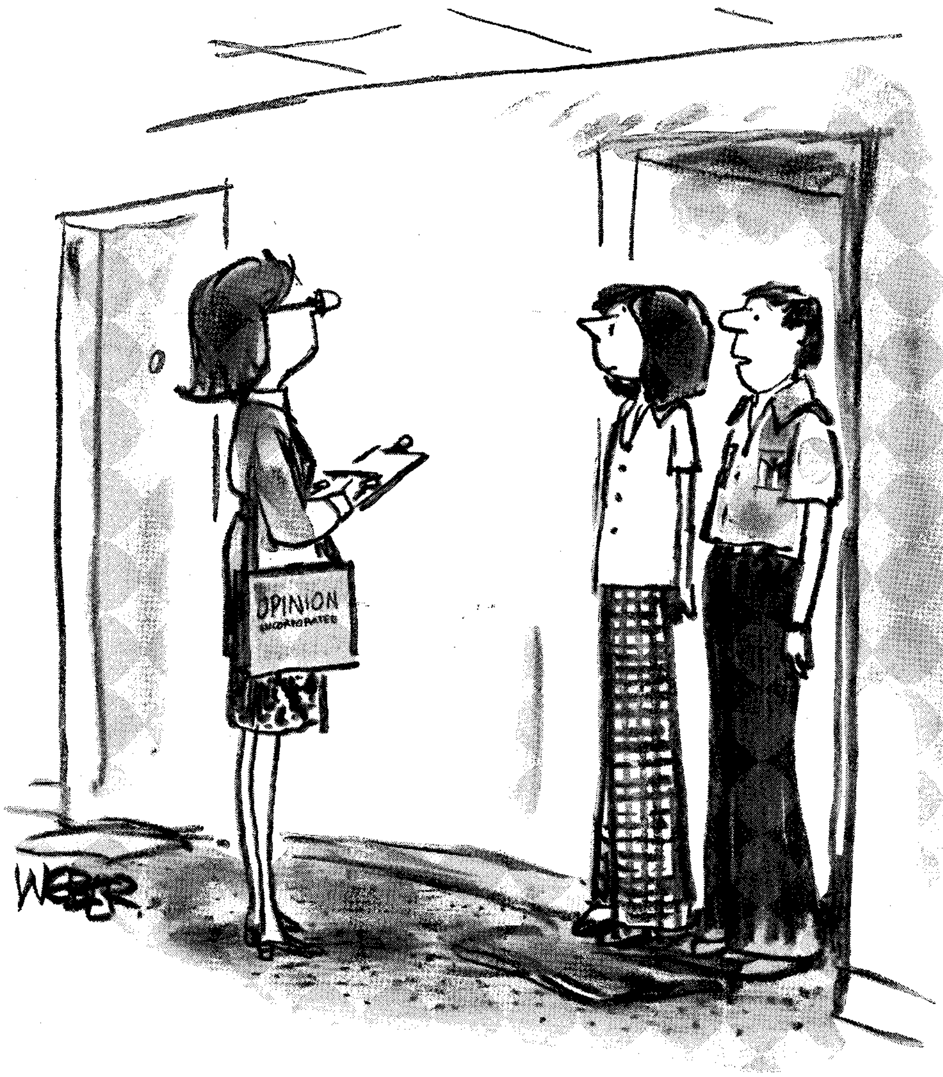
"But I'm afraid one still tends to think in terms of countries," said the Bishop. "I hesitated about protesting against Vietnam in public, for example. I thought our own house had better be put in order first. Which requires a certain amount of nippiness in revolt by the English."

Biddy said, "I remember your wife once saying that any society that depresses free meddling is on the decline, however flamboyant its immediate spoils. The idea stuck in my mind. She said it when we were chained to Downing Street."

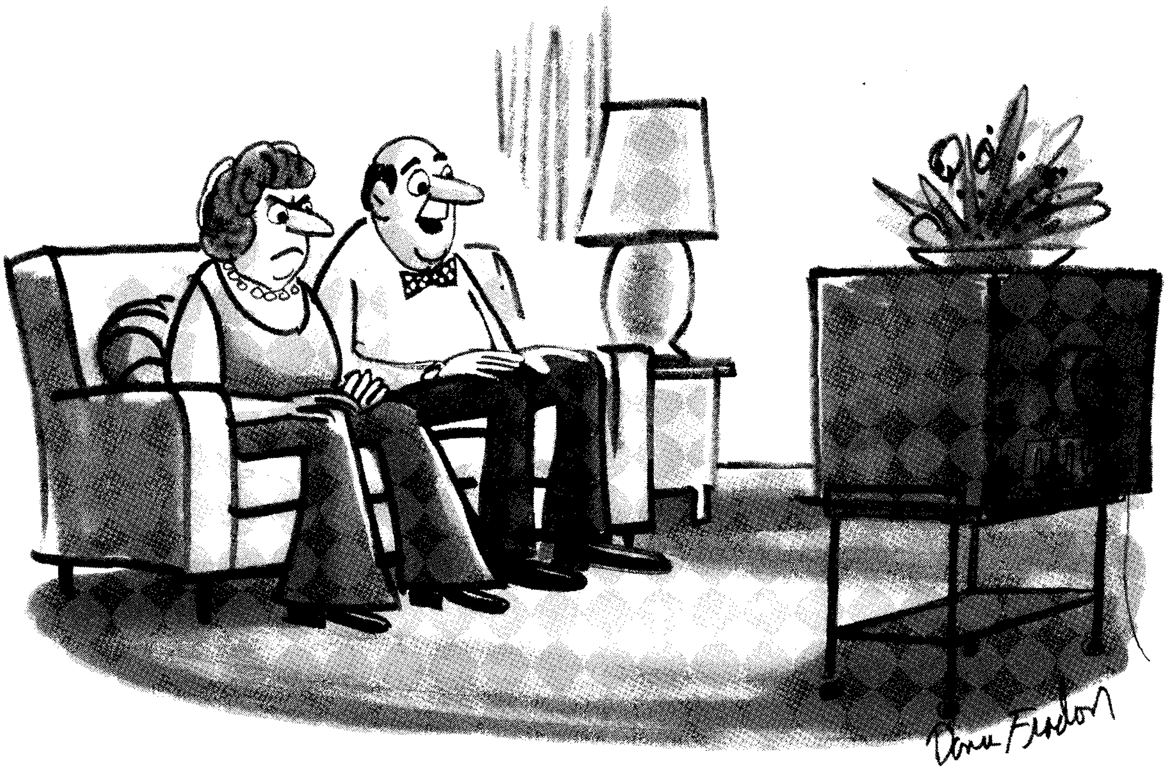
"Really a good treatment for him?" Ridgeway asked Dr. Spencer.

"I fancy copper wires would bring back to you the days of forcible feeding, dear Biddy," said the Bishop, who had also undergone it in prison in 1912 and who had been one of the only men to risk ridicule from other men in clubs and Parliament for his position. "Barbarous. And the doctors who did it wouldn't even take their hats off in the presence of a lady when they were in her cell. That annoyed some suffragettes as much as the error of the procedure, though I privately think anyone who objected then about etiquette was being a bit of an ass. In fact, I thought complaining over politesse as well as over politics was wanting to have it both ways, though everyone is entitled to invent his or her own peccadilloes. One of the things I like about America is that when it makes a moral mess of things it really makes an *unholy* mess. I must admit there have been times when I have felt on the verge of despair about us all."

The Bishop addressed himself to Ridgeway and congratulated her on keeping her swinging hair out of the soup. Conversation then ran into the



"Sorry, but we're trying to keep an open mind until after we finish therapy."



"On the other hand, twenty years ago you wouldn't have seen Laurence Olivier doing a TV commercial."

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sand. The Bishop restored things, as he generally did. "Well, let's plow on. Give the trolley a shove to my sister, would you be so good?" he said to Ridgeway, as it came to her for a second helping. "You'll have to take care it doesn't slop, being consommé."

"My brother's wife had an amiable cook who asked once if she wanted the consommé thick or clear," Biddy shouted.

"No need to yell for my sake, dear," said the Bishop, whose own voice was soft. "You don't mind our using the trolley, do you?" he said to Ridgeway. "It saves walking about for the butler and valet. For Wren, I mean. He got a nasty hit in a leg in the war and they didn't get all the shrapnel out. He's politically to the left, like the rest of us. He told me yesterday he got on with you. You were the first American he'd met, he said, apart from the Catholic Cardinal of New York, whom we were obliged to entertain when my wife was alive. The Cardinal and I found no difficulties between us apart from this question of Christianity's link with capitalism. I am afraid it is a question that has somewhat driven me away from Church dogma, though not from speculation, I hope. It is only in this matter that thought has caused me disappointment."

"Not your age?" Dr. Spencer asked.

"By George, age doesn't blight the fun. To go back, it has begun to seem to me all too possible that the great sin of capitalism—apart from usury, greed, exploitation, and so forth—may well be kin to the great sin of the Christian Church when the schisms set in. Capitalism in practice inclines to splits. So in Western capitalism, as in Western Christianity, we have created a magnificent theoretical ethic of the majority, but it is a majority that no one feels part of."

"We did in Trafalgar Square," Ridgeway said.

"No, I'm afraid we were no more than a handful of the whole. It was good of you to turn up. One looks to foreigners for help. I noticed at the time what pretty ankles you had."

"And her political opinions?" said Biddy kindly.

"First-rate, I should say. Yes! Yes! The scent of new ideas is very fascinating. Keep shoving the trolley round, Biddy. You'll find you can avoid the grated carrots if you're thinking of another plateful." He turned to Ridgeway. "The war, the Second World War, turned us rather against carrots. Lord Woolton, who was the Minister of Food of the time, was very keen on root vegetables because the English could grow them in their gardens and allotments and so on. One might say he pushed carrots. They were said to be good for the eyesight of pilots, so we ate them in every form—carrot soufflé, carrot devil's-food cake—though none of the immediate family was a pilot. They also improved the possibility of seeing in the blackout, which of course we all had to do. My personal suspicion is that his carrot propaganda was apocryphal, wouldn't you say? A way of filling us up," he said, turning to Dr. Spencer.

"I was rather young at the time," Dr. Spencer said.

"Stupid of me. All the same, it's history, therefore still with us." The Bishop took the crust off a piece of bread and ate the middle. "Back to Lord Woolton, who wasn't such a humorless soul as he seemed by any means; you might say he had quite a visionary approach to root vegetables in general. We all got rather bored with advertisements in the papers for a character called Potato Pete, who was drawn with the face of an unpeeled potato and who would appear over potato recipes. I look much like Potato Pete myself. It struck me while shaving the other day."

His sister studied him. "Potato Pete didn't have bristly eyebrows and he didn't laugh as much as you, though I'm blessed if I can often see what you find to laugh about."

"Well, Biddy, there's the rest of the world, which accumulates surprise and buffoonery as one grows older, and there are certain cheering steps forward here and there, and books that have an exact comic sense of folly: quite a lot of them new. And there's Bucephalus," he went on to Ridgeway, "our quixotic genius of a horse, whose mind is more and more interesting to get to the bottom of. And then there's this pleasant place, where one could hardly feel got down. Ah, pie."

Another trolley had been brought to Ridgeway's left by Wren. "Is it quail pie?" asked the Bishop, looking at the dish on the Georgian tray.

"Yes, My Lord," said Wren.

"What do you like to be called?" Ridgeway asked.

"Well, you try 'My Lord,' but I don't really care for it much in conversation, do you? It's a bit of a boulder. That leaves 'Dr. Hurlingham' or 'Bishop.' Is 'Bishop' rather burdensome? My Christian name is Paul. I wish I could say that I had had a visitation anything up to his, but you could hardly reduce me to Saul when it was not the name my parents hoped for, could you? In modern times, that name anyway belongs to the young man who does those brilliant screen credits, wouldn't you say?"

"You mean Saul Bass? How do you know about him?" Ridgeway asked.

"Oh, he's very well known, isn't he? Full of life. Lovely work. Poor girl," he said, looking at her dealing with the thing on the silver monarchical tray. "Quail pie is always a problem. You've just stuck a fork into a second bird, haven't you? It's a question of judging the width of any particular quail you're after, but I'm bothered if I can see how you can do that when you don't know where the edge of it is. The crust should have been cut in the kitchen."

Ridgeway had used up three forks by now and each time hit a quail, and to lift out the forks would have ruined the entire pastry crust. The pie looked like a bull near the end of a bullfight: on its knees.

"The thing is to use a knife and get under the pastry crust to have a look," said the Bishop. Ridgeway did.

Now well dismembered, the pie on its trolley with three vegetables and bread sauce continued round via the two women to Dr. Spencer. The Bishop said, "You won't mind if I skip the pie and concentrate on the other things? At my age, it's more trouble than it's worth, and there's plenty of pleasure in mashed potatoes and bread sauce."

"And in gravy," Ridgeway said.

"I'm sure we could get those teeth on their legs again," said Dr. Spencer.

"On their *legs*?" said the Bishop, laughing till his eyes poured tears and dabbing them with a beautiful lawn handkerchief. "Oh dear, the tricks that language can play. The poor Pope was praying for peace at the United Nations and was reported in translation as saying that he hoped the nations of the world would let their arms fall from their hands. It made me wish I could draw." He took out a felt pen and did a cartoon on the back of his cheese plate.

"You can do almost anything, dear," said Biddy.

"Well, it's a question of setting your mind to it. Though I've certainly set my mind to getting Bucephalus to eat for the next season and he won't touch a thing. My late wife could always get him to eat before a big race." The Bishop went on thinking of the shapely Derby winner off his feed in the stables.

"You'll excuse me if I don't stay for the pudding," Hurlingham said, getting up. "I foresee junket. The cook makes it for me every evening on account of the tooth problem but I can never touch it. Bucephalus and I may have something in common. I thought for a time that Wren, who has remarkable powers of observation, had hit on it. He noticed that the horse would only eat when a pigeon was in the loose box. The pigeon would generally sit on the horse's back. Then the pigeon died. Disaster for Bucephalus. Nutritionally speaking. Skin and bones. A pitiful sight. So Wren got another pigeon and the horse seemed to take to him well enough, but the oats were still untouched. . . . You'll excuse me? You've scarcely begun your sherry," he said to Dr. Spencer. "It's left in the drawing room."

"I'm afraid I was late," said Dr. Spencer.

"Calls, I daresay."

"No, traffic."

"It's the cars that slow things up now. The anger. This is no time for hostility. It tends to have a leadening effect, don't you find?" he said to Ridgeway. He got up by himself to wander along the immense corridor, down the curling back stairway to the

HOLDING OUR OWN

A summer without passion,
our selves pulled together
like the leaves surrounding the branches,
each branch part of the tree,
the tree round, holding its own in the air.

The music begins;
round globes of sound
weld it together;
it balloons in the night,
circles the amphitheatre,
whole and separate
as the star that winks at the proceeding.

And we in our own atmosphere—
the bear in the globe
of a child's toy
shaken, a blizzard
enclosing him
inside the water in the ball.

Each walking in our round of air
through the long summer
without anger, without joy, with no surprise.
Now in August the leaves begin to turn;
walnuts—black globes—rattle the eaves.

When the leaves burn to yellow
and brambles conquer the garden
one day a clear draft comes from the north
and the sky goes blue once more.

We smell the cool pain of autumn
in the green chemical light
waiting for waking
to shake us—birds in the cat's mouth—
or fall back numb again
among the chill, murdered, murdering leaves.

—ANN STANFORD

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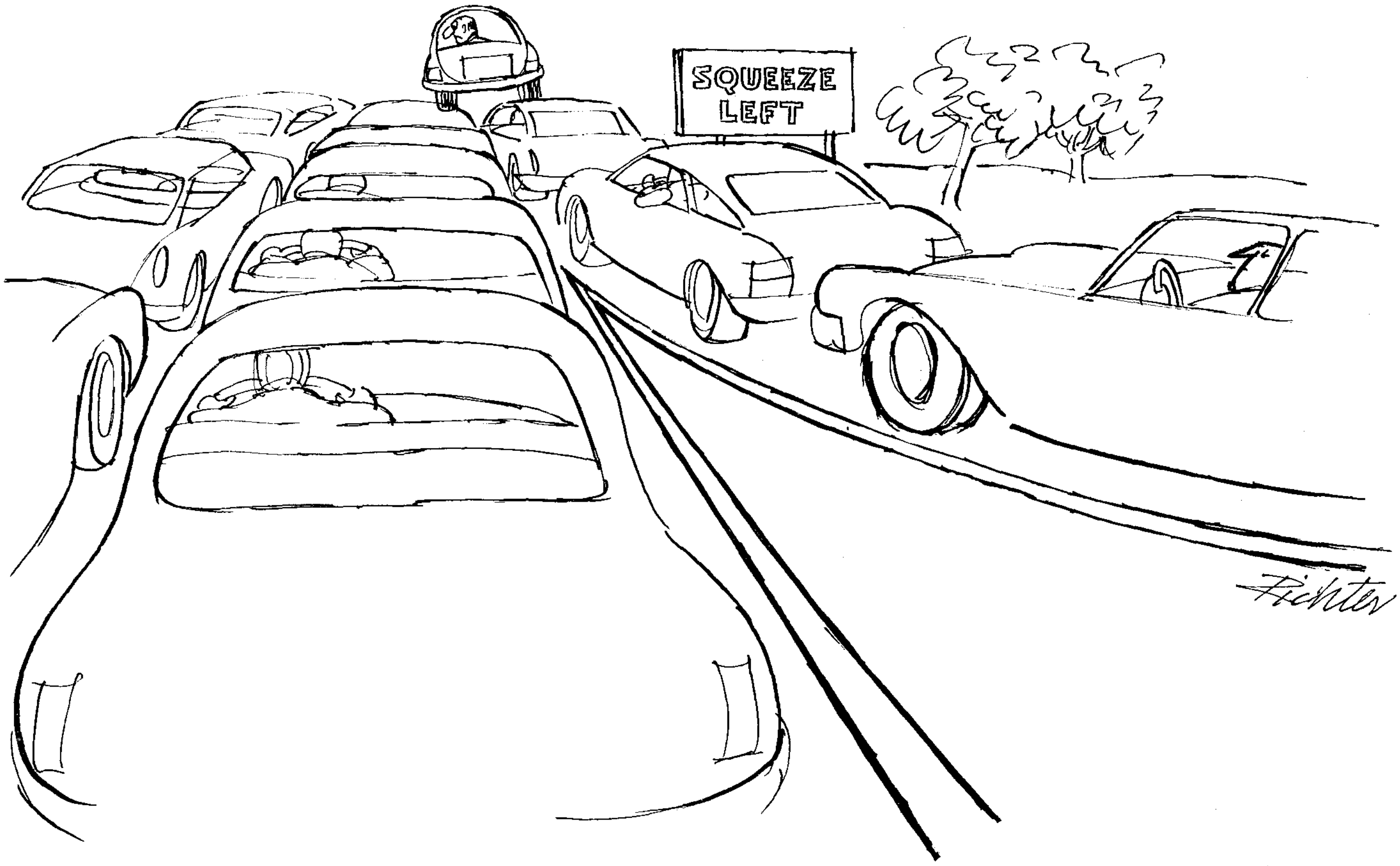

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stables, and gazed at the beautiful horse. It gazed back, food untouched.

"HE hasn't had his cream cheese, either," said Biddy, still in the dining room and looking at her brother's place. "If you could only get him in shape to enjoy summer pudding again, Dr. Spencer."

"What's summer pudding?" Ridgeway asked.

"It was always his favorite, even in the nursery. Mostly a matter of white bread and fresh raspberries. But the pips give him trouble now."

"I shouldn't say it's entirely his bite," said Dr. Spencer. "It may be that he has something on his mind. He misses his wife, doesn't he?"

"Even after six years. Yes, I remark on it to myself all the time and wonder what to do. A pretty girl with a well-read mind perks him up," Biddy said to Ridgeway. "I was noticing him with you."

"I'm too slow for him, though. Do you mind if I go to bed?" said Ridgeway. "I'm too tired even to read."

"The sloth of youth, the energy of age," said Biddy after she had gone, rolling up her dinner napkin into a cylinder for her napkin ring and then doing the same for Ridgeway's. "That girl is very good for him. I don't think she's encountered a linen napkin before."

"I don't believe she knew how to get it into the napkin ring," Dr. Spencer said. "Or perhaps she abandoned things because she was expecting a clean napkin for breakfast. Americans have clean napkins at every meal."

"My goodness, the laundering that must go on! The starching! The ironing! Why a fresh one every time? It's not as if she wore lipstick. In the twenties, when we all did, of course, one's napkin was often a wreck after dinner. It was a problem to eat asparagus and artichokes successfully without getting jammy around the mouth. And one would never have repaired makeup at the table as girls do now."

"He's a remarkable man for his years," said Dr. Spencer. "You shouldn't worry about him. His age doesn't seem to be doing any harm to his sense of curiosity, or indeed his rebelliousness."

"No, it's not," said Biddy. "A life needs weight in its tail, you see." She paused for a while. "The only great drawback for him is missing his wife, but he doesn't let it affect him. In fact, I've often noticed that someone's sense of option and possibility even grows when most has apparently been whittled away."

RIDGEWAY found her way to the stable yard and saw the Bishop leaning over the bottom of the loose box. The horse's beautiful head tossed up at the sight of a stranger and then settled back to watch the Bishop. The pigeon pecked at the oats and didn't look at the horse.

"I was thinking of writing a biography of that horse," said the Bishop. Three English sheepdogs stood beside him on the cobbles, balancing on their hind legs and reaching just high enough to rest their muzzles on the bottom half of the door. "When I woke up this morning, I found I had the article all planned. It would be poor of me not to do it. The things I have missed doing are vexing thoughts."

"A biography of a *horse*?" Ridgeway said.

"Yes. It would seem to me not in the least mad, though there is something essential I still haven't hit on about Bucephalus's turn of thought. Anyway, why not a horse? A most interesting, noble and innovative life, this one's. You have wonderfully pretty legs."

Ridgeway looked down at them.

"Would you like a holiday job as the sheepdogs' walker?" the Bishop asked. "They don't get enough amusement."

Ridgeway went on considering her legs. "Good legs or not, they don't necessarily make me a good walker," she said.

"No, but I have the feeling . . . Brood about it."

In the meantime, he thought about

her legs, the pigeon, and his hungry, enthralling horse. "Naturally, it would be a test to do the article well enough."

"If it were vivacious, you mean you'd be on your way to it?"

"That would be essential. It always is. Ridgeway, what could be more puzzling than a Derby winner who so misses a pigeon that he's starving himself to death? Company, is that the secret? What's unsatisfactory about *this* pigeon?" He laughed, and his steel-wool eyebrows shot up. Then he said soberly to Ridgeway, "What are you laughing about?"

"Your gaiters, the pigeon, the horse, the mud."

"Oh, yes, it is muddy, isn't it?" He had a torch in his hand that he lowered to the level of his own legs, little though they interested him. "You see, I should like to do this biography adequately." He flashed his torch at her left hand. "Aren't you married? You live with someone in America, I expect."

"I'm getting divorced, I'm afraid."

"I daresay you're right. Why?"

"He was a banker, and I wasn't old enough until the last moment to know that I didn't like what he did." She paused.

"What did you discover?" said the old man, shaking his head.

"What difference does it make? Wouldn't it be boring to hear about?"

"No."

"He hadn't much idea of what was happening. Of consequences, let alone causes. He couldn't see himself."

"To leave an imprint somewhere by making the right snap decision, is that what was missing?"

"One spring we were on holiday in the West Indies and we bought a very good landscape by a young local painter. I was thrilled. And then my husband asked the painter if a bank could be put into the composition, and the painter gave him a look and painted in a bank in five minutes. He needed the money."

"I may be wrong, but I think your generation and country express themselves most fully in immediate behavior," the Bishop said. "Other times, other places do it through sculpture or writing. It is a question . . . Ah, suddenly I have it about the pigeon; it's the wrong *sex*, of course. It is a question whether we have ever seen the really vivid expression of a nation's temperament except on a plane of"—she thought he was going to say "religion"—"of art. In actions, we have hardly ever seen it. And religion has grown too confused with persuasion and prosperity. You know, of course, about the nineteenth-century offshoots that actually considered prosperity an attribute of God and made their followers feel shame for not reflecting it. It is also a pity that there is very little private prayer."

A stable clock chimed. The Bishop said to himself, "A *female* pigeon, a *female* pigeon, like the one that died."

"You miss your wife."

"Yes."

"I'm afraid I don't miss my husband."

"What was wrong with him, to your mind?"

"His boredom."

The Bishop hesitated. "I don't often talk about this, but I had a brother who died by playing hazard, and I think he did it in war against boredom."

"How old was he?"

"Seventeen."

"Young to be bored."

"Oh, no, on the contrary, things become more interesting as you get older. For instance, the case of this horse and this pigeon. If my brother had waited, I believe he would have grown interested in things. The nature of his thinking was too flat and stale for him to bear at the time of the accident's happening, you see. But later it would have altered."

"Do you look on suicide as a sin?"

"Oh, never mind about that now. Are you cold? I say, I am glad we hit on the idea of the female pigeon."

"You do distribute ideas. You thought of it."

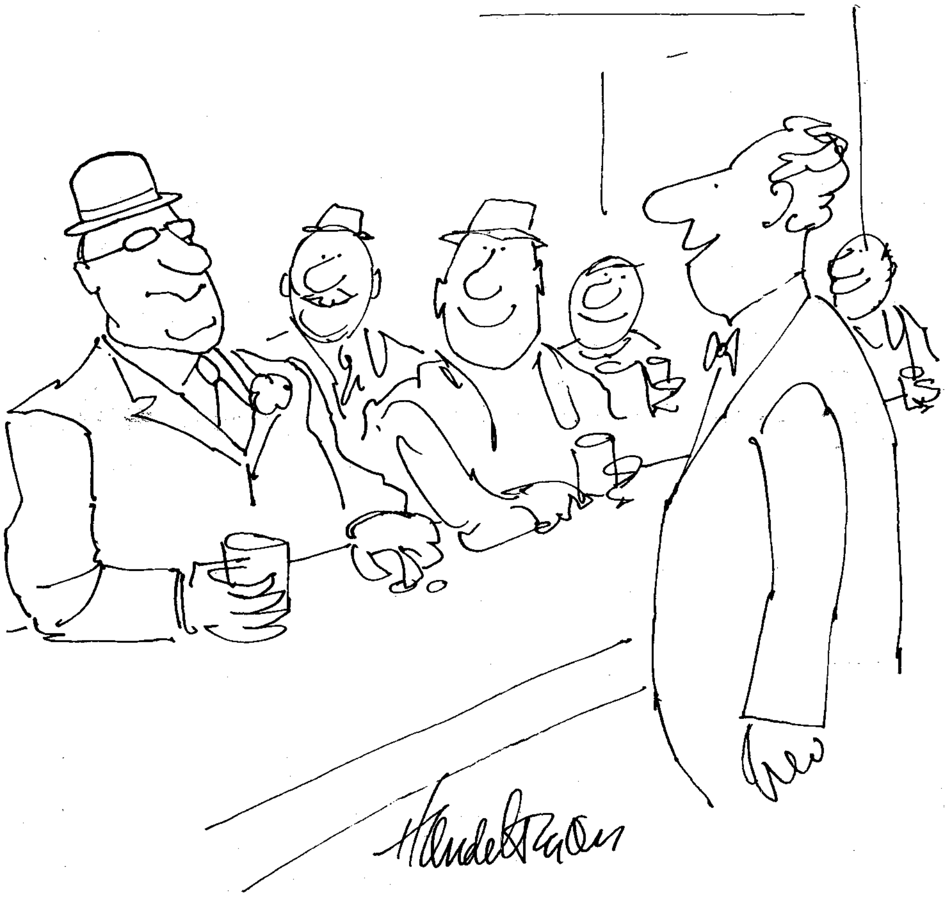
"Did I? I must dust the mud off my gaiters if you are going to be perceptive."

"And he risked himself to get back the taste of things?"

"I was rather young, but I fancy he thought he could recover the savor of life by chancing the loss of it. He played Russian roulette by jaywalking just in front of a racing carriage. People nowadays find the tale picturesque. He deliberately stepped off the pavement in front of a carriage that was being driven very fast. You didn't do that, did you? When you and your husband agreed to get divorced?"

"When I decided to get married, perhaps?"

"Of course, people are at a disadvantage when they are dealing with anyone like your husband, to whom the idea of retreat is not a humiliation but a piece of strategy. I'm not speaking of your own nature but your position. I wonder if I could do a noble article about a horse. It should be possible. George Stubbs, now, his anatomical



"If I may say so, sir, we all admire the way you've achieved megalomania without losing the common touch."

drawings of owls and so on had nobility."

"It's not what people expect of you."

"But therefore not a bad rebellion, in its small way. Neither of us can protest in Trafalgar Square all the time."

They moved toward the house after the Bishop had patted the horse's head and felt his ribs.

"No lustre," he said about the horse, his own eyes shining excitedly with ideas in the light thrown by the stable tower. "I wish you would be a dog walker, but I can see you wouldn't meet many people." Then he recognized the absurdity of what he had said, and picked her up and carried her over the mud. "You must be careful of your frock," he said.

"I like that word," she said. "It's the first time I haven't worn jeans for ages."

"I like jeans, too."

"Pagan gaiters," said Ridgeway.

"I like them in Trafalgar Square, at least. Or for picnicking, or painting, or mucking out stables."

"You were saying something about justified rebellion. Is there any such thing as justified war?"

"What do you think?" he said, still carrying her, his feet stumbling over the cobbles and his mind visibly teeming to hear her reply.

"I believe the war against the Nazis was. I don't think the Crusades were."

"That's what I think. Now, the independence of India, the independence of Ulster, these are difficult questions. The thing would have been never to have behaved greedily in the first place."

IN the following week the male pigeon was replaced by a friendly female. The horse ate and had a spectacular season. The popular papers disapproved of a Bishop who owned a race horse, especially a winning one. The serious gossip columns ran short paragraphs saying that he sent his winnings to Black Africa. The Bishop wrote finely about his horse. Ridgeway went to prison briefly for making another and more violent protest about Rhodesia, after sitting next to a middle-aged white woman liberal from Rhodesia who had told her about a four-foot cell for black dissidents who were found dead after days without water. Their footprints were on the ceiling, perhaps because of the need to keep walking somewhere. With a finger dipped in dirt, one of them had written in shaky capitals on the wall: "HELLO OUT THERE." The signal had been inscribed by a man whom the woman liberal had taught to write English after she had herself learned Shona.

Ridgeway's memory of the Bishop, the stable yard, the horse, the pigeon, the dark, her sense of her own weight when the old man was lifting her, recurred and recurred.

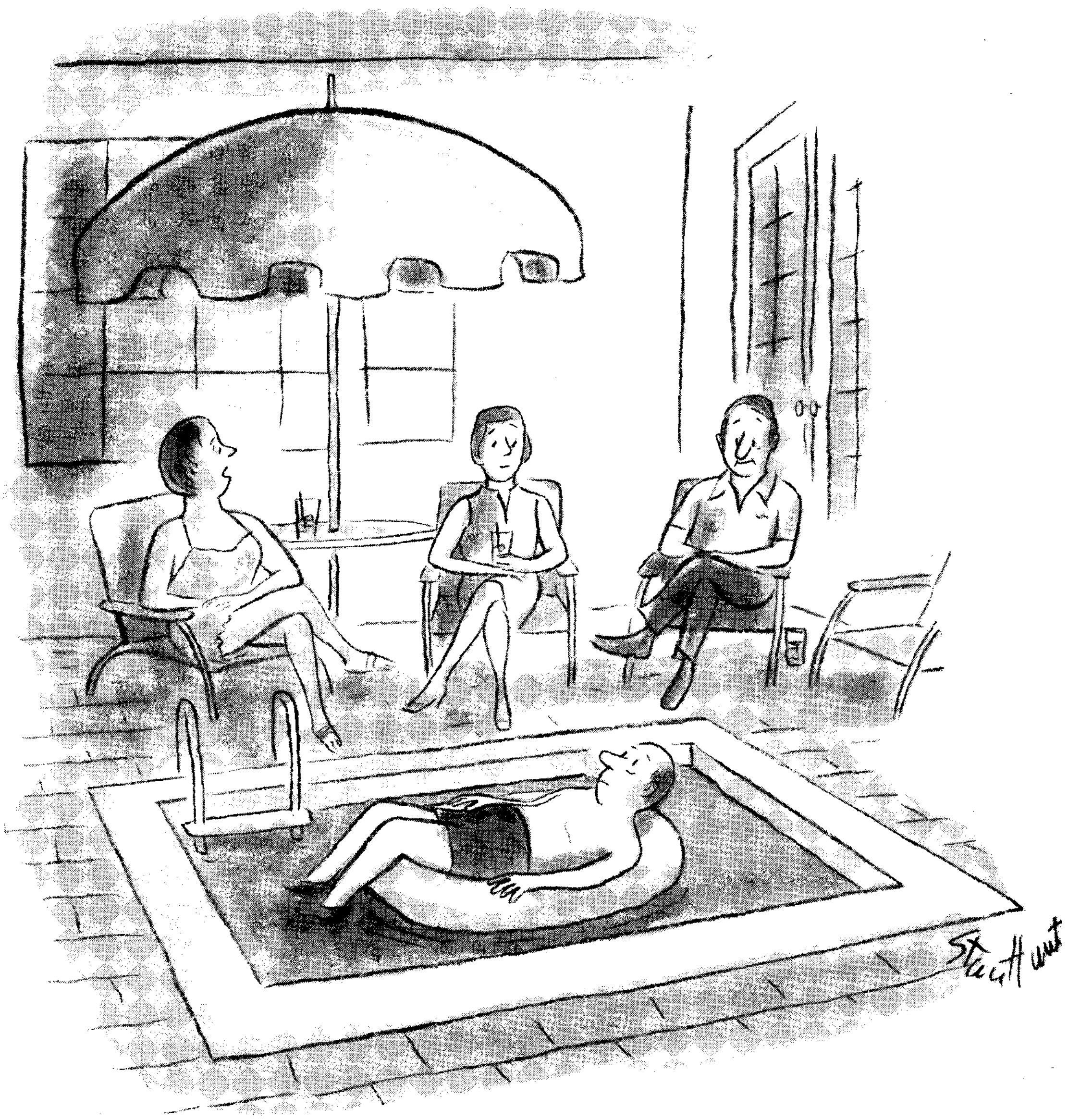
"Are you against violence?" she had said as he was carrying her. "I'm a pacifist."

He had stood still to think about it carefully. "I am in general, too. I can see the possibility of violence being the only way to be gentle in the end. The difficulty is to be certain who is planning the violence and whether a gentle society is going to emerge from it. Most guerrillas are too disorganized." She was draped across his arms as if he were carrying a bridal dress stiffened with age. "Is that your shoulder blade or my watch strap?" he had said. "Either way, it must be painful for you. We're only a minute from the steps. I'm afraid I'm a bit of a slow stroller now when I'm carrying a girl."

"Am I heavy?" she had asked.

"No. I was just enjoying our conversation. I hadn't really noticed your lightness, which is rude of me, isn't it? You'll find the old do that. One gathers the mind to a point and the other things pass one by. It's a great blessing, age. There's more time."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT



"It was either lower our sights or forget the whole thing."

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THE PARK

THE park was laid out about 1840 on a slope facing north at the end of a long cypress drive from the Tuscan villa. The villa itself is also of that time—a large, three-floor white intonaco house. A bit dull from the outside: four plain walls with three rows of windows. Too many windows, perhaps. It has a front yard enclosed by a tall wall, on top of which is a spiky, hostile, silvery railing. You enter the yard through an immense gate, very pretentious, painted silver like the railing and topped with a similar pattern of lancelike spikes. The roadway to the front door is surfaced with tiny white pebbles. On each side stand cedars, firs, palms, and persimmons, the last tantalizingly close to the wall.

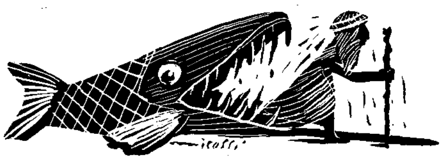
You feel wealth all around you, and also a sense of something too private and formal—a sense that increases if you ring the bell. Then a waiter in white gloves and striped jacket comes to open the door. He leads you over polished tile floors to a carpeted salon, rather gloomy despite the elegant furniture, vases, and other good things of the period. Not enough sunlight; the silver, the shiny chandeliers not enough to make up for its lack. On the other side of the house is the garden, with a fountain in the center and a symmetrical design of flower beds, an attractive orangery to one side, roses climbing the walls, and in huge pots tall lemon trees laden with fruit. Then there is the long cypress drive, and—what the villa is best known for—the park at the end of the drive.

A gentle, deeply religious, titled old couple had inherited the estate. They died childless about 1950, leaving it to a young niece who, even when she later got married and had a little boy, preferred living in town and spent only a few weeks in the summer at the villa. People said that the first thing her husband wanted to do after taking stock of the place was cut down the cypresses to sell as timber. With difficulty, wife, friends, bailiff, and farmers persuaded him not to. Over the years, with the shortage and increasingly high cost of labor, the park was left more or less to itself. It certainly wasn't kept up the way it used to be when the old couple was living. Then there were waterworks all in perfect condition, such as a fountain with tall jets of water and stepping stones, and a well that sprinkled you the moment you looked into it and the host stepped on a lever. At the "hermitage"—really the house of the gardener—a wooden hermit friar on wheels rolled toward you when you opened the door. There were a Chinese hut, an open-air theatre with mossy stone seats and a hedged stage, a wooden bridge, a long trellised gallery, statues with inscriptions, a grotto, a spring, a brook, a boxwood maze. And, down deep in the park, seven sequoias, imported from California and planted around 1840—the biggest trees in the neighborhood and perhaps in all Europe.

The hermit is still there, but he doesn't roll anymore when you open the door. The Chinese hut has caved in. The bridge is unsteady. Some of the paths are overgrown. The park has the air of an abandoned garden, and perhaps it has improved with age. It has become more mysterious, and it may be just as well that the waterworks are not in perfect condition.

Though hardly anyone ever goes there, the park is open to visitors. No admission ticket is required, or anything like that. You just go to the gardener's cottage—the hermitage—by a little country road that skirts the cypress drive, and the gardener's wife, who is usually upstairs in the kitchen, will let you in. Once in a while, her ten-year-old daughter will offer to show you around. She's a sweet child, quite unobtrusive, and leads you as a kitten might. Sometimes you think you've lost her, but she appears a moment later ahead of you among the leaves. You are hardly aware of her presence. Back at the entrance, you leave her or her mother a tip.

ONE afternoon last August, two visitors went to the park. They were staying as paying guests at another villa nearby. He—a zealous student from England, with glasses and curly brown hair—was eighteen and looked twenty-three. She—blond, nimble, and pretty—thirty-eight and looked twenty. An American divorcée with large, thoughtful eyes, she seemed to gaze beyond you at her fifteen years of marriage to an economist she hardly loved, who drank and abused her and who very recently, soon after the divorce, had married a model, much younger. At times she seemed to regret having left him—she kept saying how extremely successful he was, despite his drunkenness. The other guests looked at her, graceful in her fresh summer dresses, of which she seemed to have an endless supply, and wondered how any man could be so foolish as to cause her to leave him. The boy knew some Italian, she hardly a word. She had been at the villa a week; he two months, taking a course at the academy of music in town. He was a flutist, and very intense and serious about it, practicing many hours every day, and sometimes playing for the guests after supper in the garden. When he practiced, the music filled a good part of the house, but he played so well that no one minded. "I love to hear him, especially when he practices. Then it sounds so natural—almost like hearing the birds," she said one evening, and, turning to him, she asked, "Do the birds sound very different to you?"



"Only the cuckoo's notes have any resemblance," he said.

Though his teacher in town was a world celebrity, the young man wasn't satisfied, and his parents, both of whom were well-known musicians in London, often called long distance and urged him to leave. But he liked the villa, had struck up quite a friendship with the American divorcée, and was staying on against his parents' advice.

"I'm told there's a park near here," he said to her. "I've never been there, but I know where it is and we could go over together if you like. They say it's the most unusual thing around."

"I'd love to see it," she replied in her very feminine voice. "But won't that take you away from your practicing?"

He shrugged. "It's probably good for me to have a break."

She smiled, obviously pleased that one his age should pay her so much attention and be willing to put his flute aside for a whole afternoon—something he had not done since they had met. So assiduous was he in his work, he told her, that he had never even been inside the famous cathedral in town or seen the museums. She gazed at him warmly—protectively, too. Her glances were lambent, not burning. She always seemed aware he was only eighteen.

It was an oppressively hot day, the sky glary, the atmosphere heavy, and this was another good reason for going to the park. She had a rented car, and in good American style they drove to the hermitage though it was no more than a mile away. They parked on the country road, opposite the gardener's cottage.

"Hello!" he called, and the gardener's wife—a pleasant young woman with a kerchief round her head—appeared at the top of an outside staircase

ENTERING
PEORIA
NOW PLAYING
LORENZ

• •

on the second floor. She came down, led them through the hermit's bedroom, living room, and kitchen, showed them the venerable old wooden man, his loaf of bread, cheese, wine decanter, Bible, bunk bed, and pillow, all made of painted terra-cotta, and then let them into the park and left them on their own.

High above them were the thick fronds of an ilex. They couldn't see the sky, and the shade was unbroken except for a spot of sunlight that would show up, disappear, and return for a moment.

The family that first conceived of the park, and its direct descendants right on down to the deceased, childless old couple, had been very devout people, and the two visitors, who had already sensed the religious tone pervading the place from a Latin verse from the Scriptures at the entrance of the hermitage and from the presence of the hermit with his Bible, gained an even stronger impression of it as they went down a steep path that, every few yards, had a step and a cross with Roman numerals on it, representing the twelve Stations of the Cross. Beyond them, the path became mossy. An inviolate silence reigned, which the rare sound of a bird seemed only to consecrate. The sun hardly entered. The garish light outside here became a delicate green. It was refreshingly cool. They walked lightly over the live velvet softness along the path that led gently down the slope. Ferns brushed their arms. They came to a wall with the statue of an angel in a niche, and below it a weathered marble slab with an inscription. There was moss on it, and fungi, and part of it was blackened by the moisture oozing from the slope, but the carved words could still be made out, and he slowly read and translated:

> Enter into these woods, whoever you are. Wander, if you like, along these shady paths. If you are tired, rest on the rough-hewn seats and the fresh grass. Visit the hermitage, the hut, the grotto, the font at your leisure. Walk freely wherever you will, but beware lest you commit any sin and thereby incur the wrath of the Lord. Even as the lily is at home here, let any impure act be alien.

They laughed at the "beware lest you commit any sin."

"That's rather nice. 'Even as the lily is at home here,' he said. But how do you like the 'any impure act'?"

"I don't," she said, and laughed faintly, while he laughed with the wistful relish of one who hasn't yet managed to shed as much of his innocence as he would like to.

Soon they came to another statue, this one of a child. A plaque said that this little monument was in her memory, and gave her name—the surname that of the founder's family—and the dates, pitifully close in time. In single file they walked under the rusty arcs of the trellis all covered with vine, then, holding hands, across the wooden bridge over a leaf-strewn gully, and down to the theatre, which not only was cushioned with moss but had little flowers and ferns growing out of cracks in the stone where earth had gathered. He went around the hedge and onto the stage. He looked at her—an audience so special that for a moment he felt stagestruck. He wished he had his flute. Why hadn't he brought it? This was the place, the time, the audience for music. He decided: he would whistle for her a movement of the concerto he had been working on at the villa. Subtler than the flute, the music rose and fell to rise again, thin as the nectar of snapdragons, and as sweet. Her eyes held him. She was with him, now high, now low, wherever the notes took them—the notes that bridged the gap of years, that made nothing of it, that made everything seem possible.

At the end of the movement, they walked over to a grotto dug into a cliff. Water oozed from every stone; no wonder the vegetation was luxuriant. A spring gushed from the base of the cliff face, forming a pool. From there the water flowed down a grassy brook to feed the fountain, which, however, was no longer watertight. Nearby was the well, artless now. They bent forward and saw their reflections.

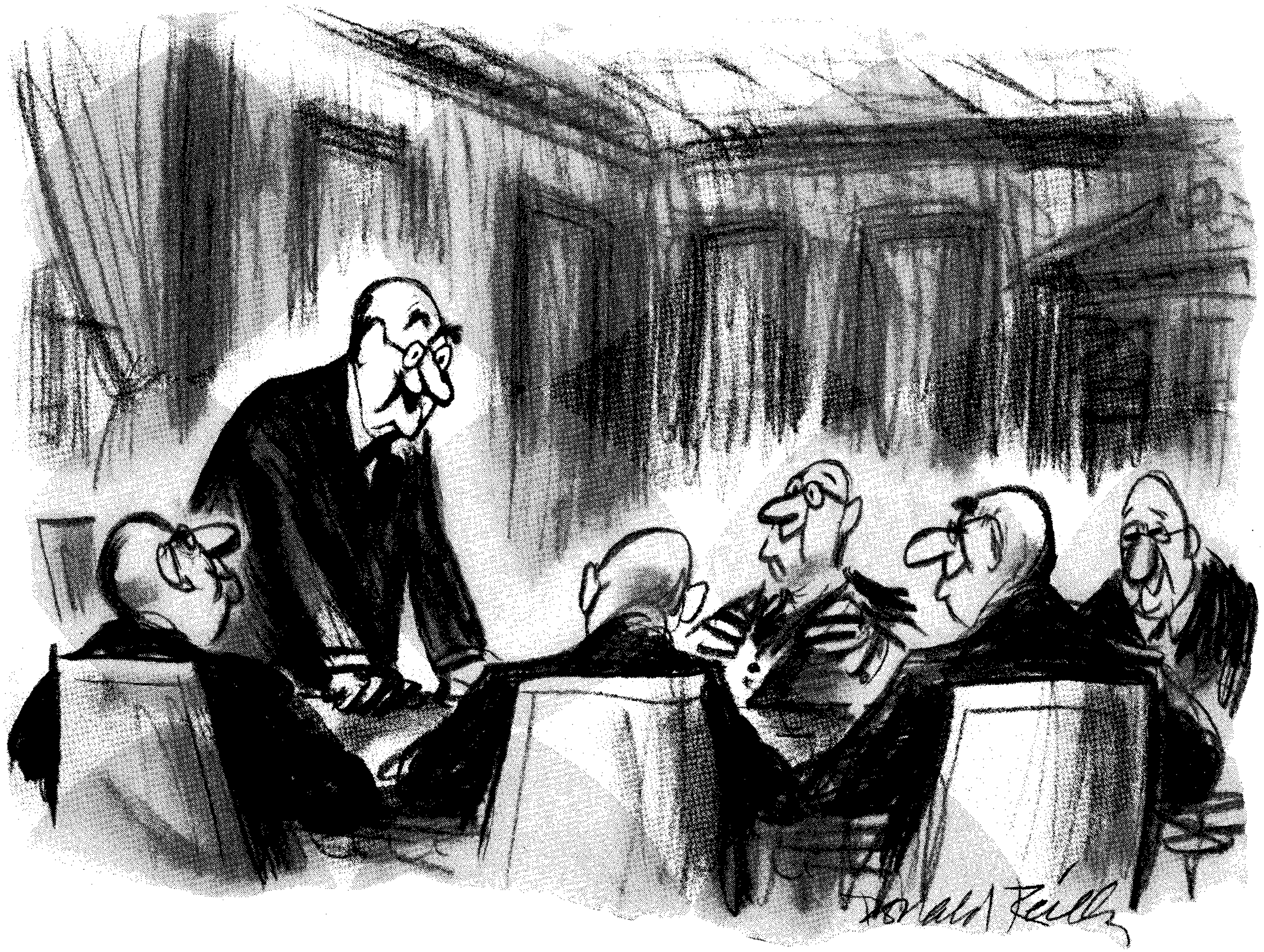
"Did you make a wish?" he said.

"Yes, did you?"

"I wished you well," he said, and laughed. "What did you wish?"

She didn't say, but, looking intently at him with her large, pensive eyes, came near and kissed him.

He leaned on the balustrade of the well to steady himself, silent because the new mood felt gossamer-frail, in danger of being torn by any word, any move. Taking him by the hand, in silence she walked with him to the sequoias. Like pillars of a gigantic temple, the trunks rose, furrowed, bare of branches, to the sky, and there, a good



"It's been moved and seconded that we have ourselves frozen and come back to take over in 2074."

• •

hundred feet up, their foliage spread—huge green limbs hovering over the forest. Their pinnacles grew in diamond-shaped crowns.

Slowly, almost languorously, they began walking back up the slope by a different route from the one they had taken on their way down. The path had not been cleared in a long time. Dead branches had fallen across it and lay rotting. The boxwood hedge, which had once been a cleverly designed maze, here needed clipping, there had wide gaps. All too easily they found their way out. A certain heaviness came over him that he couldn't account for. It was as if he were carrying up the incline a weight that rested not on his shoulders but on every cell of his body. Was it the weight of love? Was it the weight of years? Eighteen years—hardly a load. She, on the other hand, seemed to be walking more lightly, emerging from the depth of the forest ahead of him, airy. Once in a while, blithely, she turned to look at him. He felt a drop of rain and heard the distant rumble of thunder. They passed by the inscription again, and his eyes paused on the word "sin." Step by step they climbed up the Stations of the Cross to the level of the hermitage, and passed the quarters of the wooden, stodgy hermit to the other side, left a tip for the gardener's wife at the bottom of the staircase, and closed the gate behind them.

OUT in the glary light and sultry atmosphere that the distant storm had done nothing to clear, he longed for the darkness of the wood. She, too, as she stepped into the car and took the wheel and shifted from neutral into first gear, became suddenly a practical creature coping with the mechanical world, cramped by it into an inelegant posture in which one machine-directed movement followed another without rhythm or grace. It was so unlike the way it had been in the park, where he had whistled like a faun and she had kissed him like a woodland fairy.

Back in the villa, strangely, she spoke of her children, whom she had hardly ever mentioned to him. They were going to be out of summer camp in a week, she said. She spoke of New York. She said that perhaps someday he would give a concert in New York and that she would go and see him. And less than an hour ago he had been under the illusion that they would never part. He looked at her blankly. Her eyes, her face, her lips. Again he heard the sound of thunder, a rumble in the distance, like a grumble, and he thought of the inscription again, and the word "sin." He wished that they *had* sinned and that the Lord had struck them dead with lightning at that instant. But they hadn't sinned. Not, surely, with a kiss? O God, he felt that with that kiss she had placed on his mouth a seal or an enchantment to prevent that he should ever draw from other lips pleasure or sweetness or content, or slake his thirst for love.

—ARTURO VIVANTE

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AKC REGISTERED PEDIGREE guppies. Have had all shots. Call Shirlee B., before 3 p.m.—*Adv. in the Jackson Hole (Wyo.) Guide.*

It's almost three now. We'd better get on it.

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

ON THE FUTURE OF MOVIES

SOMETIME during the last year, a number of the most devoted moviegoers stopped going to the movies. I say "a number" because I have no idea how many are actually involved, but I keep meeting people—typically, men in their late twenties and early thirties—who say, "You know, I just don't have the impulse to go to a movie anymore," or "There aren't any movies anymore, are there?" The interest in pictures has left these people almost overnight; they turned off as suddenly as they'd turned on, and, since they no longer care to go, they feel that there's nothing to see. It was no accident that the Americans walked off with most of the top awards at Cannes this year. Right now, American movies—not the big hits but many of the movies that Hollywood considers failures—are probably the best in the world. No country rivals us in the diversity of skilled, talented filmmakers, but there are few lines for the sorts of films that young audiences were queuing up for a couple of years ago. They talked fervently then about how they loved movies; now they feel there can't be anything good going on, even at the movies.

Whatever their individual qualities, such films as "Bonnie and Clyde," "The Graduate," "Easy Rider," "Five Easy Pieces," "Joe," "M*A*S*H," "Little Big Man," "Midnight Cowboy," and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" all helped to form the counterculture. The young, anti-draft, anti-Vietnam audiences that were "the film generation" might go to some of the same pictures that the older audience did, but not to those only. They were willing to give something fresh a chance, and they went to movies that weren't certified hits. They made modest—sometimes large—successes of pictures that had new, different perceptions. A movie like the tentative, fumbling "Alice's Restaurant" would probably be a flop now, because student audiences are no longer willing to look for feelings, to accept something suggestive and elliptical and go with the mood. Students accept the elliptical on records—the Joni Mitchell "Court and Spark," say, and some of the more offbeat Carly Simon cuts—but not in movies. The subdued, fine-drawn "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," which came out in 1971, managed to break even, but the soft-colored "Thieves Like Us," the latest film by the same director, Robert Altman, has been seen by almost nobody. Those who might be expected to identify with Jeff Bridges in "The Last American Hero" are going to see Clint Eastwood in "Magnum Force" instead. They're going to the kind of slam-bang pictures that succeed with illiterate audiences in "underdeveloped" countries who are starved for entertainment. The almost voluptuously obsessive "Mean Streets"—a film that one might have thought would be talked about endlessly—passed through college towns without causing a stir. The new generations of high-school and college students are going to movies that you can't talk about afterward—movies that are completely consumed in the theatre.

There is no way to estimate the full effect of Vietnam and Watergate on popular culture, but earlier films were predicated on an implied system of values which is gone now, except in the corrupt, vigilante form of a "Dirty Harry" or a "Walking Tall." Almost all the current hits are jokes on the past, and especially on old films—a mixture of nostalgia and parody, laid on with a trowel. The pictures reach back in time, spoofing the past, jabbing at it. Nobody understands what contemporary heroes or heroines should be, or how they should relate to each other, and it's safer not to risk the box-office embarrassment of seriousness.

FOR many years, some of us alarmists have been saying things like "Suppose people get used to constant visceral excitement—will they still respond to the work of artists?" Maybe, owing partly to the national self-devaluation and partly to the stepped-up power of advertising, what we feared has come about. It's hardly surprising: how can people who have just been pummelled and deafened by "The French Connection" be expected to respond to a quiet picture? If, still groggy, they should stumble in to see George Segal in Irvin Kershner's "Loving" the next night, they'd think there was nothing going on in it, because it didn't tighten the screws on them. "The Rules of the Game" might seem like a hole in the screen. When "The Getaway" is double-billed with "Mean Streets," it's no wonder that some people walk out on "Mean Streets." Audiences like movies that do all the work for them—just as in the old days, and with an arm-twisting rubdown besides. College students don't appear to feel insulted (what's left to insult us?); they don't mind being banged over the head—the louder the better. They seem to enjoy seeing the performers whacked around, too; sloppy knockabout farce is the newest smash, and knockabout horror isn't far behind. People go for the obvious, the broad, the movies that don't ask them to feel anything. If a movie is a hit, that means practically guaranteed sensations—and sensations without feeling.

I often come out of a movie now feeling wiped out, desolate—and often it's a movie that the audience around me has reacted to noisily, as if it were having a high, great time—and I think I feel that way because of the nihilism in the atmosphere. It isn't intentional or philosophical nihilism; it's the kind one sometimes feels at a porn show—the way everything is turned to dung, oneself included. A couple of years ago, I went with another film critic, a young man, to see a hard-core movie in the Broadway area, and there was a live stage show with it. A young black girl—she looked about seventeen but must have been older—did a strip and then danced naked. The theatre was small, and the girl's eyes, full of hatred, kept raking the customers' faces. I was the only other woman there, and each time her eyes came toward me, I had to look down; finally, I couldn't look up at all. The young critic and I sat in misery, unable to leave, since that would look like a put-down of her performance. We had to take the contempt with which she hid her sense of being degraded, and we shared in her degradation, too. Hits like "The Exorcist" give most of the audience just what it wants and expects, the way hard-core porn does. The hits have something in common: blatancy. They are films that *deliver.* They're debauches—their subject might almost be mindlessness and futurelessness. People in the audience want to laugh, and at pictures like "Enter the Dragon" and "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" and "The Three Musketeers" and "Blazing Saddles" they're laughing at pandemonium and accepting it as the comic truth.

The counterculture films made corruption seem inevitable and hence something you learn to live with; the next step was seeing it as slapstick comedy and learning to enjoy it. For the fatalistic, case-hardened audience, absurdism has become the only acceptable point of view—a new complacency. In "The Three Musketeers," Richard Lester keeps his actors at a distance and scales the characters down to subnormal size; they're letching, carousing buffoons who don't care about anything but blood sport. The film isn't politically or socially abrasive; it's just "for fun." At showings of "Chinatown," the audience squeals with pleasure when Faye Dunaway reveals her incest. The success of "Chinatown"—with its beautifully structured script and draggy, overdeliberate direction—represents something dialectically new: nostalgia (for the thirties) openly turned to rot, and the *celebration* of rot. Robert Towne's script had ended with the detective (Jack Nicholson) realizing what horrors the Dunaway character had been through, and, after she killed her incestuous father, helping her daughter get to Mexico. But Roman Polanski seals the picture with his gargoyle grin; now evil runs rampant. The picture is compelling, but coldly, suffocatingly compelling. Polanski keeps so much of it in closeup that there's no air, no freedom to breathe; you don't care who is hurt, since everything is blighted. Life is a blood-red maze. Polanski may leave the story muddy and opaque, but he shoves the rot at you, and large numbers of people seem to find it juicy. Audiences now appear to accept as a view of themselves what in the movies of the past six or seven years counterculture audiences jeered at Americans for being—cynical materialists who cared for nothing but their own greed and lust. The nihilistic, coarse-grained movies are telling us that nothing matters to us, that we're all a bad joke.

IT'S becoming tough for a movie that isn't a big media-created event to find an audience, no matter how good it is. And if a movie has been turned into an event, it doesn't have to be good; an event—such as "Papillon"—draws an audience simply because it's an event. You don't expect Mount Rushmore to be a work of art, but if you're anywhere near it you have to go; "Papillon" is a movie Mount Rushmore, though it features only two heads. People no longer go to a picture just for itself, and ticket-buyers certainly aren't looking for the movie equivalent of "a good read." They want to be battered, to be knocked out—they want to get wrecked. They want what "everybody's talking about," and even if they don't like the picture—and some people didn't really care for "A Touch of Class," and some detested "The Three Musketeers," and many don't like "Blazing Saddles," either—they don't feel out of it. Increasingly, though, I've noticed that those who don't enjoy a big event-film feel out of it in another way. They wonder if there's something they're not getting—if the fault is theirs.

The public can't really be said to have rejected a film like "Payday," since the public never heard of it. If you don't know what a movie is and it plays at a theatre near you, you barely register it. "Payday" may not come at all; when the event strategy really works, as it has of late, the hits and the routine action films and horror films are all that get to most towns. And if a film turns up that hasn't had a big campaign, people assume it's a dog; you risk associating yourself with failure if you go to see Jon Voight in "Conrack" or Blythe Danner in the messed-up but still affecting "Lovin' Molly." When other values are rickety, the fact that something is selling gives it a primacy, and its detractors seem like spoilsports. The person who holds out against an event looks a loser: the minority is a fool. People are cynical about advertising, of course, but their cynicism is so all-inclusive now that they're indifferent, and so they're more susceptible to advertising than ever. If nothing matters anyway, why not just go where the crowd goes? That's a high in itself.

There are a few exceptions, but in general it can be said that the public no longer discovers movies, the public no longer makes a picture a hit. If the advertising for a movie doesn't build up an overwhelming desire to be part of the event, people just don't go. They don't listen to their own instincts, they don't listen to the critics—they listen to the advertising. Or, to put it more precisely, they do listen to their instincts, but their instincts are now controlled by advertising. It seeps through everything—talk shows, game shows, magazine and newspaper stories. Museums organize retrospectives of a movie director's work to coördinate with the opening of his latest film, and publish monographs paid for by the movie companies. College editors travel at a movie company's expense to see its big new film and to meet the director, and directors preview their new pictures at colleges. The public-relations event becomes part of the national consciousness. You don't hear anybody say, "I saw the most wonderful movie you never heard of;" when you hear people talking, it's about the same blasted movie that everybody's going to—the one that's flooding the media. Yet even the worst cynics still like to think that "word of mouth" makes hits. And the executives who set up the machinery of manipulation love to believe that the public—the public that's sitting stone-dead in front of its TV sets—spontaneously discovered their wonderful movie. If it's a winner, they say it's the people's choice. But, in the TV age, when people say they're going to see "Walking Tall" because they've "heard" it's terrific, that rarely means a friend has told them; it means they've picked up signals from the atmosphere. It means "Walking Tall" has been plugged so much that every cell in a person's body tells him he's got to see it. Nobody ever says that it was the advertising that made him vote for a particular candidate, yet there is considerable evidence that in recent decades the Presidential candidates who spent the most money always won. They were the people's choice. Advertising is a form of psychological warfare that in popular culture, as in politics, is becoming harder to fight with aboveboard weapons. It's becoming damned near invincible.

"What do you mean, 'I'll drink to that'? I didn't say anything."

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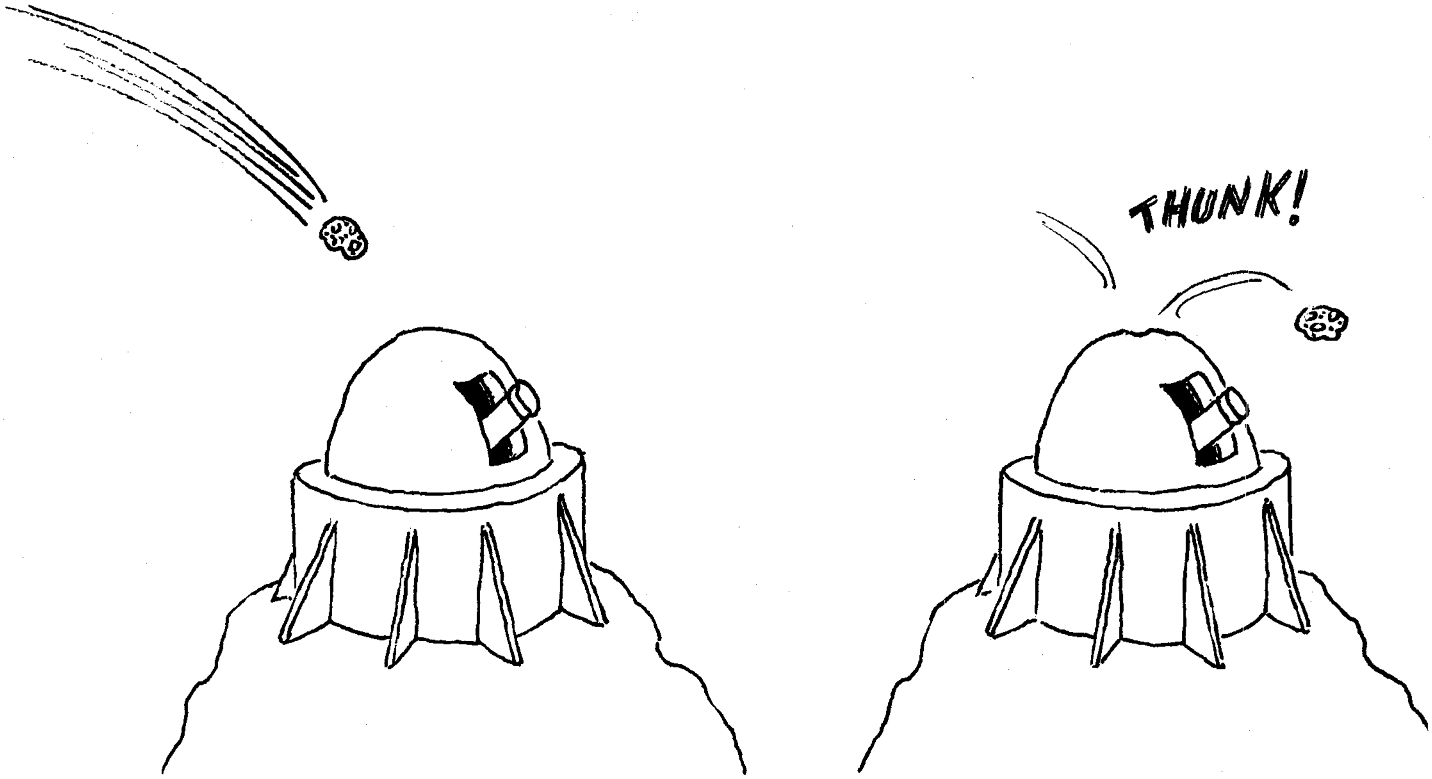
The ludicrous "Mame" or the limp, benumbed "The Great Gatsby" may not make as much money as the producing companies hoped for, but these pictures don't fail abjectly, either. They're hits. If Hollywood executives still believe in word of mouth, it's because the words come out of their own mouths.

THE businessmen have always been in control of film production; now advertising puts them, finally, on top of public reaction as well. They can transcend the content and the quality of a film by advertising. The new blatancy represents the triumph—for the moment, at least—of the businessmen's taste and the businessmen's ethic. Traditionally, movies were thought linked to dreams and illusions, and to pleasures that went way beyond satisfaction. Now the big ones are stridently illusionless, for a public determined not to be taken in. Audiences have become "realists" in the manner of businessmen who congratulate themselves for being realists: they believe only in what gives immediate gratification. It's got to be right there—tangible, direct, basic, in their laps. The movie executives were shaken for a few years; they didn't understand what made a film a counterculture hit. They're happy to be back on firm ground with "The Sting." Harmless, inoffensive. Plenty of plot but no meanings. Not even any sex to worry about.

Much—perhaps most—of the students' and educated moviegoers' unresponsiveness to recent fine work can be traced to the decisions of the movie companies about what will sell and what won't. With their overweening campaign budgets for "The Great Gatsby" and "Chinatown," the Paramount executives didn't even take a full-page ad in the *Times* to announce that "The Conversation" had won the Grand Prize at Cannes. They didn't *plan* on "The Conversation" being a success, and nothing now is going to make them help it become one. "Gatsby" and "Chinatown" were their pictures, but "The Conversation" was Francis Ford Coppola's, and they're incensed at his being in a position (after directing "The Godfather") to do what he wanted to do; they're *hurt* that he flouts their authority, working out of San Francisco instead of Los Angeles. And they don't really have any respect for "The Conversation," because it's an idea film. It's the story of a compulsive loner (Gene Hackman), a wizard at electronic surveillance who is so afraid others will spy on him that he empties his life; he's a cipher—a cipher in torment. There's nothing to discover about him, and *still* he's in terror of being bugged. (Hackman is a superlative actor, but his peculiarity, his limitation, like Ralph Richardson's when he was younger, is his quality of anonymity: just what is right for this role.) "The Conversation" is driven by an inner logic. It's a little thin, because the logic is the working out of one character's obsession, but it's a buggy movie that can get to you so that when it's over you really feel you're being bugged. Maybe the reason the promotion people didn't try to exploit the Watergate tie-in was that they suspected the picture might also be saying something about movie companies. If a film isn't promoted, it's often because something about it—the idea itself, or the director's obstinate determination to make it—needles the bosses.

Executives show a gambler's ardor



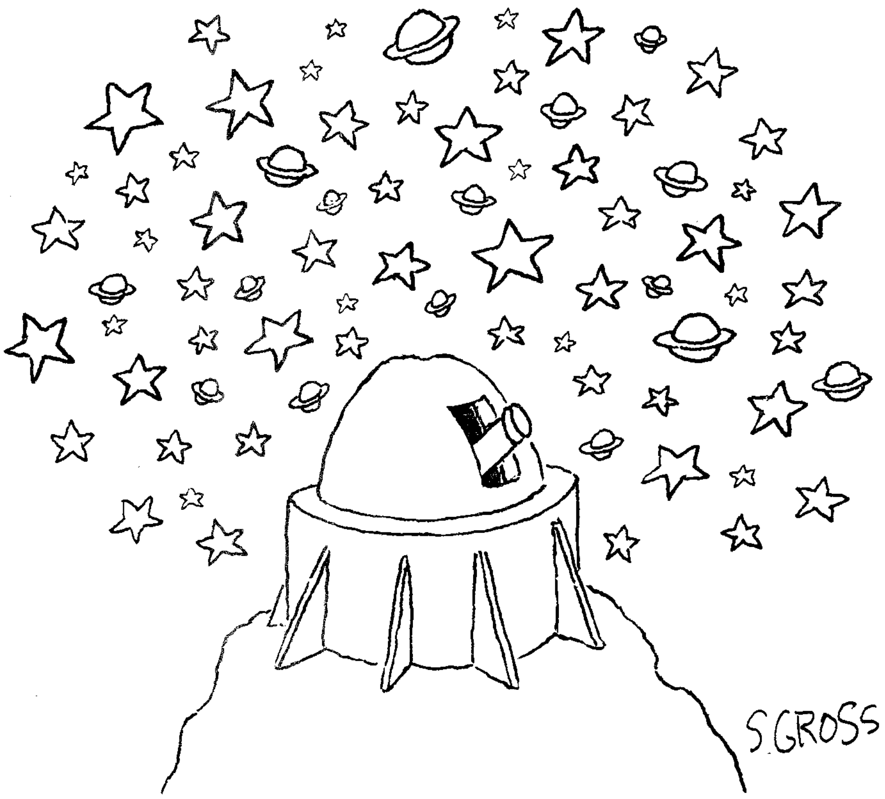
in arranging the financing of a picture. Sometimes they buy into one when it's finished or almost finished, in what appears to be the absolute conviction that it's a winner. But almost any straw in the wind can make them lose confidence. They'll try out a tricky, subtle movie on a Friday-night preview audience that has come to see "Walking Tall" or John Wayne in "McQ," and decide that the movie has no public appeal. They pull away from what they fear will be a failure; within the fiefdom of their company they don't want to be associated with a risky venture. They all snuggle deep into the company's hits; a picture like "The Sting" becomes a soft fur collar that they caress themselves with. The company that has "The Sting" doesn't worry about a real sendoff for "The Sugarland Express": where are the big stars? The company with "The Exorcist" doesn't give much thought to a campaign for "Mean Streets": some of the executives don't find it "satisfying," so they're sure the public won't. The movie companies used to give all their pictures a chance, but now they'll put two or three million, or even five, into selling something they consider surefire, and a token—a pittance—into the others. And when an unpublicized picture fails they can always cover their tracks by blaming the director. "There was nothing we could do for it," the executives in charge of advertising always say, and once they have doomed a picture, who can prove them wrong?

What isn't generally understood is that the top men don't want to be proved wrong and the lower-echelon executives have a jobholder's interest in proving their bosses right. For all the publicity the companies get from giving a picture "a second chance"—never really having given it a first—I can think of only one or two cases when they honestly did provide a fresh chance, and there's a whole morgueful of movies that were killed despite indications of public response; for example, Gillo Pontecorvo's only picture after "The Battle of Algiers"—"Burn!," starring Marlon Brando, which came and went so fast that hardly anybody knows it exists.

If the company men don't like a picture, or are nervous about its chances, or just resent the director's wanting to do something he cares about (instead of taking the big assignments they believe in), they do minimal advertising, telling him, "Let's wait for the reviews," or "We'll see how the reviewers like it," and then, even if the reviews are great, they say, "But the picture isn't doing business. Why should we throw away money on it?" And if he mentions the reviews, they say, "Listen, the critics have never meant anything. You know that. Why waste money? If people don't want to go, you can't force them to buy tickets."

THERE'S a natural war in Hollywood between the businessmen and the artists. It's based on drives that may go deeper than politics or religion: on the need for status, and warring dreams. The entrepreneur class in the arts is a relatively late social development; there were impresarios earlier, but it was roughly a hundred years ago, when the arts began to be commercialized for a large audience, that the mass-culture middleman was born. He functions as a book publisher, as a theatrical producer, as a concert manager, as a rock promoter, but the middleman in the movie world is probably more filled with hatred for the artists he traffics in than the middleman in any other area. The movie entrepreneur is even more of a self-made man than the others; he came out of nowhere. He has to raise—and risk—more money, and he stands to gain more. In a field with no traditions, he is more of a gambler and less of an aesthete than entrepreneurs in the other arts. He's a street fighter, his specialty low cunning. Even if he's a second- or third-generation movie executive with a college education, or a Harvard-educated lawyer turned agent turned producer, he's learned to be a street fighter if he wasn't born to it, and he has the same hatred of the artist. The artist, with his expressive needs—the artist, who, by definition, cares about something besides money—denigrates the only talent that the entrepreneur has: raising money. Nobody respects the entrepreneur's dream of glory, and nobody respects his singular talent—least of all the artist who needs him, and is often at his mercy.

The entrepreneur has no class, no status; and, whether he was a scram-



bling junk dealer or a scheming agent or a poor little rich boy who managed to survive his mogul father's ruthless bullying, he knows that. A director or an actor doesn't even have to be an artist—only to identify himself as an artist—to get the cachet, while the moneyman is likely to be treated as a moneygrubbing clown. Some few—Joe Levine, and Sam Goldwyn before him—have been able to make celebrities of themselves by acquiring a comic status, the status of a shrewd, amusing vulgarian. In no other field is the entrepreneur so naked a status-seeker. Underlings are kept busy arranging awards and medals and honorary degrees for the producer, whose name looms so large in the ads that the public—and often the producer himself—comes to think he actually made the pictures. Ross Hunter, Robert Radnitz, even Hal Wallis in recent years hardly have room in their advertising for the writers' and directors' names. The packagers offer themselves as the stars, and in many cases their pictures fail because they insist on employing nonentity directors who don't assert any authority.

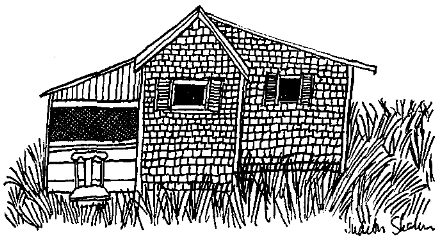
The hatred of the moneyman for the ungovernable artist is based on a degradation that isn't far from that stripper's hatred of the audience—furious resentment of the privileged people who, as he sees it, have never had to stoop to do the things he has done. As in Mordecai Richler's exultant novel "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (which really enables one to understand what makes Sammy run), and the teeming, energetic Canadian film based on it, the entrepreneur is, typically, a man who has always been treated like dirt. And even after he's fought his way up, finagling like crazy every step of the way, a profligate director with the world at his feet may not only threaten that solvency but still treat him like dirt, as in Peter Viertel's thinly disguised account, in the novel "White Hunter, Black Heart," of the relations of John Huston and Sam Spiegel during the making of "The African Queen." There are few directors who feel such disdain, fewer still who would express it so nakedly, but the moneymen keep looking for signs of it: they tap phones, they turn employees into sneaks and spies—all to get proof of the disloyalty of those ingrate artists. It doesn't help if the artists like the tough bosses personally—if they prize the unconcealed wiliness or the manic, rude drive. In Richler's later novel "St. Urbain's Horseman," the now rich Duddy Kravitz appears as a minor character. When someone assures Duddy that his blond actress wife loves him, Duddy is exasperated: "What are you talking, she loves me? Who in the hell could love Duddy Kravitz?" Duddy's view of himself doesn't leave much of a basis for friendship, and any affection the artist may feel disintegrates as soon as the businessman uses his power to control the artist's work. The artist's crime is caring less for profits than for what he wants to do; that caring is an insult and a threat. The war of the businessmen against the artists is the war of the powerful against the powerless, based on the hatred of those who can't for those who can, and in return the hatred of those who can for those who won't let them.

The producers' complaint about the hothead director who puts up a fight to try something different is "He's self-destructive. He's irresponsible. You can't do business with him." And they make him suffer for it. The artists in Hollywood are objects of ridicule because they're trying to work as artists. When a gifted director is broke and needs to work, the producers stick him on a project that is compromised from the start, and then the picture is one more failure to be held against him. They frustrate him at every turn because he doesn't respect them, and he is humiliated by men he doesn't even respect. The producers feel secure with the directors and actors who don't have ideas of their own, who will take jobs because they need to work and don't really care what they do. Those are the ones the producers call "artists with discipline."

AN actor or a director can become an "artist with discipline" when he has a huge box-office hit, and his reputation for discipline will soar if, like Paul Newman or Robert Redford, he has a string of hits. Actually, to the moneymen discipline means success plus a belief in success. Coppola isn't called disciplined, despite the success of "The Godfather," because he wants to work on his own projects (such as "The Conversation"), but George Roy Hill ("Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," "Slaughterhouse Five," "The Sting") is disciplined, because he believes in big-name, big-star projects. Peter Yates ("Bullitt," "John and Mary") is considered a man you can do business with, despite a flop like "Murphy's War" and the far from successful "The Hot Rock" and "The Friends of Eddie Coyle;" his flops aren't held against him, because he believes in the same kind of projects that the moneymen do and he doesn't try to do anything *special* with those projects. His latest, "For Pete's Sake," probably won't bring in much of a bundle, but it's a model of Hollywood "discipline."

Peter Yates's lack of distinction, like the veteran Richard Fleischer's, is a proof of trustworthiness. The moneymen want a director who won't surprise them. They're scared of a man like Altman, because they just don't know what he'll do on a picture; they can't trust him to make it resemble the latest big hit. They want solid imitations, pictures that reek of money spent and money to come, pictures that look safe—like those Biblical epics that came rumbling off the assembly lines in the fifties. Twentieth Century-Fox and Warner Brothers are jointly producing a burning-skyscraper picture, "The Towering Inferno," with Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, William Holden, Jennifer Jones, Robert Wagner, Fred Astaire, Richard Chamberlain, and other assorted big names. It's Grand Hotel in flames at last. Universal, for starters, has signed up Anne Bancroft and George C. Scott for "The Hindenburg," described as "a multilayered drama with a gallery of international characters." In other words, Grand Hotel in flames in the sky. Every couple of years, the American movie public is said to crave something. Now it's calamity, and already the wave of apocalyptic movies—which aren't even here yet—is being analyzed in terms of our necrophilia. The studio heads are setting up disaster epics like kids reaching hand over hand up a baseball bat—all because of the success of "The Poseidon Adventure," which probably had about as much to do with a public interest in apocalypse as Agatha Christie's old "Ten Little Indians" had. I doubt whether there's a single one of the directors mounting these disaster specials—becoming commanders-in-chief in an idiot war—who wouldn't infinitely rather be working on something else. By the time the public is gorged with disasters and the epics begin to flop, the studio heads will have fastened on another get-rich-quick gimmick (pirate capers are said to be on the agenda), and the people who work for them will lose a few more years of what might have been their creative lives. The producers gamble on the public's wanting more of whatever is a hit, and since they *all* gamble on that, the public is always quickly surfeited, but the failures of the flaccid would-be hits never anger the producers the way the failures of the films that someone really fought for do. The producers want those films to fail; they often make them fail. A Sam Peckinpah film, an Altman film, a Kershner film—the executives get pleasure out of seeing those films fail. It's a *punishment* of the artist.

Since all the businessmen's energy goes into strategy and manipulation, they can outfox the artists damn near every time; that's really the business they're in. Their right of "final cut"—one of the great symbolic terms in moviemaking—gives them the chance to chop up the film of a director who has angered them by doing it his own way; they'll mutilate the picture trying to remove the complexities he battled to put in. They love to play God with other people's creations. Movie after movie is mangled, usually by executives' last-minute guesses about what the public wants. When they've finished, they frequently can't do anything with the pictures but throw them away. That's their final godlike act—an act easy for them to live with, because they always have the director to blame. To them, the artist is the outsider; he's not a member of the family, to be protected. A few years ago, when word was out in the industry that Brando didn't mean anything at the box office, the producer David Merrick fired him from a picture; I asked an executive connected with the production what Brando had done. "Nothing," he said. "Brando was working hard, and he was coöperative with everyone. But he suggested some ways to improve the script; *they were good suggestions*—the script was a mess. But legally that was interference, and Merrick could fire Brando and collect on the insurance." "But why?" I persisted. He shrugged at my ignorance. "What could make David Merrick bigger than firing Marlon Brando?" he said.



THE star can be defined by what the producer says of him: "If he wants to burn down the studio, I'll hand him the match." That was said,

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ELEGY FOR TEDDY HOLMES, DEAD IN A FAR LAND

I

Here the air takes the host
of the air, rain tipped with ether
and a wafer of smoke.
It is August and you are gone
two years into the earth.
Near the cold source the streams
thicken with froth, the hawk—
who is your laughter of magic
and wheat—wakens, his wings
glued to the high cedar branch.

If she were alive, my Aunt Tsipie
would say a prayer against your going
(you were so much alike
with your dark heads of patience,
your large hands,
and the smiles pinched at the end).
She would hold your book
unopened, and nod that she knew
nothing of such things,
and go on dressing the child,
who in middle age can't count her fingers.
All the playmates went off
and sent back tall ugly strangers
and some like you sent no one.

II

Your wife writes us about the end,
she doesn't say how the larks
fled down the lanes
of the broken grove,
she doesn't say how the table
sighed under her palms
when she begged to hold you
and was denied,
she doesn't say how she walked
out alone after dinner
past the open windows
where the girls sewed and mended,
past the station of closed shutters
where the cop dozed in a green cape,
how she heard the chant of the seashell,
the muttering of chalk,
how where water was black
and each drop burned
she pledged in this odd tongue
and was frightened.

III

Our fathers gone forever and apart
into the lies of the city,
our mothers stunned in the schoolrooms
before the sudden blood of men and boys,
the eyes of animals, the skin
of girls burning like raw opal,
how clearly you saw it all.

And at the end you saw the earth tip
and barns and trees and old rusted trucks
slide away,
the fields peel away,
and then the dry clay
underneath us all, the drawn brow
of an old woman, tired
of being called each night
to bring wine to the grown ones,
water to the young.

—PHILIP LEVINE

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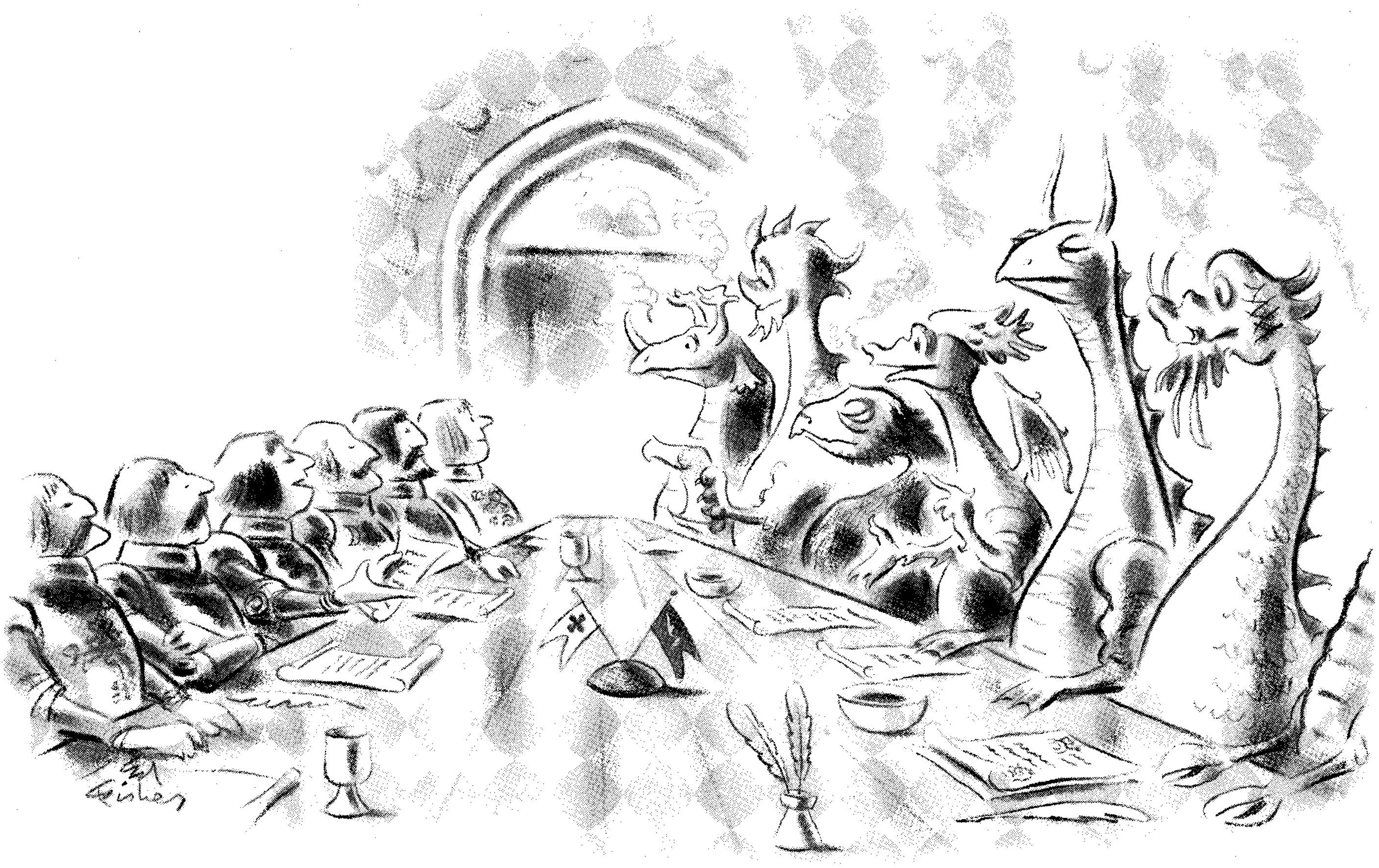

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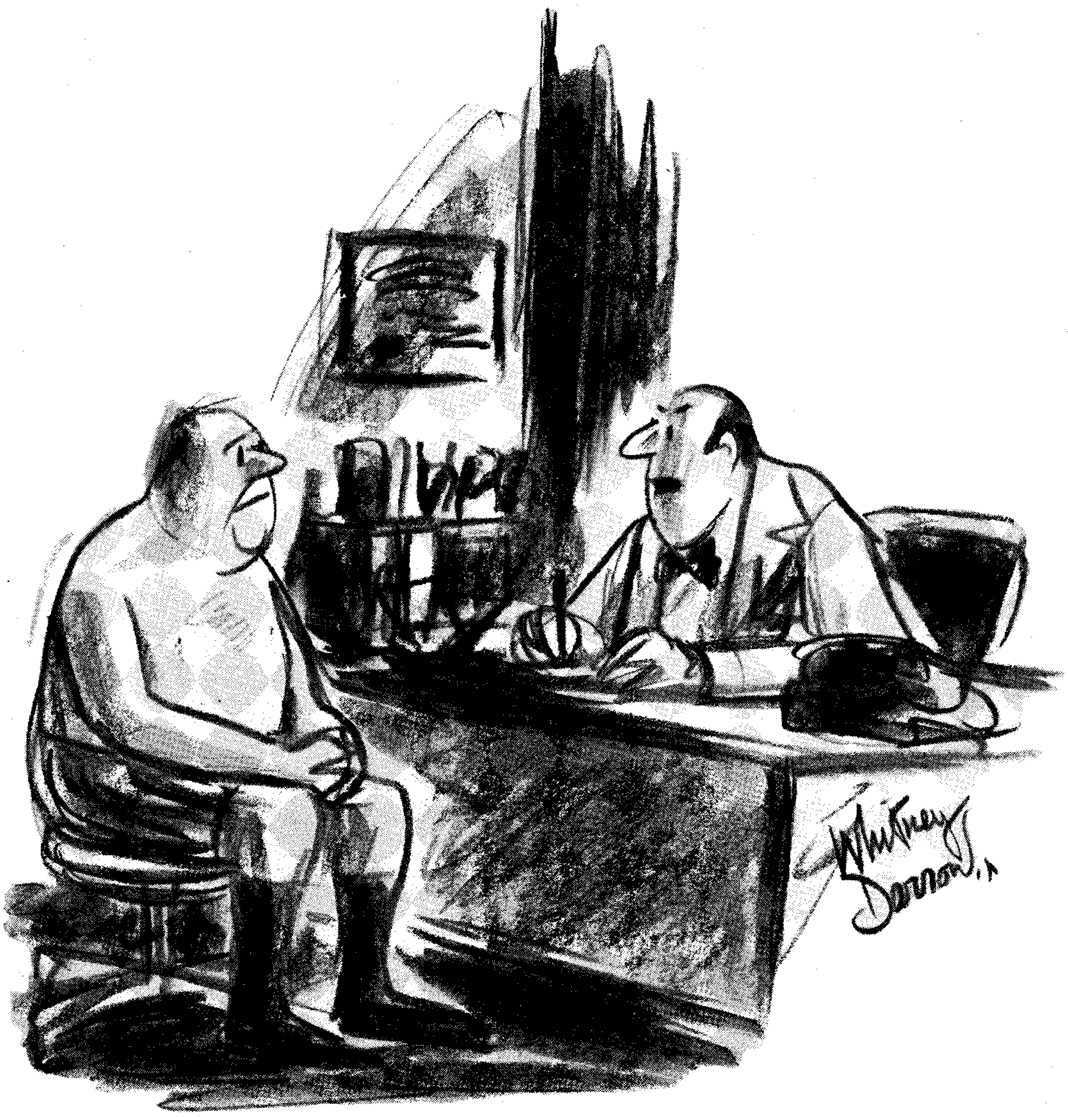
I think, of Jerry Lewis, but it applies to such Hollywood figures as Frank Sinatra and, of course, Clint Eastwood and Robert Redford and Steve McQueen. What it means is very simple: the producers will hand them a match because the producers are banking the money. The producer is saying, "He can degrade me as long as I get mine out of it." And underneath that he's saying, "But wait until he has to come to me for something." The producers hate Brando for refusing to settle down and go for the money; they love-hate McQueen and Redford and Eastwood. They need them; they court them. And, yes, they can make a deal with them, but only on the star's terms, and the producers are never allowed to forget it. If the chance ever comes, they'll make the star pay for that.

The country has never been as star crazy as it is right now; there aren't very many movie stars, but the phenomenon of stardom operates in television, in radio, in literature, in the academic world, in politics, in the women's movement. (The black movement hasn't been getting much publicity recently, because it lacks stars.) Yet can one watch a few TV "roasts"—those ugly-jolly orgies of mock insults and real insults and odious sentimental disclaimers in which celebrities are fêted—without becoming aware of the sense of betrayal that is just under the surface? The best performer at the roast is obviously the one who dares to be the most malicious, and the person honored is forced to be a good sport while others "kid" him, letting out their aggression while he tries to laugh. And then they embrace him and say they didn't mean it. The roast is the show-business form of Shirley Jackson's lottery. It's a public display of the anger and self-hatred of those caught in the system, a ritual gathering of sellouts hitting each other with bladders and pretending it doesn't hurt. And that's how they feel when they're *at the top*. Their contempt for the audience, like the stripper's, is probably what makes it possible for them to keep going. They begin to believe that Las Vegas is all there is. The roast is a metaphor for the truth of the business; that's why it has become impossible for the Academy Awards presentation to have any style or dignity. The members of the Hollywood community can't control their self-destructive impulses any longer; they can't resist humiliating themselves before the whole world. "If that's what people want," the performers say, "I'll give it to them." Essentially, they're all playing to Duddy Kravitz. He's the man backing the international motion-picture roast.

A REVIEWER who pans a producer's picture is just one more person telling him he has no taste. When the reviewers praise movies that are allowed to die, the moneyman's brute instincts are confirmed, and the reviewers' impotence gives him joy. "Why must we sit back and allow the critics to determine if a film is acceptable as a consumer product?" Frank Yablans, the president of Paramount, asked this June. He was speaking to some two hundred people who work in television, explaining to them that word of mouth, which can defeat downbeat reviews, will be Paramount's target. A reviewer speaks out once, or maybe twice. The advertisers are an invisible force pounding at the public day after day. Unfavorable reviews are almost never powerful enough to undo the saturation publicity. Besides, curiosity about an event like "The Exorcist" is a big factor; as the woman quoted in *Variety* said, "I want to see what everybody is throwing up about."

People often make analogies between the world of live theatre and the world of movies, and raise the question "Don't movie critics have too much power?" But in movies it's the businessmen who



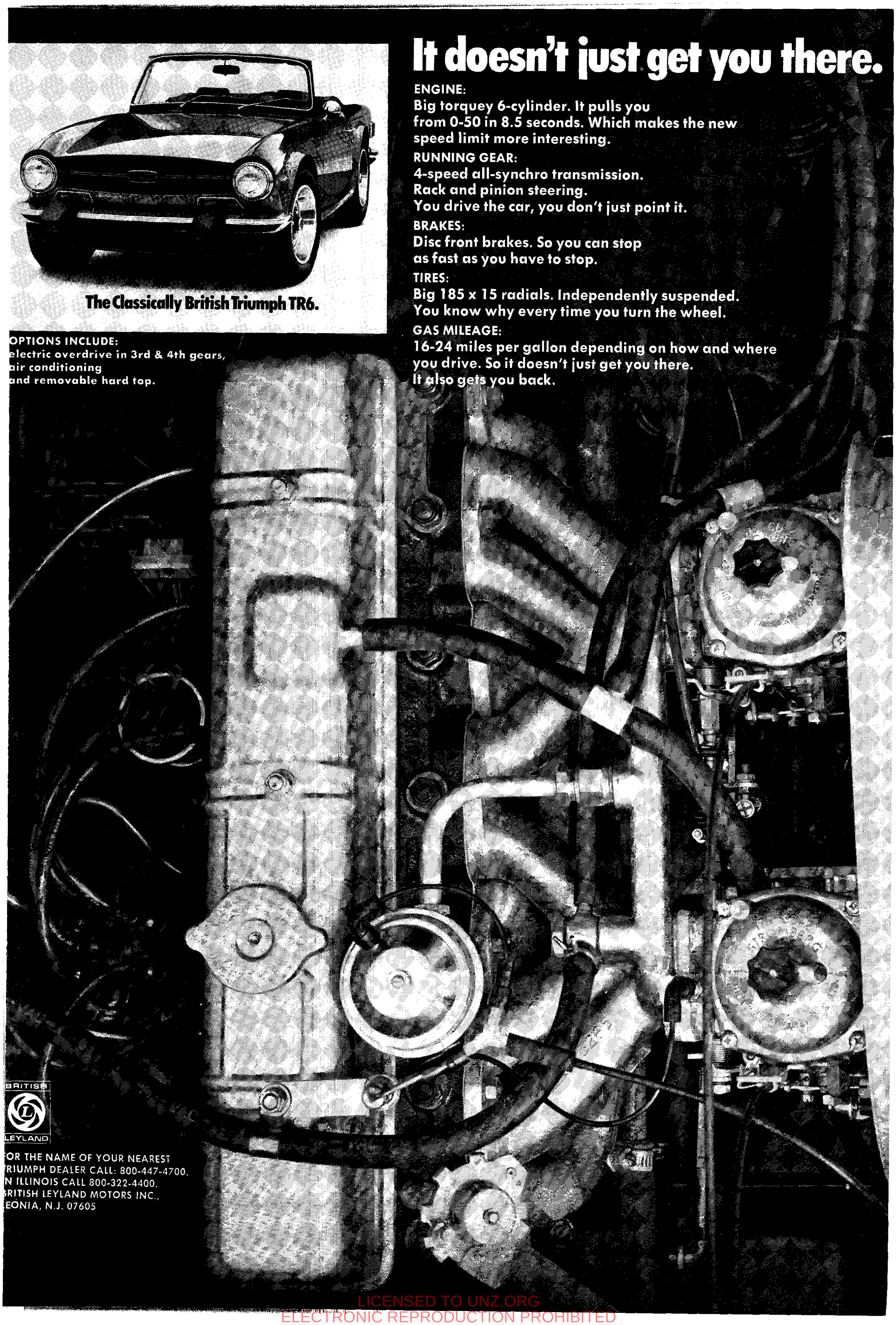
"I'm afraid the Nixon experience has been too much for you."

• •

have the power. A reviewer's words can't be heard above the din unless they're amplified in the ads—which usually means reduced to a short, exclamatory quote and repeated incessantly. But that's only if the reviewer provided a quote for a picture that the company "has high hopes for;" if it's a picture that the company has lost interest in, there will be a few halfhearted ads, with apathetically selected quotes. Raves from even the dozen most influential papers and magazines can't make a success of "Mean Streets" if the company doesn't construct a campaign around those raves. The public indifference is a result of something that starts at the top of the movie company and filters down. Five years ago—even two years ago—a handful of reviewers could help persuade people to give a small or unheralded film a chance, but not now. The reviewers spoke to that audience which has lost the impulse to go to movies. The demise of "the film generation" means a sharp break with the past, since there won't be anything like that mass of youth—the Second World War babies reaching maturity—again. Because of its styles of hair and dress and manner, it was an identifiable generation; the members tuned in together for the last time at "American Graffiti"—that pop-comics view of their own adolescence, before they became the counterculture. Now the links are mostly broken and they're the aging young, tuned out.

The younger audience—high-school and college students—grew up with the rating system. As kids, they couldn't escape to the movies, the way their parents did, and so movies weren't an important part of their lives (though television was). When *they* say they love movies, they mean the old movies that they're just discovering, and the new hits. Even the sub-teens want the events; they were born into sixties cynicism and saturation advertising. They've never known anything but the noise and the frantic atmosphere; they think it's a cop-out if a movie cuts away from mayhem and doesn't show them the gore. They loved "Jesus Christ Superstar" (a masochistic revel for eight-year-olds), and they're eager to be part of "The Sting" and "Blazing Saddles." They're saturated.

The students now who discover movies in college and want to get into film production have a different outlook from the young counterculture filmmakers of the sixties. They're not interested in getting into movie work in order to change movies; they just want to get into movie work. A young film student expressed anger to me about Elia Kazan, who had given a lecture at his university. Kazan had said that the studios wouldn't finance the subjects he was interested in, and offered him projects he couldn't face doing. The student, without a shade of sympathy for those caught in this basic Hollywood trap, said, "How can we listen to him? We would do anything to break in, and he says he's turning down projects!" Students have little interest in why a person refuses to direct the forty-sixth dope-heist picture or a romp about sprightly, beguiling swindlers; they don't care to hear some director say that he turned down "The Exorcist." A hit makes a director a hero. A critic who speaks at a college now is almost certain to be asked such questions as "How many times do you see a movie before writing your critique?" and "Do you take notes?" The students are really asking, "How do you do it? How did you get to be a film critic?" They sometimes used to ask, "What do you think of Academy Awards?"—a question that was a sure laugh-getter from an audience that anticipated a tart rejoinder. Now they ask, "What [or who] do you think will win the Oscars this year?" And they *really want to know the answer.* Celebrity and success are so big on campus that the Academy Awards are discussed



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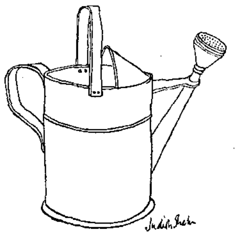
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

as if they were a perfectly respectable academic issue.

Stardom is success made manifest, success in human form, and, naturally, the yes-sayers are, in general, the biggest stars. College students are impressed and contemptuous at the same time. Can one imagine any picture so reactionary or vile that it would diminish Clint Eastwood's standing at a university? Even a reputation for corruption—for being willing to do anything for money—increases a star's stature, and the money gained gives him power and standing that are admired in a way the no-sayer's intransigence isn't, especially if his intransigence puts him out of the scene. There is nothing a star can do now that would really disgrace him. "Celebrity" has destroyed the concept of disgrace: scandal creates celebrity, and public misbehavior enhances it. Maybe "The Sting" is such a whopping hit because it's really a celebration of celebrity and stardom; it's not about anything but the golden yes-yes images of Redford and Newman. It doesn't need sex; it's got the true modern sex appeal—success.



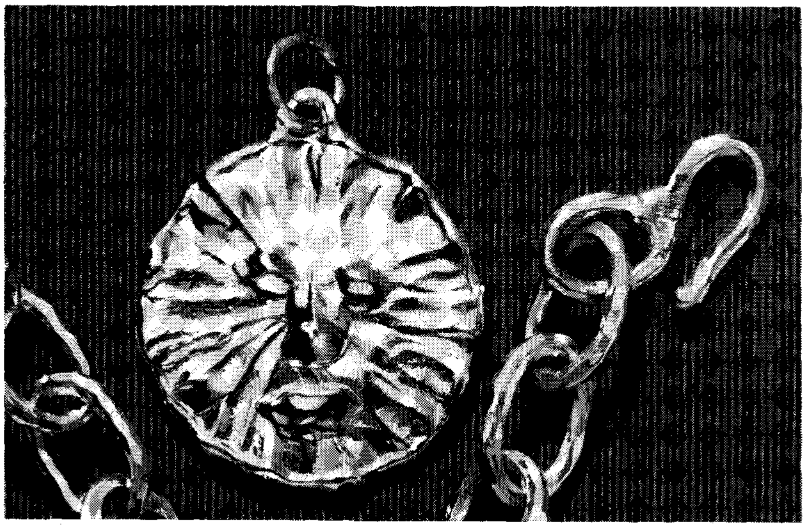
In Los Angeles this spring, busloads of high-school students were brought in to listen to a Best-Sellers Panel composed of Helen Gurley Brown, Garson Kanin, Jacqueline Susann, and William Friedkin on the subject of how it feels to sell fifteen million books or to gross a hundred and twenty-five million dollars on a movie. From all accounts, there were no impolite questions, and no one made a rude noise when Kanin ("Tracy and Hepburn") said, "We have to recognize that the public is smarter than we are. As individuals, one by one, perhaps no. But when that thousand-headed monster sits out there in the auditorium or sits reading your book of fiction, suddenly that mass audience is what the late Moss Hart called 'an idiot genius.' " This conceit of the successful—their absolute conviction that the crap that is sold is magically superior to the work that didn't sell—is the basis for the entrepreneurs' self-righteousness. The public has nothing to gain from believing this (and everything to lose), and yet the public swallows it.

THE businessmen's confidence has taken a leap; business is better than it has been in several years, and they've got the artists where they want them. They're sure they're on the right track, because the public likes what they like. It's no longer just a Harry Cohn who could be said to have the world wired to his ass; the world is wired to all their asses. The hits are not uniformly terrible, and in themselves they don't pose any great threat. But if this is all that people want from movies—if even educated people and people of taste and some sensibility settle for the nihilistic brassiness of the hits—there's no audience for new work. In the past ten years, filmmaking has attracted some of the most inspired college students—the aces and prodigies who in previous eras would have headed into poetry or architecture or painting or playwriting. There they are, poised and ready to take off, and there is no place for them to take off to except the same old Hollywood vise—tighter now, perfected. And there are the high-fliers who have been locked out all along—the dozens of artist-filmmakers who work in film not as a collaborative storytelling medium but as a highly individual art form, more closely related to the graphic arts than to Hollywood. Some of them, such as Ed Emshwiller, with his great trip film "Relativity," and Jordan Belson, who has made flawless abstract visionary shorts, have already reached new peaks of film art; others, such as John Schofill, who works at scarily intense psychosexual imagery, may. Right now, there is no way for their work to reach movie theatres and no way for them to heat up and fertilize feature filmmaking, which needs renewal. Everything is ready for an age of great movies, except the entrepreneurs and the public.

Movies could easily go the way of the theatre—and faster, since the moneymen have no aesthetic commitment whatever. And probably there'd be less lamentation for movies than for live theatre. Because, of course, there's television. But it's not the same medium. And though if you don't read a book when it comes out you can read it a year later, if you don't see a movie when it comes out, and wait to see it a year later on television, you're not seeing what you could have seen in the theatre. (Nor do you see that movie if you wait to see it in a college, or at a film society in a cheap, grainy 16-mm. reduction.) What's lost on television is the visual beauty, the spatial sense, the fusion of image and sound—everything that makes movies an art form. And movies made directly for television almost never have these qualities; one talks of TV movies in terms of pace and impact and tension, and occasionally—with the prestige ones—subject and performances, but who talks of television movies in terms of beauty? Movies made for TV, or movies made for a big screen and shown on TV, are reduced to just what the businessmen believe in—the bare bones of entertainment. There is something spurious about the very term "a movie made for TV," because what you make for TV is a TV program.

Television as we have it isn't an art form—it's a piece of furniture that is good for a few things. There's a problem of dimensions: no matter what people say, the screen is too small, and that's why the thing TV does best is a closeup of a person being asked a direct question—because both you and that person know that it operates like a lie detector. For perhaps most Americans, TV is an appliance, not to be used selectively but to be turned on—there's always something to watch. If a hundred million people see a movie in two showings on TV, that doesn't mean what it would if a hundred million people saw it in theatres. Sure, forty-two million people saw "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman," but they saw it sandwiched between two other shows. TV stars with audiences larger than the world has ever before known are eager to appear in a real movie—which, even if a hit, will be seen by only a handful, relatively speaking (until it, too, winds up on TV)—because they know that on TV they're part of the furniture. On TV they're mundane, they're reduced to the routinely, boringly tolerable. There's an aesthetic element in the phrase "larger than life," and the artists working in the movie medium instinctively take that into consideration. What is on the big screen has an aesthetic clarity denied to the box; when you're watching a movie in a theatre, you don't need a voice telling you what you have just seen.

There have been some few subjects filmed for TV which nobody would finance for theatres, because it's generally understood that people won't pay to see a film on a subject like that of "I Heard the Owl Call My Name" or "Jane Pittman" or "The Execution of Private Slovik." But a few TV shows with social themes shouldn't become the occasion for big headlines in the press about how television "has been growing bolder." Bold is just what these shows aren't; even when they're made as well as possible, they're mincingly careful. And they're not a key to new opportunities on TV so much as



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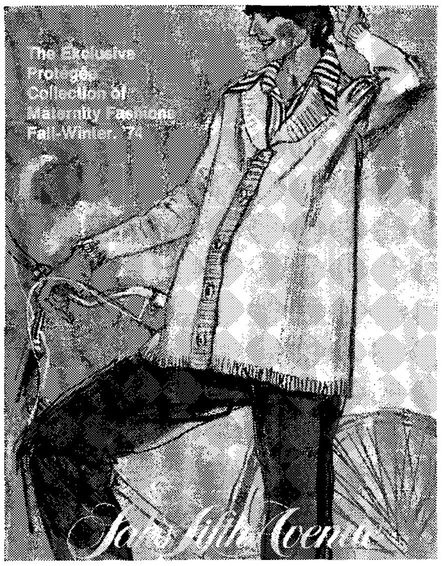
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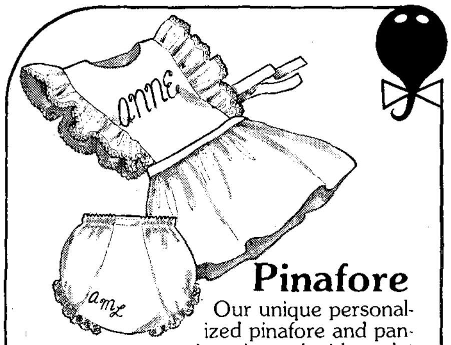

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a key to the constriction of opportunities for moviemakers: moviemakers can't get backing for pictures with social themes—or with any real themes at all. Probably it's true that people wouldn't pay to see the films on social themes which they'll watch on television, but that's because those subjects are treated in the sober, limited TV manner. We have no way of knowing how the public might respond if a hugely talented filmmaker with adequate resources and a campaign to back him took on a large social theme. Nobody has had the chance in decades.

Television represents what happens to a medium when the artists have no power and the businessmen are in full, unquestioned control. People's TV expectations are so low and so routinized that "Brian's Song" can pass for an event, and a pitifully predictable problem play like "Tell Me Where It Hurts," in which Maureen Stapleton plays a middle-aged housewife who joins a women's-lib group and has her consciousness raised, is received by the press as if it marked a significant advance. And what sort of opportunities does *normal* television offer for the development of talent? Here are the words of Brandon Stoddard, A.B.C.'s vice-president in charge of motion pictures for television:

> I am interested in emotional jeopardy, not physical jeopardy. I want the viewer to really care about the people and to feel something when it is over. . . . I have nothing against exploitative material if it is done right, and the way to do it right is to translate it into human drama rather than gimmicks. I don't want to know about the two Vampires in the casino in Las Vegas. I want to know about the man they are attacking and how it will affect his life. . . . We are looking everywhere for story ideas and even calling colleges to get some new blood into this.

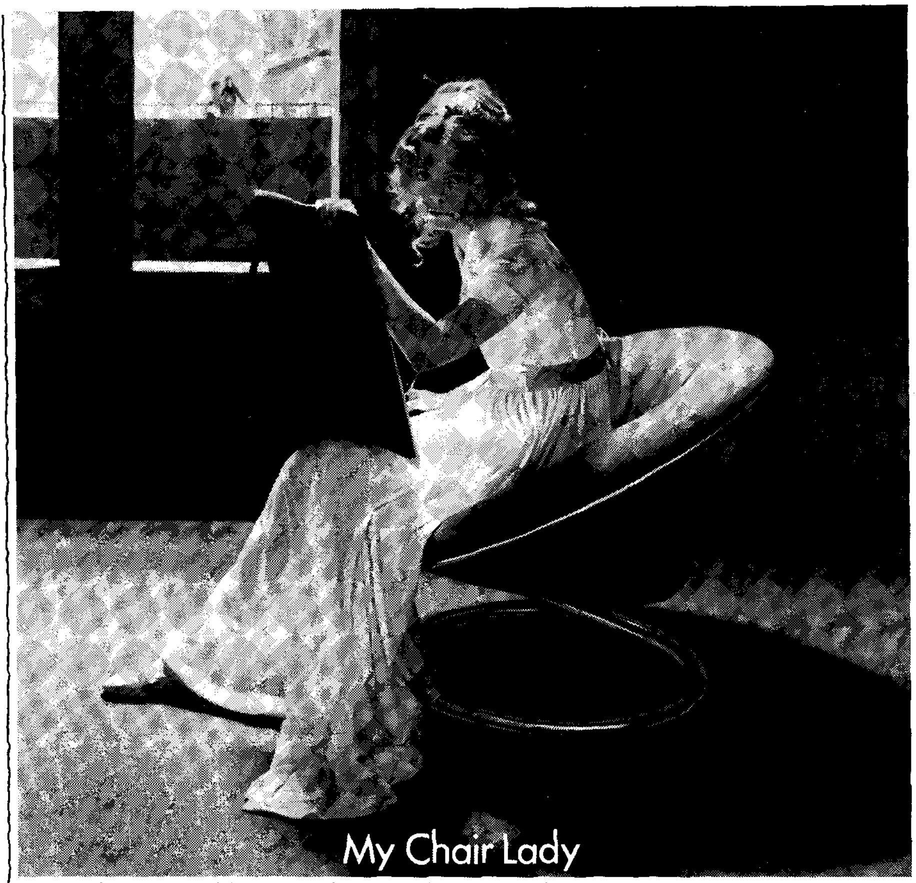
Movies as an art form won't die and go to the heaven of television. If they die, they'll be truly dead. Even if the shift in the audience toward the crude and insensitive is only a temporary derangement, it could be sufficient to destroy movies. The good recent films—all together—can't possibly lose as much money as a single clinker like "Star!" or "Camelot," but even if each one of them should manage to break even, and some of them to show a small or moderate profit, the businessmen will still see them as failures. The businessmen don't collect medals for moderate profits; they get their medals for box-office killers, and they don't want pictures by people who reject their values. When they tell a director, "Listen, what you call crap is what the public wants," it's not just an objective comment; they want the public to want this crap, and they've made stark sure it will. Since they've cold-decked public opinion, since they promote and sell only what they like, when they say, "That's what the public wants," it's the truth.

NATHANAEL WEST got it upside down. The locusts aren't those poor bastards from Oklahoma who want to touch a movie star and die in the sun; the locusts run the studios, and it's they who, in West's metaphor, will burn Los Angeles—they'll hand *everybody* a match. It's the smart empty people—not the dull-eyed but the beady-eyed—who are whipping up the orgiastic possibilities in irrational violence. We all know in advance that the forthcoming movie version of West's apocalyptic novel won't distance us, as the novel did, so that we recoil from the destructive potential in a numbed, envious crowd, but will, *of course*, seize the opportunity to turn audiences on to the excitement of a mob with murder in its heart.

It's the carnivore locusts at the top who tear the artists apart, but the writers and directors have often (unwittingly) aided them. Writers, who assume an ideal reader when they "do their own writing," accept the moguls' view of the public when they work for the movies. Not that they necessarily write down—probably most scenarists write as well as they can, considering the limitations imposed on them—but that they begin to subscribe to the moguls' attitudes, which are endemic in Hollywood, and so they come to believe in the necessity for those limitations. They don't assume an ideal viewer—they assume a hollow-eyed, empty-souled, know-nothing hick.

And, in some crazy, vindictive way—as if the masses were their enemy—certain writers and directors enjoy satirizing the rootless, uncultured Americans. John Schlesinger in "Midnight Cowboy," Tony Richardson in "The Loved One," Antonioni in "Zabriskie Point"—liberals all, but aesthetes first—spin a new baroque out of the grotesqueness of American bad taste. They lose their socially conscious moorings when they treat American culture, just as American liberals and leftists from the East lose them in the West. Nathanael West—and what a misnomer he chose for himself—must have recognized that he was caught in an ideological bind in "The Day of the Locust." In the middle of his apocalyptic climax, when the hollow-eyed people are gathering, he carefully exempts himself from political criticism by having his hero, Tod, observe, "He could see very few people who looked tough, nor could he see any working men. The crowd was made up of the lower middle classes." That handy, safe target of the left—"the lower middle classes." But, a few lines farther on, Tod describes the people and contradicts himself: "All their lives they had slaved at some kind of dull, heavy labor, behind desks and counters, in the fields and at tedious machines of all sorts, saving their pennies and dreaming of the leisure that would be theirs when they had enough." It's nonsense to think that working people don't get debased, and only the "lower middle classes" are susceptible to the deadening effects of mass culture, but if one makes this false split between the workers and the riffraff it's one hell of a lot easier to take movie money. Generations of screenwriters played the same game that West did, trying to convince themselves that they weren't doing any damage to anyone who really counted. The movie audience became a huge subhuman abstraction to them; it was a faceless joke, and they weren't accountable to it. In modern Hollywood, where most of the writing and directing are for TV, that is now the attitude toward the television audience.

Perhaps no work of art is possible without belief in the audience—the kind of belief that has nothing to do with facts and figures about what people actually buy or enjoy but comes out of the individual artist's absolute conviction that only the best he can do is fit to be offered to others. It's what makes a director insist on a retake even when he knows he's going to be penalized for it; it's what makes young dancers drop from exhaustion; it's what made Caruso burst his throat. You have to believe in the audience, and believe that your peak effort just barely makes you worthy of it. That's implicit when an artist says he does it "because he has to," and even when he says he does it "just for himself." An artist's sense of honor is founded on the honor due others. Honor in the arts—and in show business, too—is giving of one's utmost, even if the audience does not appear to know the difference, even if the audience shows every sign of preferring something easy, cheap, and synthetic. The audience one must believe in is the great audience: the audience one was part of as a child, when one first began to respond to great work—the audience one is still part of. As soon



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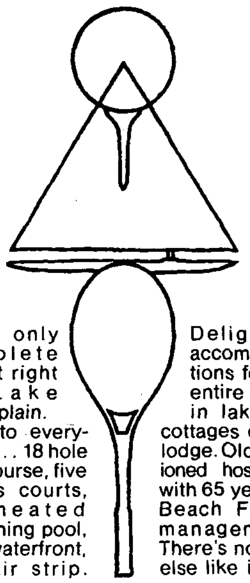

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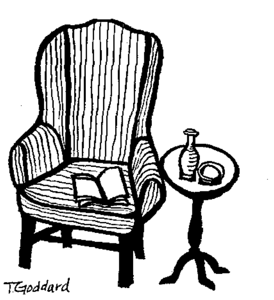
as an artist ceases to see himself as part of the audience—when he begins to believe that what matters is to satisfy the jerk audience out there—he stops being an artist. He becomes a businessman, marketing a commodity—his talent, himself.

PROBABLY the last big movie hits that were also works of genuine talent—that is, of people going the whole length—were "The Godfather" and "Cabaret," but surely Coppola has already learned from the handling of "The Conversation" that the big boys play the game on their own terms. Even the very biggest hits provide only a feeling of power, an illusion of freedom. You get what you want up to a certain point, and then you're done in. The artists have got to break out of this humiliating, suicidal struggle with the entrepreneurs.

There's only one way: They've got to help each other. It's a matter not of the lunatics' taking over the asylum (how the businessmen love to say that each time an artist tries to wrest control of his work away from them) but of the artists' abandoning the asylum to the lunatics who are the keepers. Before the mass market and the entrepreneurs, people in show business weren't spoiled children—gypsies, yes, but not infants. It is the movie companies that have infantilized them. In the days of the studio system, with its long-term contracts, the stars were encouraged, even pushed, to live like the French dauphins; they showed off the gaudiest, most expensive playthings, and studio publicists worked to create the very image that was used as proof that the artists were indulged. (The vulgar excesses were always attributed to the infantile artists, but the studio heads, those paternal figures who made the decisions for them, lived even higher, and that wasn't taken as a sign of mindless irresponsibility.) Artists in all the arts are made to feel helpless, because they don't know what to do with their gifts, and many believe the image of themselves that businessmen create. They begin to think that they can't do anything unless they sign themselves away, and when offered the opportunity they're scared not to take it. Edward G. Robinson wrote that when he was a young stage actor he made a picture for Irving Thalberg, and Thalberg offered him a three-year, million-dollar contract; he was to work exclusively for M-G-M and be built into a star. Robinson countered with the proposition that he work at M-G-M for six months a year and have the other six months free to work on the stage, but, as he described it, "Thalberg compromised on nothing; he sat there, stern and immovable—the godhead. . . . His eyes showed me that an actor was beneath contempt." Robinson turned the offer down, left the office, and vomited. And Thalberg, the courtly, refined Thalberg, most admired of all the moguls—he was even *thin*—never forgave Robinson for the rejection and never used him in another picture. Yes, they groomed you for stardom, but only if you were theirs—their pet. There's so much bathetic bull about the old days—so many TV hosts have said, "Mr. Capra, why don't you make another one of your wonderful pictures for us?"—that people may actually begin to believe they're being deprived of something great. On TV, people talk about the big old producers as if they really had the magic, knew the secret of how to do it. It's like remembering Captain Kidd as someone who was particularly knowledgeable about the properties of gold and silver. Professional sentimentalists have forgotten—or don't care—that most of the moguls' big "personally supervised" projects were overblown bores. If one looks at the lists of pictures they put their stars in, it's apparent that the stars were buried in garbage up to their necks and only rarely got a chance to climb out and act. The moguls usually fought and despised the people who brought in the hits—the people who didn't want to be owned. Preston Sturges had only four years in his lifetime when he could do the pictures he wanted to; "a comic opera," he called the battle with the producers long after he had been beaten down. When the director Tay Garnett, who had just brought in a big Jean Harlow hit for Thalberg, declined to direct her next picture, because he felt she was miscast, Thalberg simply terminated Garnett's contract. (She *was* miscast, and the picture failed.) Thalberg had fired Erich von Stroheim and Mauritz Stiller and replaced them with functionaries when he was still a boy—a boy wonder.



Now that the studios don't keep stables of indentured stars, they don't even groom young talent; they corrupt and destroy the gifted actors and directors much faster. Performers who are thought to have money in them are sought by all the bosses at the same time; overused and trashed, James Coburn, Sandy Dennis, Tony Randall, Eva Marie Saint are stars one year and gone the next. Yet the agents and entrepreneurs claim that the artists can't think straight and can't do anything without them. The stars are often convinced by the agent or adviser or accountant who says, "You need me. I'll take care of everything for you," though people don't say that unless they get something out of it. Could the artists do *worse* on their own than "For Pete's Sake"?

Pampered children can go rotten; the young Off Broadway actor who was dedicated to his work can in the space of a few years become the star who says that honestly he loves the script a talented young director wants him for, and he would really like to do it, but he can't *afford* to do a small movie, because his price now is a million dollars a picture. The million-dollar-a-picture star can be more corrupt and worse to deal with than any producer, because he usually operates behind the cover of his agent or his manager. The agent represents the truth about this star: the deal has become more important to him than the picture. He has become his own Duddy Kravitz.

THERE'S no way for movies to be saved from premature senility unless the artists finally abandon the whole crooked system of Hollywood bookkeeping, with its kited budgets and trick percentages. Most directors are signed up for only one picture now, but after the deal is made the director gets the full de-luxe ritual: fancy hotels, first-class travel, expense money to maintain cool, silky blond groupies for travelling companions. The directors are like calves being fattened—all on the budget of the picture. The executives and their entourage of whores and underlings are also travelling and living it up on that same budget; that's how a picture that cost $1,200,000 comes in on the books at $3,000,000, and why the director who has a percentage of the profits doesn't get any.

It isn't impossible to raise money outside the industry to make a movie—the studios themselves finance some of their biggest pictures with tax-shelter money ("Gatsby," in part)—but even those who raise independent financing and make a picture cheaply ("Mean Streets" was brought in for $380,000, plus $200,000 in deferred costs, "Payday" for $767,000) are stuck for a

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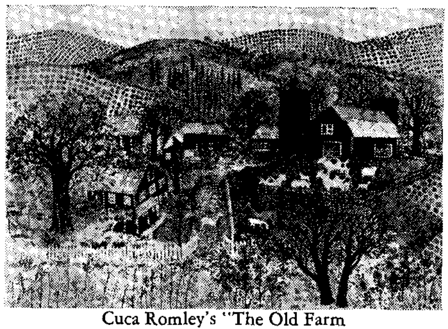

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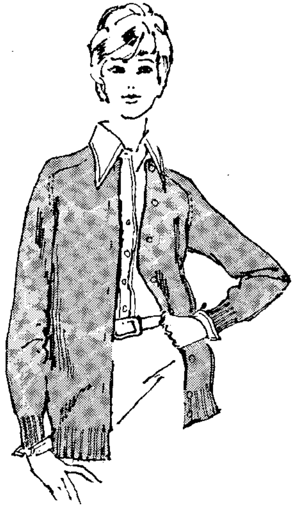

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way to distribute it and fall victim to the dream of a big Hollywood win. So they sell their pictures to "the majors" to exhibit, and watch helplessly as the films die or the swindled profits disappear. And they are beggars again. Brian De Palma's "Greetings" was made for $20,000, plus $23,000 in deferred costs in 1968; back in the fifties, Irvin Kershner made "Stakeout on Dope Street" for $30,000, plus $8,000 in deferred costs. If there had been an artists' co-op to distribute the films, the directors might have been able to use the profits to continue working, instead of pouring energy into planning films that they could never finance, and seeing the films they did make get sliced to ribbons.

If the directors started one distribution company, or even several (they could certainly get backing), they might have to spend time on business problems, but, with any luck, much less time on dealmaking sessions: those traumatic meetings at which the businessmen air their grievances while the artists anxiously vulgarize the projects they're submitting, hoping to make them sound commercial enough. If they have a book they want to film or if they try to get development money for a story idea, the lack of enthusiasm is deadly. One director says, "You look at them and you give up. And if, after a year or two years, they finally give you the go-ahead, then they cut you down to a twenty-five-day shooting schedule and *dare* you to make a picture." Right now, all but a handful of Hollywood directors spend most of their time preparing projects that they never get to shoot. They work on scripts with writers, piling up successions of drafts, and if they still can't please the producers and get a deal, the properties are finally abandoned or turned over to other directors, who start the process all over again, with new writers. One could outline a history of modern Hollywood by following the passage of one such project—the French novel "Choice Cuts," say, which more than a dozen of the best writers and close to a dozen of the best directors have worked on: script after script in insane succession, and the waltz still goes on, each person in turn thinking that he's got a deal and his version will be made. The directors spend their lives not in learning their craft and not in doing anything useful to them as human beings but in fighting a battle they keep losing. The business problems of controlling their own distribution should be minor compared to what they go through now—the abuse from the self-pitying bosses, the indignity, the paralysis. And if the directors had to think out how their movies should be presented to the public—what the basis for the advertising campaign should be—this mightn't be so bad for them. If they had to worry about what a movie was going to mean to people and why anybody should come to see it, they might be saved from too much folly. A fatal difference between the "high" arts and the popular, or mass-culture, arts has been that in one the artist's mistakes are his own, while in the other the mistakes are largely the businessmen's. The artist can grow making his own mistakes; he decays carrying out the businessmen's decisions—working on large, custom-made versions of the soulless entertainment on TV.

Privately, almost every one of the directors whose work I admire tells the same ugly, bitter story, yet they live in such fear of those spiteful, spying bosses that they don't dare even talk to each other. Hollywood is a small, ingrown community where people live in terror that "word will get back." They inhabit a paranoia-inducing company town, and within it they imagine the bosses to have more power in the outside world than they actually do. If such talents as Sam Peckinpah, Paul Mazursky, Martin Scorsese, Coppola, Kershner, Altman, De Palma, Woody Allen, Frederick Wiseman, Lamont Johnson, John Korty, Steven Spielberg, Michael Crichton, and even some of the older directors, such as Kazan and Fred Zinnemann, joined together to distribute their own films, they'd be able to work on the projects they really want to work on, and they'd get most of the writers and performers and craftsmen they want, too. The main obstacles are not in the actual world. It's not impossible to buck the majors and to book movies into theatres, and it's not really hard to publicize movies; the media are almost obscenely eager for movie news, and the businessmen, who know only one way to advertise a film—by heavy bombardment—often kill interest in an unusual picture by halfheartedly trying to sell it as if it were the kind of routine action show they wanted it to be.

There's no way of knowing whether a new audience can be found; it's a matter of picking up the pieces, and it may be too late. But if the directors started talking to each other, they'd realize that they're all in the same rapidly sinking boat, and there'd be a chance for them to reach out and try to connect with a new audience. If they don't, they'll never test themselves as artists and they'll never know whether an audience could have been found for the work they want to do.

The artists have to break out of their own fearful, star-struck heads; the system that's destroying them is able to destroy them only as long as they believe in it and want to win within it—only as long as they're psychologically dependent on it. But the one kind of winning that is still possible in those terms is to be a winner like William Friedkin or George Roy Hill. The system works for those who don't have needs or aspirations that are in conflict with it; but for the others—and they're the ones who are making *movies*—the system doesn't work anymore, and it's not going to. —PAULINE KAEL

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When I jibe, I try to be on a reach so I can stabilize the boat. Once I gets resistance to the hull sliding out from under me. When I jibe, I try to be on a reach so I can stabilize the boat. Once I gets resistance to the hull sliding out from under me. When I jibe, I try to be on a reach so I can stabilize the boat. Once I geten less resistance to the hull sliding out from under me. When I jibe, I try to be on a reach so I can stabilize the boat. Once I get less resistance to the hull sliding out from under me. When I jibe, I try to be on a reach so I can stabilize the boat. Once I getso I have even less resistance to the hull sliding out from under me. When I jibe, I try to be on a reach so I can stabilize the boat. Once I getwn wind, so I have even less resistance to the hull sliding out from under me. When I jibe, I try to be on a reach so I can stabilize the boat. Once I get he boat stable, then I can position my weight and I am ready.—*Sailboat Week.*

Maybe you'd better give up this jibe, and just bring her into the wind and come about. It might be quicker in the long run.

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[*Adv. in the London Sunday Times*]

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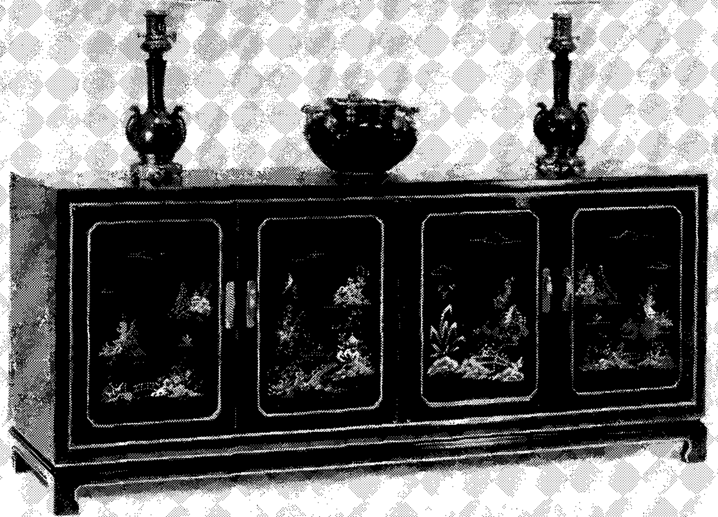

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THOUGHTS OF A FAIR-TROTTER

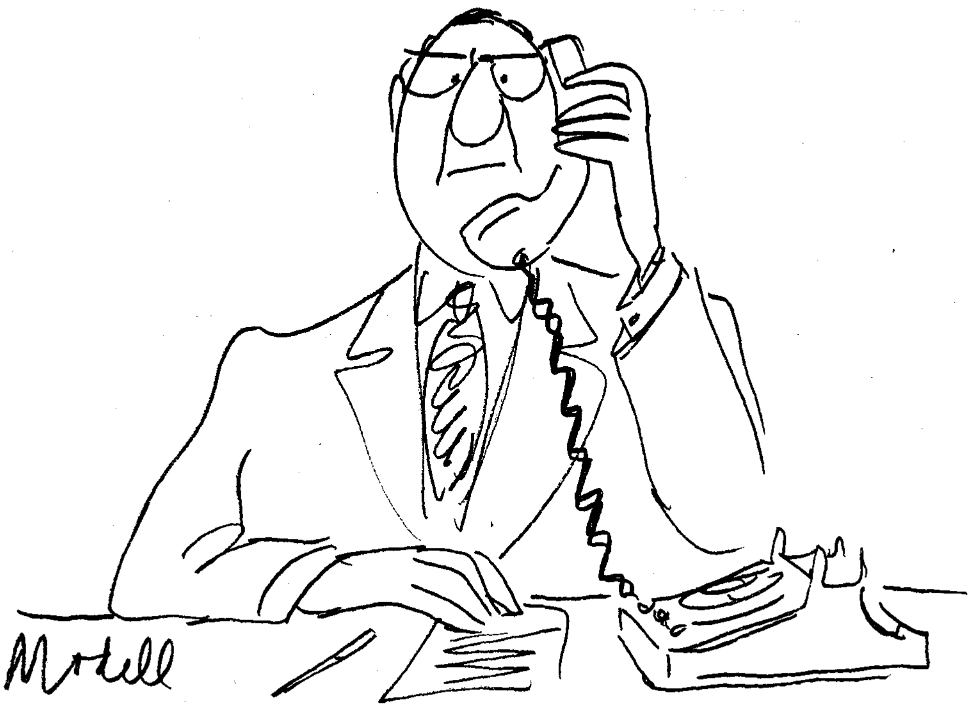
I'll Admit to a Little Air Pollution, but I'm Not Sure I Bear Much Guilt for the Dissipation of Our Sand and Gravel Resources.

IT wasn't very long ago that refrigerators were displayed at world's fairs as examples of technological progress rather than solid waste. As I remember, there were a few refrigerators in the Argentine Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair in 1958—offering silent rebuttal to anyone who might have considered that nation incapable of cooling its own loin steaks. In fact, I thought I recognized an Argentine refrigerator from Brussels in the pile of mangled appliances that the American Pavilion at Spokane's Expo '74 displayed as just one example of the crimes we have all been guilty of perpetrating against the environment. (I don't feel responsible for solid-wasting a refrigerator myself; even if I did, I wouldn't be enthusiastic about paying admission to be reminded of it. I have disposed of no refrigerators since 1958, although, as it happens, almost superhuman restraint was required to avoid destroying the one I now own when the first and only breakdown in its history caused the spoiling of some crawfish étouffé I had just lugged all the way from Lafayette, Louisiana, under twenty pounds of dry ice.) An old fair-trotter always recognizes some acts as having been around the circuit before. In Spokane, I spotted what I believe to have been the very same Belgian waffle that was offered to me at the New York World's Fair in 1964. I recognized the American Pavilion's movie screen, advertised as being six stories high, as a natural attempt to outdo the mere three- or four-story screen the Canadians had at Expo '67 in Montreal—an attempt that will be countered, I suppose, by the Canadians arriving in Okinawa for Expo '75 with a screen the size of Hamilton, Ontario. Gazing at the films in the various national pavilions at Spokane, I became convinced that I saw some traffic jams and air pollution I had already inspected at the San Antonio HemisFair. In fact, I was often conscious of the HemisFair influence in Spokane as I looked at bright cartoons illustrating exhaust-fume pollution or studied the odometer ticking off the number of tons of sand and gravel being used in the United States or listened to lectures on how unspeakable we have been to the bald eagle. HemisFair was the event at which visitors to the American Pavilion had to stare at themselves on two closed-circuit television screens under signs saying "Am I Part of the Problem?" and "Am I Part of the Solution?" before being permitted to escape. Expo '74 has decided: The American Pavilion's film says, "The problem's us." (That apparently means us, not them. Expo's general manager, in a press release last winter explaining why Americans should use gas during an energy shortage to drive to a fair whose official theme is the environment, said, "Expo is a part of the solution, and not a part of the problem.") I suspect that when historians of international exhibitions make a list of what was introduced to the public where, they will credit the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876 with the telephone, the Paris Universal Exposition of 1900 with the escalator, the New York World's Fair of 1964-65 with the Belgian waffle, and the Spokane Expo '74 with the institutionalized *mea culpa*.

Because it has become routine for environmental questions to be discussed in the tones that used to be associated with the confessional, I would have expected the United States to be without serious competition as the world leader at a fair devoted to the environment, Americans having acquired thirty or forty years of practice guilt discussing the fate of the American Indian. As it turns out, though, the international competition for environmental villainy is fierce at Expo '74. The German film claims for the Federal Republic "polluted air, contaminated water, mountains of garbage, and incessant noise." The United States displays its success in slaughtering an impressive number of its most worthy wild beasts at the same time concrete was being poured on a significant percentage of its virgin land. Japan counters with a string of displays that show water pollution ("Our streams, rivers, lakes, estuaries, bays, and the inland sea are all contaminated"); agricultural and soil pollution, and a map of Japan featuring the scenes of four important pollution disasters—Itai-itai (Itai-itai disease), the Agano River (mercury poisoning), Minamata (Minamata disease, also from mercury), and Yokkaichi (Yokkaichi asthma). The Japanese always seem to come out on top these days. What guilt is there in producing a few garbage mountains compared to the creation of three or four entirely new diseases?

The Siberia-Krasnoyarsk Hydroelectric Power Station at Divnogorsk Looks More or Less the Way You Might Expect It to Look.

I HAVE always used world's fairs as a guide to interpreting international relations—a method that has left me only slightly behind those analysts who use more conventional research tools.



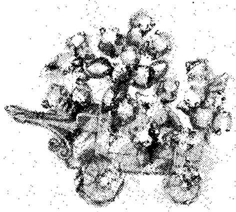
"Hi! This is a recording. Please leave your name and number right after you hear my impersonation of Al Jolson singing 'Swanee.'"

The Russian Pavilion at Expo '74, for instance, is the third or fourth Russian pavilion I have visited at world's fairs, and that continuity of experience led me to believe for a while that I had made a discovery which had eluded even those opponents of the Red Menace who make a profession of divining Soviet conspiracies. It occurred to me that the U.S.S.R. might be engaged in a plot to bore the world into submission. Why else would the Russians show us "an installation for gasification of highly sulphurous black oil"? What other motive could they have for displaying a sign that proclaims to all, "Artificial restructuring is the most effective way of restoring the fertility of degraded soil"?

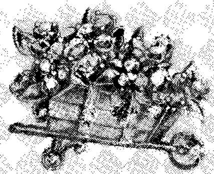
I did not abandon my boredom-conspiracy theory until a day or two after my visit to the Russian Pavilion, when another theory began to emerge while I was touring the Australian Pavilion. The ground floor of that pavilion happens to be by far the most tasteful and well-designed exhibit offered by any nation at Expo '74—an elegant display of nature and natives which actually permits the fairgoer to enjoy himself until he goes upstairs to find a "Price of Prosperity" exhibition displaying the requisite crimes against nature. What kind of fair is it, an old fair-trotter has to wonder, where the best taste is displayed by Australia? Where are the Czechs, the style setters of Expo '67? Where are all of those Italian designers who can make washing machines look like Maseratis? A quick analysis of the foreign countries with official pavilions at Expo '74 indicates what most of them have in common: They are the countries we can count on in World War III. Spending up to twenty dollars a square foot to display one's urban blight in Spokane is obviously the penultimate act of loyalty to the United States. Our allies are there: the Philippines, the Republic of Korea, Iran, Chiang Kai-shek's version of China, and, of course, the Soviet Union.

As Long as We're Apologizing, What About Souvenir Pollution?

If guilt continues as a prime attraction of world's fairs, it can only be a matter of time before fair organizers begin apologizing for their own atrocities. The pavilion, as I envision it, will be divided into several displays, all of them horrifying. Odometers will spin around under signs like "Every fourteen seconds, a name is stitched onto a silly hat" and "Every thirty seconds, another inane decal is stamped on a T-shirt." Expo '74 will display photo-



Flower Cart $1280



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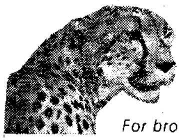

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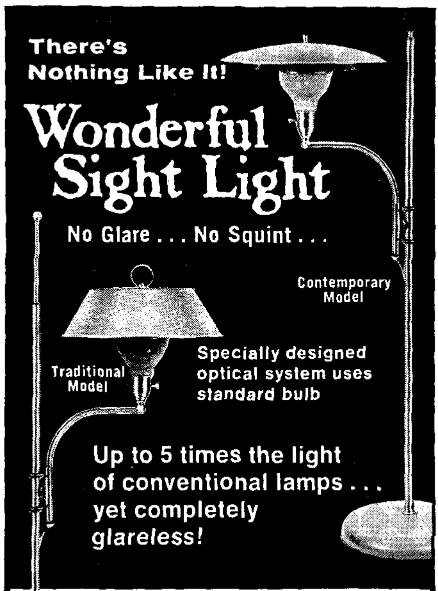

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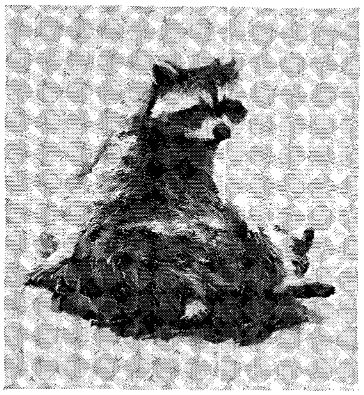
graphs of its "Mexican-Polynesian snack bar." In a glass cabinet, there will be a display of typical world's-fair souvenirs—Oriental back-scratchers and paintings on velvet and straw purses with big-eyed children stitched on them and Chinese wind-bells and seven hundred varieties of matadors. Under a case holding a coconut that has been carved into the face of a monkey, the sign will say, "This is what we did to an innocent fruit." The pavilion will have one of those lifelike talking statues that are found at Disney World and now at Expo '74—an absolutely flawless replica of Robert Moses pointing at a picture of the corpus of the 1964 fair in Flushing Meadow and saying, "This is what I assured everyone would be a financial triumph for the people of New York." There will be a display on fair signs and on the language of Expoese. The Spokane fair will provide a scale model of a building that might in English be called Miscellaneous—it contains exhibits from, among others, Amtrak, the Whirlpool Corporation, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, the Loma Linda Foods company, and the Schweitzer Ski Basin—but comes out in Expoese to be the Joy of Living Pavilion. A wallful of signs will advertise genuine eggrolls in "Chinese-style" English letters. Greek purses will be advertised in lettering that uses sigmas for "E"s—so that a bilingual speller can read "GREECE" as "GRSSCS." I will tour the Atrocity Pavilion, of course. I try not to miss anything at a world's fair.

Ten Years from Now, a William Miller Button May Be Worth Slightly More Than a Miniature Space Needle from the Seattle Fair, or Slightly Less.

The Folklife Festival, a celebration of the culture and crafts of the Northwest, is either the best thing at the fair or a way of making fun of everything else, depending on your mood. It is informal instead of rigid. It gives away good food (an Estonian sauerkraut-and-barley dish during Baltic Week, buffalo stew during Ranch Week) instead of selling bad food. It has wandering folksingers instead of multi-screen views of water-treatment plants. It emphasizes participation—helping to build a boat or learning how to rope a calf or jousting on logs or sewing a patch on a quilt or, in my case, trying to best a Western trader named Nathan Starbuck.

The first time I wandered into the Folklife Festival, Starbuck was sitting behind a table full of old tools and grimy postcards and ancient comic

THE THINKER



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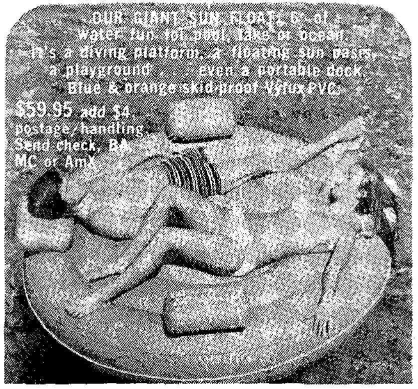

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books and an ivory toothpick or two. He traded even, no cash involved. "I might have something you like or need and you might have something I like or need," he would tell passersby. "I don't want to trade up, I don't want to trade down. I just want to trade." I could see that he was shrewd. While I was standing at the booth, a teen-ager came up to see what Starbuck would give her for an "Archie & Jughead" comic book, circa 1953. Starbuck said, with a straight face, "I got too many comic books. Also, 'Archie & Jughead' are no good." He had a way of making his own objects sound interesting ("That's a fine marble. Very old marble. A real good marble") and making whatever was offered sound so worthless that its owner often looked embarrassed about having brought it up. I think if someone had shown up with an 1832 New England whirligig stolen from the Museum of American Folk Art, Starbuck would have looked at it morosely and said, "All anyone brings me to trade anymore is whirligigs."

I spent most of a morning in Spokane searching for something that might escape Starbuck's denigration, and, in a sort of secondhand shop, I finally came upon a three- or four-foot-high cardboard cutout of a waiter. There was a napkin draped over his arm, and on the napkin was printed "Anxious to Serve U." I hurried back to the Folklife Festival, only to find that Starbuck had closed his booth and become a Western singer named Utah Phillips (which turned out to be his real name—Nathan Starbuck, a name he uses only for trading, being a pseudonym he says he acquired in a trade). "But do you like it?" I asked him, holding up my waiter. "Is it something you would have traded for?"

He looked at the waiter for a while. "You know," he finally said, "I do like it."

I gave it to him. "I'll send you something for it," he said. I didn't care whether he sent me something for it or not. I was so pleased that it had passed muster I wanted him to have it. That, I realized later, is how good Nathan Starbuck is at trading. Anyone who believes you can participate without trading up or trading down has an imperfect understanding of American folk customs.

And Now a Message on the Environment from the Folks at the American Petroleum Institute.

IN the American Pavilion one day, my attention was attracted by a chiming bell, which, it turned out, was meant to symbolize the relentless succession of births taking place right here in our own country, practically before our very eyes. The bell was on top of a piece of Pop sculpture that indicated through revolving signs how much of our resources each chimed-in infant would use up during his or her lifetime. "Use 2 tons of textile fibers," one sign said. There was a sign that said "Make 165 tons of garbage" and another one that said "Use 21,000 gallons of gas." As the father of two small daughters, I had to admit that I had never thought of them in the role of lifetime consumers; they do not make the impression of bulk users. Do some new fathers gaze tenderly at the infants their wives are holding and say, "Just think, dear, she's destined to use two tons of textile fibres"? Are those obstetricians who always tell parents what splendid healthy babies they have just been blessed with really thinking, "There goes another 21,000 gallons of our nation's precious fossil fuel"? The display did not exactly say that we should feel guilty about causing a chime or two, but what other conclusion can be drawn by someone who has had a role in producing the means of making three hundred and thirty tons of garbage?

I might have actually begun to feel a bit guilty—something I had sworn at the fair gate I would sooner eat a Polynesian taco than do—except for an incident shortly afterward in the German Pavilion. I was watching a film of routine industrial blight when the narrator happened to say that we were all "litter louts." I don't want to be one of those people who hold Germans responsible in perpetuity for the events of the thirties and forties, but, being tired and somewhat concerned about the environmental implications of fatherhood, I decided that the Federal Republic of Germany did not have the moral standing to call me a litter lout. I got up to leave. On the way out, I happened to pass a model of a new airliner. My eye was caught by an accompanying sign that said the airliner's fuel consumption would be two thousand two hundred and thirty-two gallons an hour. "Wait a minute," I said out loud. "These guys are going to use up my kid's lifetime supply every day."

I began to look at the fair with a different perspective. The American Pavilion has a large display about the harm caused by the automobile, but the General Motors Pavilion is pushing a camper that gets perhaps seven miles to a gallon of gasoline. Among the other displays in the G.M. effort to instruct us about the sensible use of our resources are a Cadillac Eldorado and a

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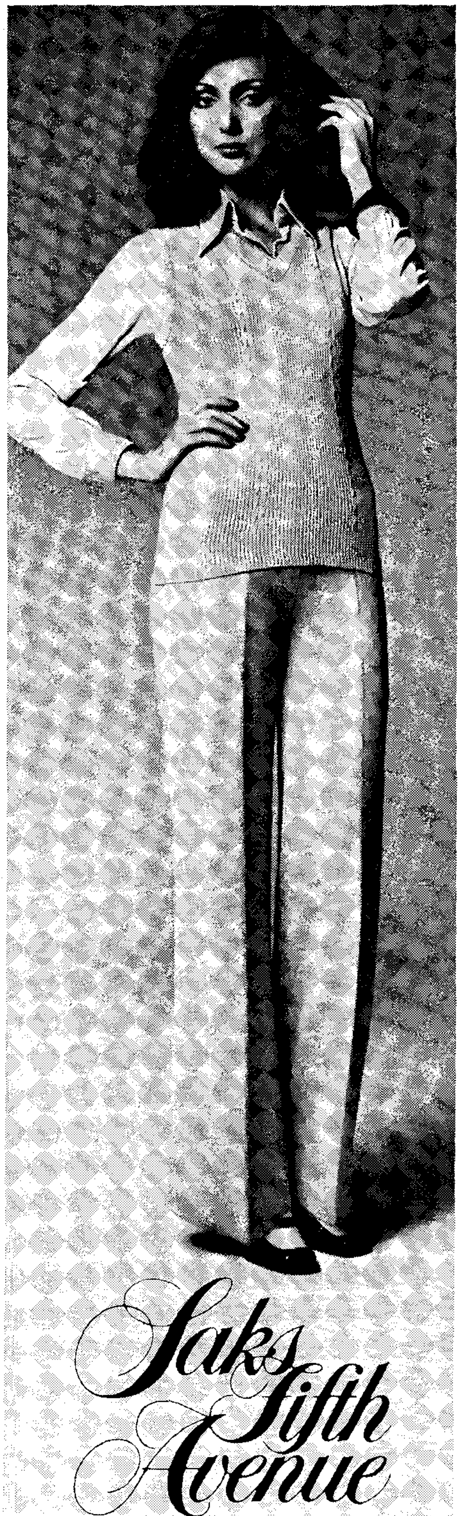

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refrigerator that seems to vary from the one I saw in the Argentine Pavilion mainly in having a tape deck implanted in its freezer door. Ford, after informing the public that "the great outdoors is a priceless heritage" and displaying some artifacts that Henry Ford used on a camping trip that included the naturalist John Burroughs, adds to the Expo discussion of American fauna by announcing that "North America's 'sleekest cat' is the Mercury Cougar XR-7." The Sierra Club does not have a pavilion, but there is a pavilion sponsored by the lumber industry and an Energy Pavilion sponsored by a consortium of such environmentalists as the American Petroleum Institute and the National Coal Association. The only mark of restraint in industrial propaganda on environmental issues is that the strip-mining industry does not have a pavilion of its own.

According to the organizers of Expo '74—Spokane businessmen who were mainly interested in a way to redevelop a deteriorating area next to the city's downtown—environmental organizations expected free space merely because Expo's theme is the environment. From the way the history of the fair is told in Spokane, it appears that a fair of Expo's limited size had to have some specific theme in order to be sanctioned by the Bureau of International Expositions and that the environment seemed appropriate at the time—a commitment that falls considerably short of giving away to the Sierra Club what can be rented to General Motors. The arrangement actually makes sense to those fair-trotters who tend to look at fairs as metaphors rather than displays. When General Motors is not paying by the square foot to present its views on the environment, after all, it pays by the full page or by the prime-time minute. Why should the system work differently at a fair? From whom do we acquire our information about how shrimp get along with offshore oil rigs? From the Sierra Club? From the Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife? No. From Exxon.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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THE RACE TRACK

Fast Filly

TWO weeks ago, Chris Evert rode out of the East to beat Miss Musket, heroine of the Western circuits, by fifty lengths in a match race at Hollywood Park. Last week, Ruffian, the best two-year-old filly hereabouts, led the previously unbeaten California-bred Hot n Nasty almost from beginning to end of the six-furlong Sorority Stakes at Monmouth Park, going under the wire two and a quarter lengths to the good. The Monmouth affair was practically a match race, too, for the two other starters, Stream Across and Wee Bit of Irish, were lengths behind all the way. Ruffian, who positively towered over Hot n Nasty, was as speedy as ever, stepping the first quarter in 0:21⅗, the half in 0:44⅕, and the three-quarters in 1:09. Altogether, it was a thriller for the crowd of 26,000. Hot n Nasty was first out of the gate, but Ruffian passed her in a few strides, and from there on the two ran together—at one point, Hot n Nasty got her head in front for a stride or two—until Ruffian drew away in the last sixteenth. Ruffian picked up $62,688 in the Sorority, bringing her earnings in four starts to $101,013. I suppose she'll go to Saratoga for the Spinaway later this month, but Frank Whiteley, Jr., who trains her for the Stuart Janneys, isn't talking. Hot n Nasty, whose last win was the Lassie Stakes, at Hollywood Park, put up a good show. And if you have wondered about it, she was named for one of the favorite rock recordings of her owner, Dan Lasater, who is something of a Midas. Starting work with one of those fast-food chains, he quickly made enough money to retire at twenty-eight (he's thirty-one now) and enjoy running a racing stable. Last year, it led the list, with earnings of $1,600,000, and it's out in front again this year.

RACING on Long Island, which began at Aqueduct on February 25th, closed there last Saturday with a getaway crowd of 37,000. The main event on the card was the Lexington Handicap for three-year-olds, over the turf course, and it attracted so many candidates, some of whom had run in the spring classics, that it was split into two divisions. In the first, Greentree Stable's Jack Sprat came from next to last to beat Kin Run by two lengths, with Never Explain third. The second was a lively affair, too, with a traffic jam in the stretch and a couple of claims of foul, which kept everybody in suspense until the "Official" sign was flashed on the tote board, showing Hasty Tudor first, R. Tom Can second, and Splitting Headache third.

DESPITE the energy and other crises, thoroughbred yearlings still bring a high dollar at Keeneland. In the vendue last week, three hundred and twenty colts and fillies went to hopeful horsemen for $17,116,500. It wasn't quite up to last year's fabulous $19,885,000 (buyers from abroad, particularly the Japanese, who have runaway inflation at home, weren't so active), but it brought joy to the Bluegrass country. Twenty-five of the youngsters brought $100,000 or more each; three went for more than $200,000; and a colt by Graustark sold at $330,000. To top this, a yearling full brother of Mr. Prospector was knocked down to Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Gilroy for $625,000—the highest price ever paid for a colt that age. When Seth Hancock's Claiborne Farm displaced Leslie Combs' Spendthrift Farm last year as the leading seller, it was predicted that Cousin Leslie, as he likes to be called, would make a comeback that would be remembered. So nobody was surprised when, on the first evening of the sales, he sent out his $625,000 yearling—a handsome bay colt by Raise a Native out of Gold Digger, she by Nashua. The bidding was between William Evans, the director of sales at Keeneland, acting for Mr. Gilroy, a New York business executive who has had a long association with Mr. Combs, and Lou Goldfine, a trainer who represented four men he did not name. The bidding started at $100,000 a crack, and the transaction was probably the briefest of the evening. As you may or may not remember, among the yearlings Claiborne sold at Keeneland last year was a colt by Bold Ruler out of Iskra, and it went to a Japanese syndicate for $600,000—until now the record. Named Wajima, he may make the first start of his career at the Spa.

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—AUDAX MINOR

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THE ART WORLD

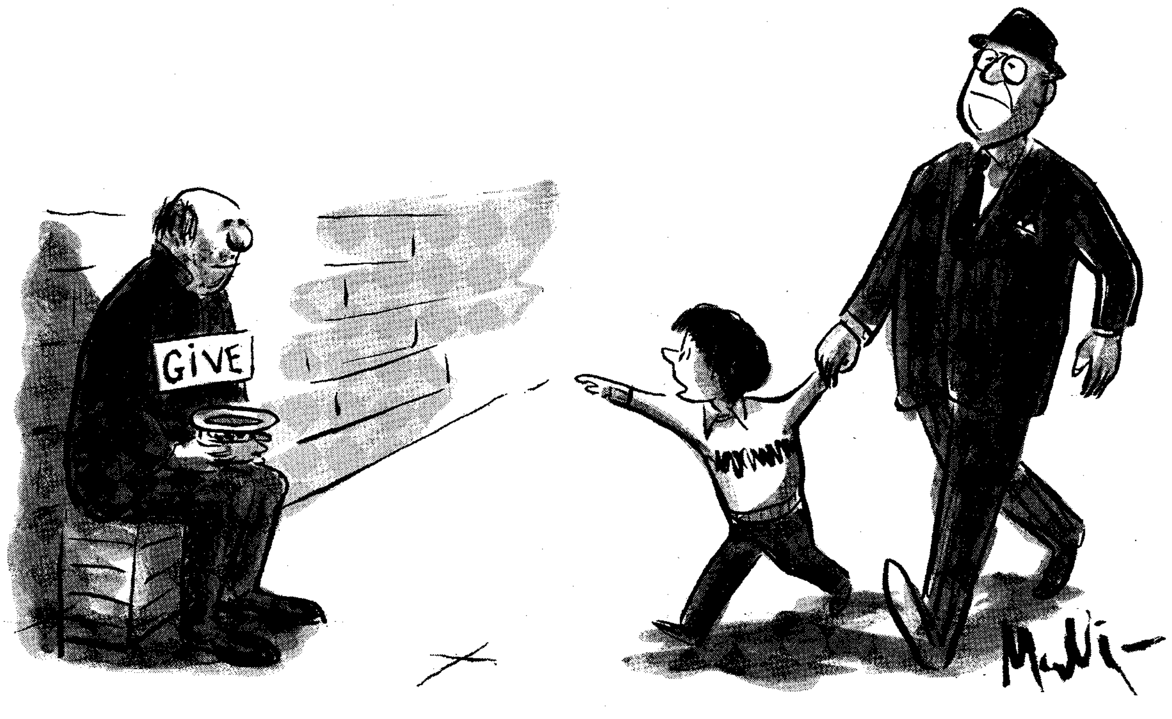
Old Age of Modernism

DIRECTING a museum has become an uneasy occupation, not unlike being a White House assistant. Though the survival of his institution may not be threatened, the director lacks assurance that the program he was employed to conduct will be allowed to continue. The chief problem is, of course, financial. This season, not a single museum was able to mount a major exhibition without contributions from the National Endowment for the Arts and a sponsoring business corporation—plus, in many cases, a grant from a State Arts Council. Even purchases of inexpensive drawings by "younger artists" have depended upon government grants and matching donations. As is the case with universities, the centrality of fund-raising in the daily life of museums has begun to determine the qualifications of those who head them; in several notable instances art historians have been replaced by professional administrators.

Still, as important as the problem of money—if not more important in the long run—are the problems of principle that confront museums today in relation to art, the artist, and the art public. That American museums have been floundering in such matters as policies of acquisition and of sell-off, or dealing in stolen or smuggled objects, has been much publicized in the last few years. A more complex issue, and one more directly affecting the influence of the museum on the life of art in this country and the response of the public to it, is the museum's position in regard to contemporary creations. So long as cash was plentiful, the problem could be met by "experiment"—a concept that enables the typical intellectual floundering of the museums to assume the guise of open-minded hospitality to the new. Throughout the nineteen-sixties, thematic exhibitions and retrospectives were organized on the flimsiest premises. The unfortunate role of the museum in contemporary art has been well summed up by Thomas Albright in a recent article for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, although the article itself champions museum showings of new creations: they have, he acknowledges, "contributed to the promotional apparatus that has managed to convert even the most powerful works of contemporary art into commodities and conversation pieces." The museums' record of destructive activities makes them all the more vulnerable to the current pressure from trustees, potential donors, community representatives, artists' groups, and conservative legislators, educators, and editorial writers. It is a sign of the seriousness of the situation that the Association of Art Museum Directors, at its annual conference in San Antonio this June, invited an artist, an art dealer, and a critic to speak on the museum as "Seen From the Outside." For professionals to solicit appraisal from outsiders rarely signifies less than a sense of approaching storm.

The dilemma of the museum in regard to present-day art is not new, nor is it easy to resolve; the very term "modern art" has always been a troublesome one. All periods, criticism of the term points out, were modern for those who lived in them. In describing its art as modern, our epoch implies that its today will last forever. Implicit in "modern" is the notion of a "continuing present," a denial of the validity of both yesterday and tomorrow. To be modern is, basically, to be timeless, to look not toward a future but toward Utopia, toward, as Rimbaud said, "the happiness that none escapes," a higher condition of man, the "revolution in permanence," that stil living dream conceived by the nineteenth century. "Modern" has never been simply the label of a period, like "Renaissance" or "Baroque." It is inherently polemical; it declares the obsolescence of the heritage of earlier times and even forecasts its own obsolescence in the present that is to come. Rimbaud took a pledge to be "absolutely modern" as if he were stiffening himself for an ordeal; can anyone have resolved to be "absolutely Romanesque" or "absolutely Rococo"? Some modern art is already a hundred years old, yet modernism as a concept overlaps upon the art of today. So it seems natural for museums of modern art to include art that is current, and demands by artists that they do so are difficult to reject. A cutoff point that brings modern art to an end somewhere in the past is necessarily arbitrary.

Yet the subject of the museum *is* the past; its collections are the embodiment of art history. I is as art history that the museum is on solid ground, in respect to both its function and it competence. But only as art history; the close the museum approache to the present the shakier becomes the foundation on which it operates. How far from the present the past is thus becomes a decisive question. Art of las year? Of five years ago? A generation? Do this painting, that object have an authentic place in art history or are they being admitted provisionally—at the expense of the budget and the trust of all the artists who have been excluded—to sat-



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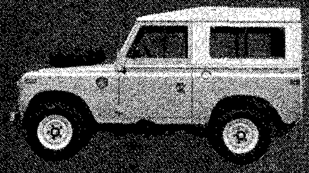

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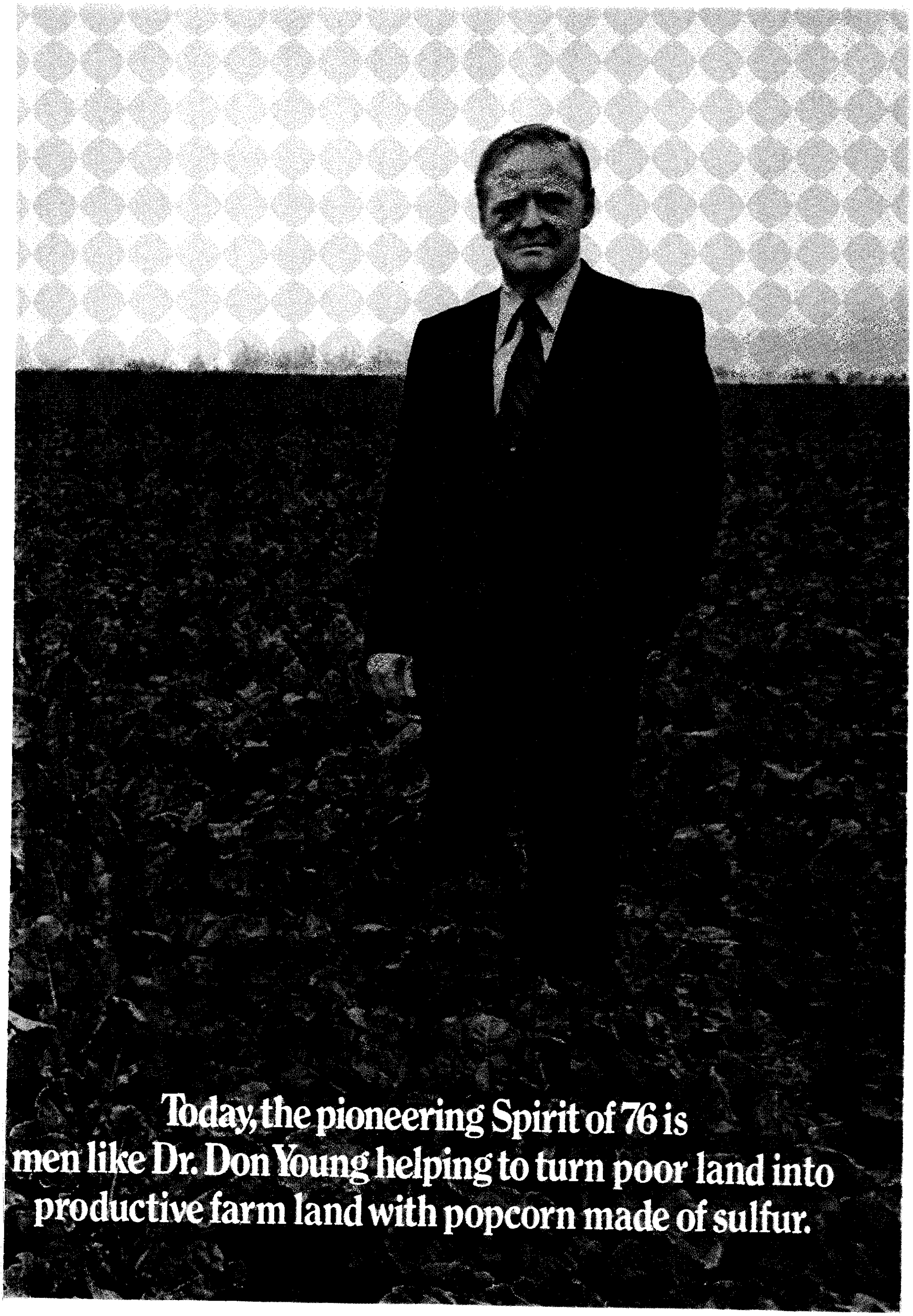
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isfy demands stimulated by fashion or publicity? Museum decisions that come forward into present-day art project into the future. And when the past is left behind, the museum's historical supports dissolve. What is expertise in regard to the art of the past becomes gambling with respect to the art of today. Training in art history, which is the basis of the museum profession, is made "inoperative," as they say in Washington, once the object of the museum has become the sorting out of existing works and trends.

Institutions do not like to gamble, still less to admit that they do so. Nor are they likely to have the talent for successful betting. There are no courses for museum directors and curators that will equip them to beat the odds. Most museum excursions into the present have been disasters, intellectually as well as in their effects on artists, the public, and the reputations of the museums themselves. Worst of all, when institutions gamble they prefer not to know that they are gambling. Thrown into the present, museum directors mess with art history, seeking phantom analogies with past art to buttress their responses to new phenomena, from Pop to Conceptualism. As a result, a system of deceit and self-deceit is automatically generated, and its results are presented as public education. The current demoralization of the art world is attributable at least in part to museum interference, ideological and practical, with ongoing creation in art. One of the most catastrophic effects has been the dissemination among artists of the belief, by no means misconceived, that merit has no relation to recognition, that thought and imagination are, if not outlawed, secondary to "what's cooking," that at the top of the art world the cards are mysteriously stacked by arrangements between museum people, dealers, critics, and tax-benefitting collectors. So the choice for the artist is either to devote himself to getting into the game or to wither in obscurity for having missed the boat.

Following upon years of disappointing interventions in the field by museums, opinion seems to be turning in a direction that threatens the whole enterprise of modernism in art. A basis for this is the apparent exhaustion of the premises of modernism in the studios—an exhaustion now mentioned as a matter of course in the art magazines. To John Canaday, the end of this road has manifested itself in the glow of a wish fulfillment. "Perhaps a wonderful thing is happening," he exclaimed last fall, in his bounciest, most wide-eyed art-appreciation manner, "and Americans are beginning to realize that this search [for meaning in works of art] can work backward now that there is nowhere forward to go." From this moment on, we can delight our eyes with ancient Chinese scrolls and forget about the condition of man as expressed in contemporary art. Canaday's sprightly farewell to the twentieth century is paralleled by the reorganization of the Pasadena Museum of Modern Art (until recently a stronghold of the national avant-garde exhibition circuit) in order to eliminate shows of contemporary art and to devote the major portion of its space to Norton Simon's collection of Renaissance and Impressionist works.

A similar "deëmphasizing of contemporary art programming," as a newspaper of the region describes it, is under way in Berkeley at the University Art Museum, the construction of which, in the late sixties, was stimulated by a large gift of paintings and cash by Hans Hofmann, and which until last year was a showcase for advanced developments in world and local art, as they were conceived by its director, Peter Selz, formerly a curator at the Museum of Modern Art. Reports of the impending change charged that university art historians opposed to modern art had gained control of the museum and were planning to convert it into a teaching instrument of their and other campus courses. This charge has been denied, although it is conceded that the museum is "pulling back from some contemporary art," and in turn Selz has been accused in the press of "administrative imperialism and open misuse of power [which] enraged everyone, from the regents to most contemporary artists." The situation is still unclear, and the conflict between pro- and anti-moderns has focussed on a search committee appointed to nominate a new director. However the matter comes out, it is to be expected that contemporary-art activities in Berkeley's museum will henceforth take place under less than friendly scrutiny. A statement in the newly arrived issue of *Artscanada* applies equally to San Francisco: "Presumably, the art community of Toronto feels endangered by a possible anti-contemporary-art trend in the area. Such a trend, if it is building up, should not be underestimated."

THE riposte to the hardening aesthetic conservatism takes the form of traditional vanguardist reflexes. Ambitious curators continue to favor new

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technology (Photo-Realism, videotape) and Conceptual art, apparently for no better reason than that they represent "younger artists"—which, of course, they do not, any more than does figure drawing or pottery making. The repetition of obsolescent gestures of defiance becomes increasingly farcical as attacks on the museums—for example, Dubuffet's "anti-cultural" retrospectives—are conducted under the sanction of art-historical precedents. The latest episode is the case of Mr. Jean Toche, arrested, at the instigation of the Metropolitan Museum, for mailing out an open letter urging the kidnapping of museum trustees and officials. Toche, whose genre as an artist is composing manifestos and letters of protest, accused the Museum of Modern Art of vandalism because it had removed an inscription sprayed by a visitor from a paint can on Picasso's "Guernica;" in retribution, Toche decreed that officials of all museums be seized and held for trial by a "people's court." This burlesque of the history of artists' protests and of insurrectionary politics, instead of being attacked as a slur on the social radicalism of modernist art movements, has already received the support of more than a hundred artists, art teachers, critics, historians, curators, dealers, collectors, and editors in the United States and abroad, who have denounced "the political arrest of artist Jean Toche" and affirmed his right to "freedom of artistic expression" (which presumably includes the right to muss up masterpieces). On the list of protesters I recognized veteran painters to whom the notion that art can consist in writing open letters is beyond doubt professionally abhorrent but who apparently felt obliged to rally to Toche out of fidelity to vanguardist clichés.

The defense adduced in behalf of Toche rests entirely on art history; it is contrived of the identical arguments used by museums to justify their selections of new work. Even Toche's lawyers have adopted the position that his "protest letters . . . are his art form," and that his incitement to violence should be taken not literally but as a composition in the tradition of Dada and Surrealism. Half a dozen pro-Toche historians play variations on this theme. Lucy Lippard, mentioning her "collection" of Conceptual art works (open letters) by Toche, sees his activities as a continuation of Dada that carries the blessings of Duchamp, Cocteau (yes!), Max Ernst, and George Grosz. A curator at the Metropolitan considers Toche's kidnapping call not a threat to anyone but an appropri-

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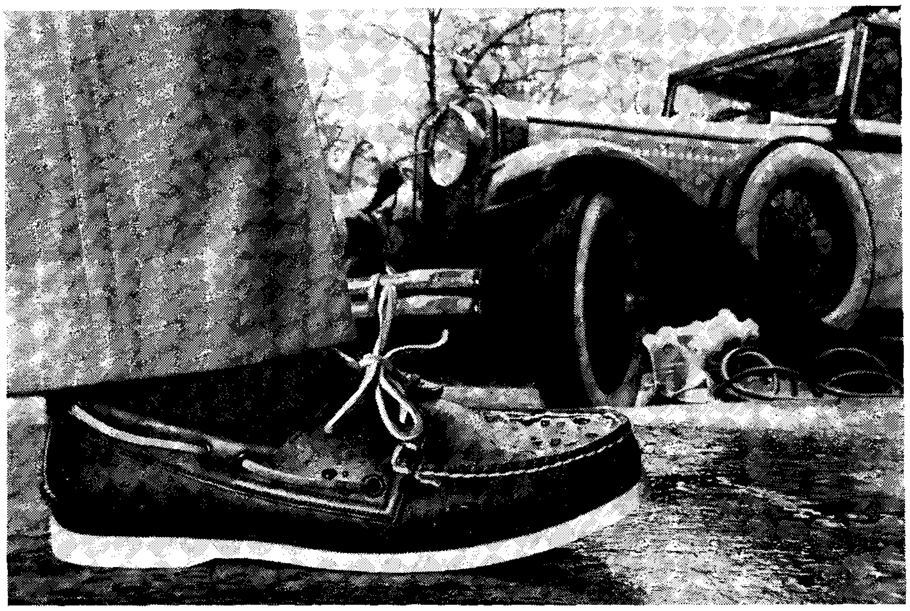
ate "literary close" to an emotional expression regarding museums. A City University art professor identifies Toche's letter as a "Dadaist gesture" that the Metropolitan failed to comprehend; a contributing editor of *Arts* interprets it as "a conceptual art process" that, since it is a work of art, can have no connection with violence. The art critic of *Newsweek* refers to the "long and deep roots in art history" of Toche's act as evidence that it should be considered to be not a menace but a "metaphor." Another defense volunteer claims to possess a "vast archive" documenting Dada/Surrealist behavior, and cites persons and statements once considered scandalous and now safely ensconced in art history, with books being written about them. Finally, James Harithas, director of the Everson Museum, for whom, too, Toche's "proposal" is a work of Conceptual art, discerns in the incident a factor that can be taken seriously—the existence of a perilous tension between museums and artists.

It appears never to have occurred to the aesthetes who hail Toche's recycled Dadaism that they have provided reasons for denouncing him as a plagiarist. Their defense of Toche is a collective testimonial that aesthetic militancy today is haunted by *déjà vu*. A vanguardism of ritual phrases invokes the past without regard to any absurdity or mental cheating involved. In the Toche case, the roles of the avant-garde and the museum are reversed: while Toche's champions appeal to art history for authority to destroy the museum and its contents, the museum reacts radically—i.e., with forceful assurance—to the contemporary fact of kidnapping. The view of the vanguard "art community" that an act should not be taken seriously if it can be classified as art but that art should be taken seriously is a repudiation of the belief of Futurists, Dadaists, Surrealists, and Constructivists that art can change the world. And in taking the view that an art event should not be evaluated in and for itself but should be highly regarded because of its ancestry in art movements of half a century ago, the avant-garde faces rearward while pretending to advance. The sum of the situation is that the art world today is unable to distinguish between genuine acts of defiance or nonconformity and farcical mimicking of subversion that discredits the radical past of modernism. Toche's "crime" is actually not an attack on the museum but a conventional effort to be included in it. The contention that his kidnap note is a



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work of art leads to the conclusion that the Metropolitan should have collected it instead of having the F.B.I. collect its author.

American museums today are trapped between the battle lines of an empty and passé verbal radicalism and an academic conservatism that has yet to reconcile itself to an art of its own time. To stabilize their position, the museums must settle their intellectual accounts with modernism—not as a slogan but as historical fact. In our day, what used to be vanguard art has become a tradition. For better or worse, it is the aesthetic past of the generations now living; to be ignorant of it is to remain unconscious of aspects of oneself and one's environment. The vital role of the museum in America is to extend and deepen knowledge of this tradition, transplanted here by the Armory Show in 1913. It was as a tradition that the Museum of Modern Art brought the works of the vanguard to artists, students, and the public in the thirties and made possible the surge of American painting in the first postwar years. In the thirties, it is worth noting, modernism was to all appearances part of the past, suppressed by force in Moscow, Berlin, Rome, silenced in Paris by the conflict between the political right and left. In that decade, a spectator in New York was looking *back* to modern art; new as they seemed, the exhibits at the Museum of Modern Art belonged to art movements that were already extinct. Precisely for this reason, the thirties were the period when this museum made its most decisive impact on American culture; later, when the American postwar vanguard appeared, the museum did far less well.

Time in the world of the museum is slower than it is outside. Regardless of semantics, modern art is art of the past, a period style, with its masterpieces, heroes, and legends. In the museum, modern art is no longer a process of realizing new possibilities; it is the province of historians and curators engaged in the classification and preservation of artifacts. Promotion of innovations, if there are to be any, had better be left to risk-taking dealers, collectors, and critics. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

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56 STRAIGHT TALK
Rep. Peter Rodino

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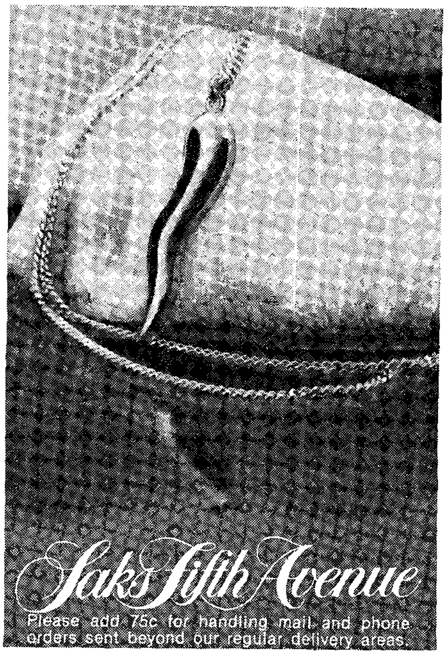

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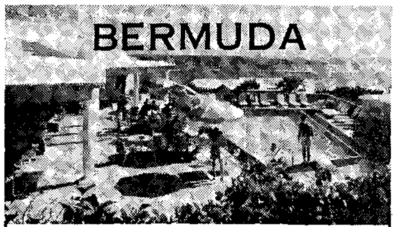

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DANCING

I Have Made You and You Are Beautiful

IN the New York City Ballet's new "Coppélia," which had its première at the company's summer home in Saratoga, Patricia McBride gives a great and a great *big* performance—big in scale as well as spirit. The role comes as a climax to the present and most exciting phase of her career. The scale on which she has been dancing this year is a new development in her style, and to reach it she hasn't sacrificed any of her speed or sharp-edged rhythm or subtlety of intonation. And although the role of Swanilda gives her plenty of unaccustomed material (such as extended pantomime), she sweeps through it without ever once looking like anyone but herself. She persuades you that Swanilda is Patricia McBride and always has been. This is a remarkable triumph for an artist whom the world knows as the flag-bearer of the New York City Ballet, the embodiment of its egoless-star ethic. McBride is fundamentally inscrutable. She doesn't exist outside her roles, and when you try to place her among her peers in world ballet—Gregory and Sibley and Makarova and the other great Russians whose names mean more to the public than McBride's does—her image dissolves in a succession of ballets: "Donizetti Variations," "Rubies," "La Valse," "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet," "Who Cares?," "Dances at a Gathering," "Harlequinade." McBride doesn't throw us cues to let us know how we ought to take her; she doesn't comment, doesn't cast herself as an observer of life. All she knows about life she seems to have learned through dancing, and all she has to tell she tells through dancing. How durable a bond of communication this is she proves once again in "Coppélia," and in the very first moments.

I GOT MINE
YOU GET YOURS
McCALLISTER

Swanilda's valse lente is the opening dance. By custom, it's a straight classical solo, and it gives us the ballerina in full flight almost as soon as the curtain has gone up. But in the New York City Ballet version McBride runs down to the footlights and, on the first notes of the waltz, addresses the audience in a passage of mime. "This one up there," she says, pointing to Coppélia on her balcony, "she sits and reads all day long. That one, who lives over there, is in love with her, but she never notices him. Me, I just play." And she plays (dances), first for her own pleasure, then for Coppélia's, with enticing steps that seem to say, "Come down and play with me. See how nicely I play." The structure of the waltz is mime, dance, dance-mime; in one stroke the means by which the story of "Coppélia" will be told are laid before us, and the fact that it's all done to an unvarying waltz rhythm lets us see easily how these different effects—of a mime gesture or a dance movement or a dance movement that functions as a mime gesture—depend for their force and clarity on having a different relation to an over-all rhythm. "Mime" time is not "dance" time, and each has to be established to musical time in a different way. This isn't as elementary as it sounds. The big catch in keeping the time values disparate is that the rhythm which connects them may disintegrate, and the worst danger of *that* is that the dancer will seem to be switching personalities on us, much as if she were a singer whose speaking voice didn't resemble the voice she sang with. (A lot of the modern distrust of mime comes from the schizoid effect of miscalculated rhythm.) In McBride's variation, and through her whole radiant performance, she plays excitingly close to the danger point. But the values of dance and mime, distinct in their time sense, are equalized in their scale—the largest scale that one could hope to see. So the meanings that are conveyed by all these sharply differentiated rhythms are always absolutely clear; they fly at you and away, or loom and settle, but there's no break in her consistency. She "reads" at every moment. She is a character. McBride has never struck me as a particularly strong actress, and her method baffled me for years. How else, if not by acting, could she have made her character in "La Valse" so vivid—a character unlike anyone else's who does the part? But for McBride acting is not the key; dancing is. And now that she's become so grand I don't see how anyone could miss that. She is a great dancer and a great star.

THE new production of "Coppélia," staged by George Balanchine and Alexandra Danilova, is a combination of old and new choreography, the old being a first and second act built largely around the excellent "after-Petipa" version in which Danilova used to star for the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, and the new being a glittering Act III, all of it Balanchine's except for the grand adagio and the ballerina's variation, which belong to Danilova-Petipa. Balanchine's dances are not uniformly masterpieces, but, taken all together, they ought to extend the life of this ballet another hundred years. In their unique blend of light irony and in-

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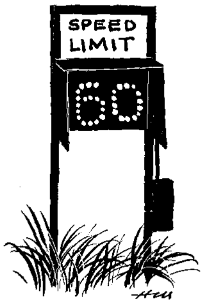
genuousness, they are a mirror of the music—serious music that was not meant to be taken too seriously.

For his third act, Delibes envisioned a village wedding, with the villagers putting on an allegorical pageant of man's works and days. Most productions get through Dawn and Prayer and then give up in confusion, either reassigning the rest of the music (Work, Hymen, Discord and War) or dropping it altogether. Balanchine uses all the music Delibes wrote, and he does not mistake its spirit. His choreography really does present a plausible (though not a realistic) village pageant stuck together with metallic threads and parchment and candle wax, but noble nonetheless, with an anti-grand-manner grandeur. The Waltz of the Hours, that sublime gushing fountain of melody, is danced by twenty-four grinning little girls in gold tunics, who line the path of the soloist, Marnee Morris, and form choral borders for the solos that follow: Dawn (Merrill Ashley), Prayer (Christine Redpath), and Work, or La Fileuse, here called Spinner (Susan Hendl). The entrance of these three graces—posed motionless as beauty queens in a carriage that circles the stage twice—is one of the most piercing visions in the ballet. And the solos for Ashley and Hendl are outstanding—complete summations of their gifts. There's a dance for Four Jesterettes in padded motley sewn with bells. (In the Monte Carlo production, this entrée—originally Hymen—was called Follies, which seems more to the allegorical point than Jesterettes.) Discord and War is a romp for boys and girls in horned helmets, a flourish of capes and spears waved as idly as picket signs—a witty number, shakily danced. Then, after the bridal pas de deux, comes an exhilarating finale, with climax piled on smashing climax. Best of all is the ballerina's fish dive into her partner's arms, instantly followed by the only thing that could top it—the return of the twenty-four golden tinies cakewalking on in a wide curve, with Morris in the lead tearing off piqué-fouetté turns.



Balanchine's hand is evident elsewhere in the production, too—in that first-act entrance of Swanilda, and in the Mazurka and Czardas, which surely have never before been so thick and bushy with (musical) repeats, so fertile with invention. Their one weakness is that they are isolated from the action and don't serve any purpose. But the weakness is very likely not a permanent one. This is not a finished production, and by the time it reaches New York, in November, Balanchine is sure to have taken over more of it—filling up gaps in the staging, refurbishing or replacing some of the less effective old dances, and straightening out a few discrepancies, such as the sudden, unmotivated shift to a sunnier mood that follows Swanilda's solemn ear-of-wheat dance. Possibly he'll find more for the hero to do, too. At present, Franz has only one dance—an interpolation in the third act which oldtimers will recognize as Eglevsky's variation from the "Sylvia Pas de Deux." It's nice to have this great solo back again, especially as danced by Helgi Tomasson, but Tomasson, who is a charming Franz, doesn't get a chance to display his true dance power until the finale. I hope, too, that a way can be found to make the meaning of the ear-of-wheat episode (a direct descendant of the petal-plucking scene in "Giselle") at least as clear to a modern audience as it is in the Ballet Theatre version.

The part of the ballet that is, right now, just about perfect is the second act. Here, again, Balanchine has obviously been at work; you can almost feel him assuming command of the action the moment Coppélius enters his workshop to find it overrun by Swanilda and her friends. Coppélius is Shaun O'Brien, giving the performance of his career. He is not a buffoon, and Swanilda is not a zany. He's a misanthrope, a tyrant, believably a genius who can create dolls everyone thinks are alive. She is a shrewd, fearless girl who grows into womanhood by accepting as her responsibility the destruction of Coppélius. She must break his power over gullible, romantic Franz, who has chosen the perfect woman, the doll Coppélia, over the natural woman, herself. The conflict between idealism and realism, or art and life, is embedded in the libretto of "Coppélia," and Coppélius's passion is in the music. I enjoy burlesque versions of the second act (and in this tradition there's no Swanilda more enjoyable than that gifted zany Makarova), but the heart of the music isn't in them. Balanchine's Coppélius is kin to other Balanchine artist-heroes—not only Drosselmeier of "The Nutcracker" but Don Quixote and Orpheus and the Poet of "La Sonnàmbula." And when he raises Swanilda-Coppélia onto her points and she remains locked there, upright or jackknifed over them, he's the strangest of all alchemists, seeking to transform his beloved twice over: doll into woman, woman into ballerina. Swanilda must become as totally manipulatable, totally perfectible, as a Balanchine ballerina. She must be a work of art, and then burst out of her mold. I once saw a brilliantly horrifying performance given by the Royal Danish Ballet, in which Solveig Østergaard and Frank Schaufuss confronted each other as monsters equal in might if not in cunning. But there was nothing in it like Shaun O'Brien's "speech" to McBride, conveyed in a paroxysm of joy: "I have made you and you are beautiful."

Rouben Ter-Arutunian's costumes are attractive, and his scenery is modest and quite pretty in several styles. Act I is like a child's pop-up picture book, with exaggerated perspectives. Act II, a cutaway of Coppélius's lab, ranges from Ensor to Burchfield, but the backcloth for Act III looked sketchily realized. A number of bells hanging above the stage (the pageant celebrates, along with everything else, a *fête de carillons*) bear the monograms of those associated with the original production—the choreographer, Arthur Saint-Léon; the librettist, Charles Nuitter; and E. T. A. Hoffmann, whose tale of Coppélius inspired the ballet—and those responsible for the present one. The largest bell, for which I forgive this somewhat presumptuous idea, is inscribed "J'étais creé par Léo Delibes, 25 Mai 1870." It is Coppélia herself who speaks. G. B., for George Balanchine, happen to be the initials also of Giuseppina Bozzacchi, who has no bell of her own. She was sixteen when she made her début at the Paris Opéra, appearing as the first Swanilda. Giuseppina took Paris by storm. Then Discord and War came in earnest. Six months later, in the siege during the Franco-Prussian War, she died of smallpox on the morning of her seventeenth birthday. —ARLENE CROCE

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NAMES IN THE NEWS

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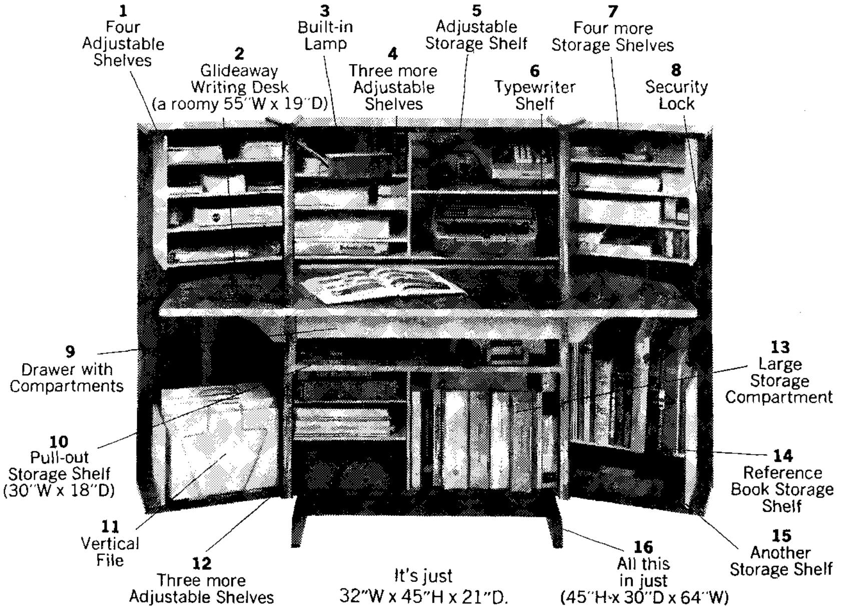

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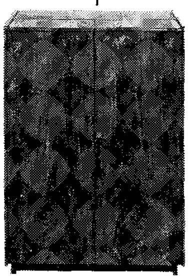

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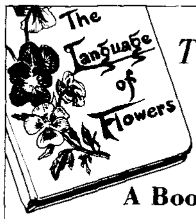

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BOOKS

The Forests of the Night

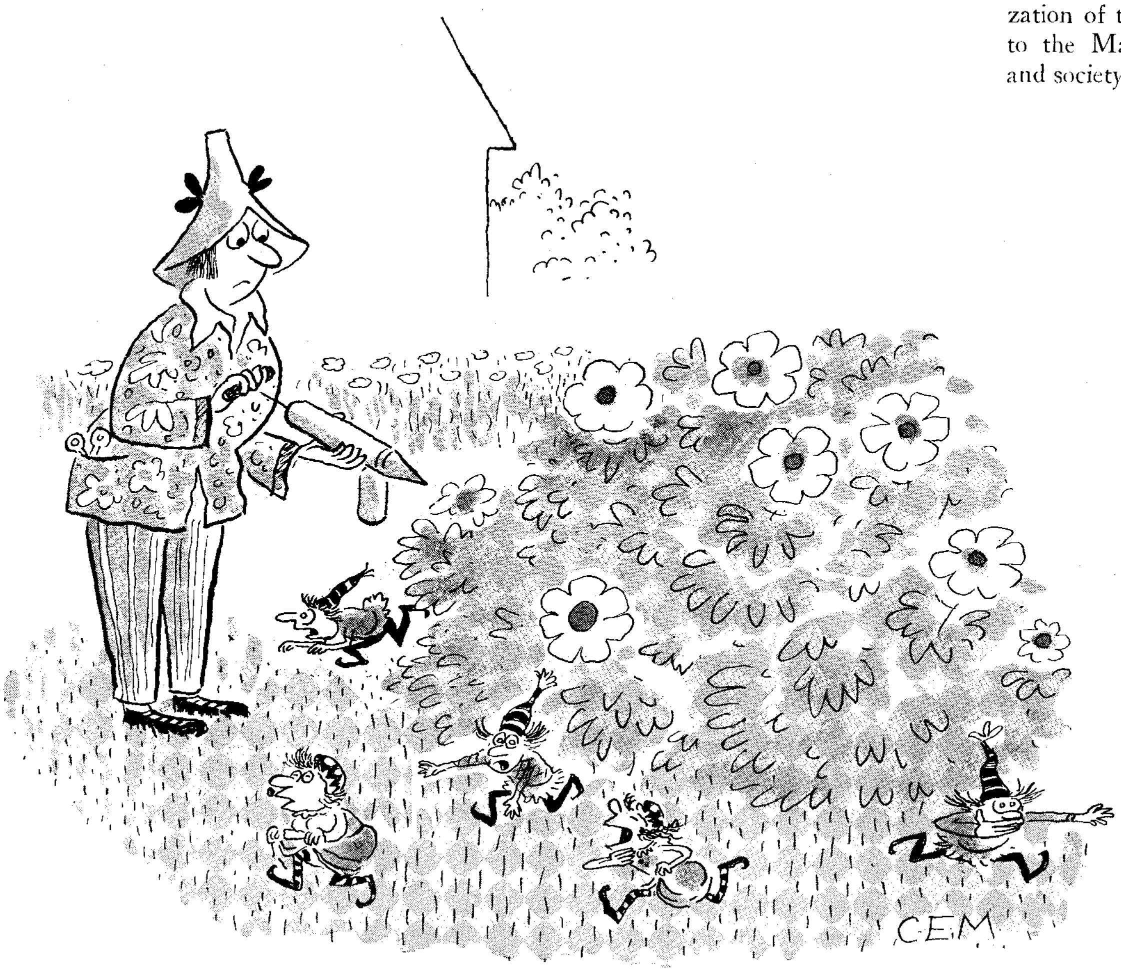
SUCH is Alexander Solzhenitsyn's moral stature that it is vital for the Western reader to understand precisely why the Soviet authorities found "The Gulag Archipelago" (Harper & Row) intolerable. Though they are more detailed, more massively documented than any before them, the book's revelations about the routine of bestiality in Soviet labor camps and political prisons are not new. Khrushchev's famous report to the Twentieth Party Congress had sketched the enormity of the terror. Solzhenitsyn's own "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich" had provided particulars. Nor is there anything intrinsically new in Solzhenitsyn's analysis of the illegality of inquisitorial and judicial proceedings during the Stalinist era. He names the torturers, the beaters, the corrupt judges. But even in this regard there has been official precedent, or at least a fair amount of sanctioned gossip. The reasons that drove State Security first to hunt down whatever it could find of the Gulag manuscript and then to expel the author from Russia run much deeper. They are, in unexpected ways, painful and problematic to set out.

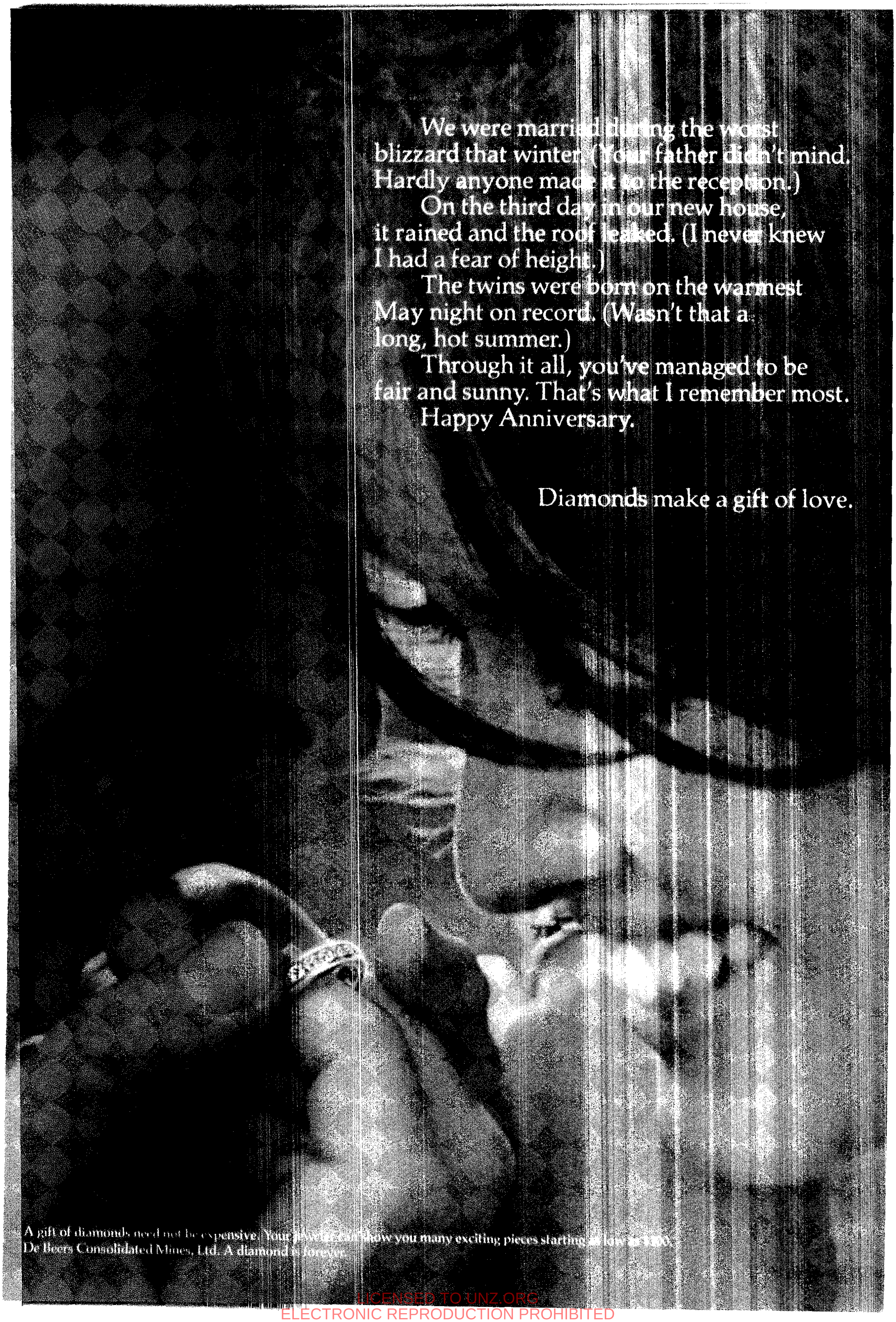
Khrushchev's thesis, which has become the current Soviet orthodoxy, was that the abuses of justice under Stalinism were the direct consequence of the personality of the dictator. The massacres, the deportations, the bureaucracy, and the setting up of the penal camps did not spring from any authentic features in Marxism-Leninism or from any tragic flaw in the fabric of Russian history and society. They were, in the Khrushchev tenet, the adjuncts of a monstrous anomaly. They represented the blood lust of Stalin, the megalomania and pathological suspicions of a tyrant who had savagely distorted the legitimate structures of Soviet revolutionary institutions, and with the close of Stalin's personal regime, with the public disclosure of the general facts, this tragic chapter in the history of the victorious proletariat and of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. would itself come to an end. But this diagnosis is much more than a piece of Kremlin doctrine. Through it, ordinary men and women in the Soviet Union have schooled themselves to think about the past, about their own role, impotent or acquiescent, in the unfolding of the great terror, and through it, too, they have mustered a certain confidence in a better future.

"The Gulag Archipelago" utterly rejects this version of history. The lawless, inhuman, tyrannical nature of Soviet history does not originate with Stalin; it is not the product of a single personality, however monstrous in dimension and will. The great enslavement begins with Lenin. It is he who, in December of 1917 and January of 1918, demands the merciless extermination of "anti-social elements," of "hooligans," shirkers, parasites. It is he who orders the "cleansing" of Soviet society by resort to execution "or punishment at forced labor of the hardest kind." It is not Stalin's assumption of total power in the late twenties that delivers Russia into the keeping of the most brutal secret police on earth. It is the October Revolution itself. Listen to Mayakovsky, the beloved songster of the new Red Dawn:

> With cohesion, construction,
> grit, and expression
> Wring the neck of this gang
> run riot!

This gang, of course, is anyone not in agreement with Bolshevism. In short, terrorism, the subjection of the human person to total surveillance, the suppression of free thought, the institutionalization of torture and exile are intrinsic to the Marxist-Leninist view of man and society. Stalin merely fulfils, with a crazed logic of finality, principles and practices implicit in state Socialism or Communism. Hence the affirmation, ceaselessly set forth by Solzhenitsyn, that the end of the Stalinist era and even the self-criticism initiated by Khrushchev make no real difference. There may be temporary attenuations in the habits of oppression. The number of those actually incarcerated or deported may diminish. This or that straw of truth may be allowed to blow momentarily in the wind. But the machinery of enslavement is intact. It can swing back into gear at any arbitrary instant. The torturers go unpunished and are ready for fresh use; the mines and Arctic camps await the next wave. The Soviet system is in essence and irreparably corrupt. It must stifle and mutilate not only the material but the





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On the third day in our new house, it rained and the roof leaked. (I never knew I had a fear of height.)

The twins were born on the warmest May night on record. (Wasn't that a long, hot summer.)

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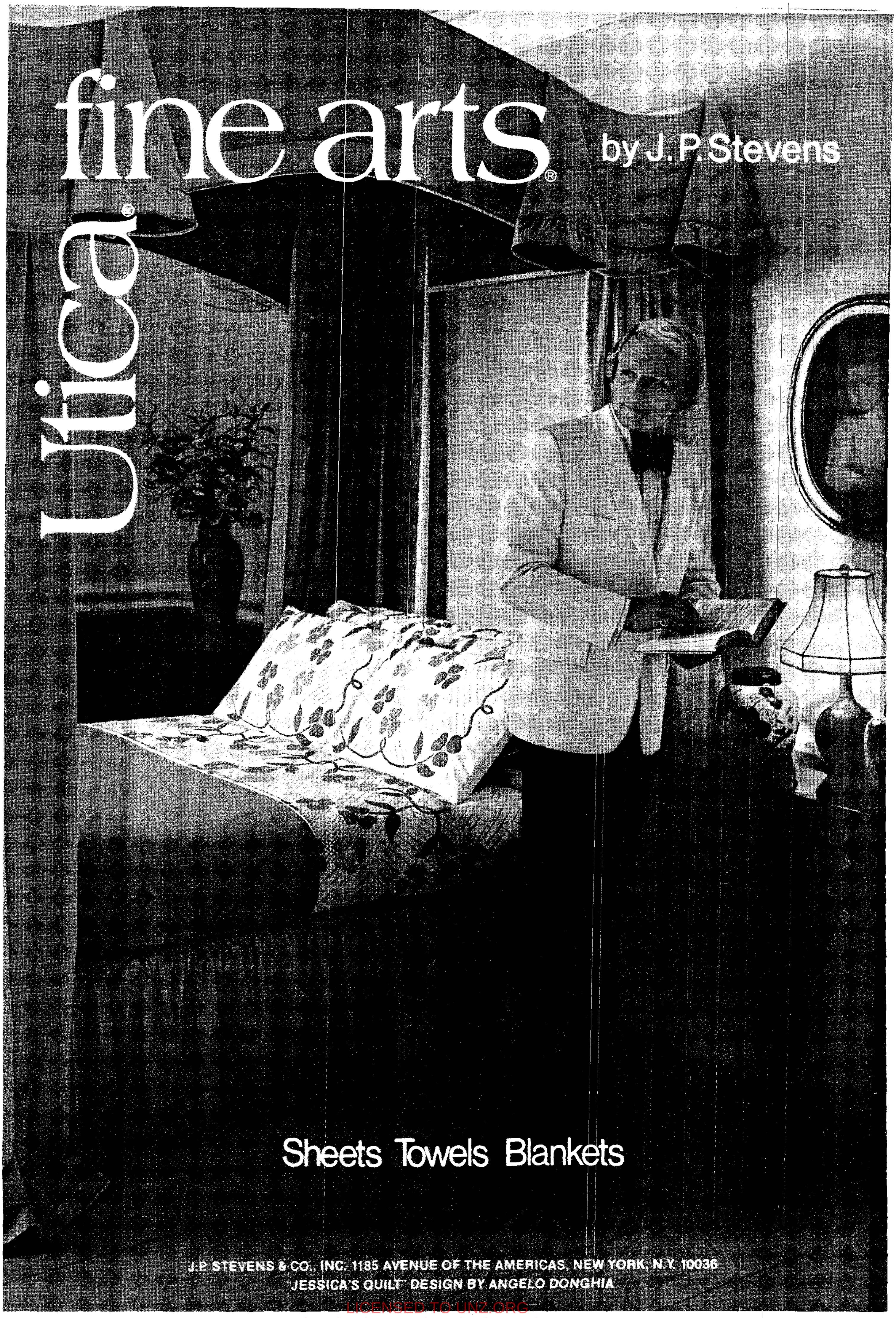
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moral existence of its subjects because it itself has no legal foundation.

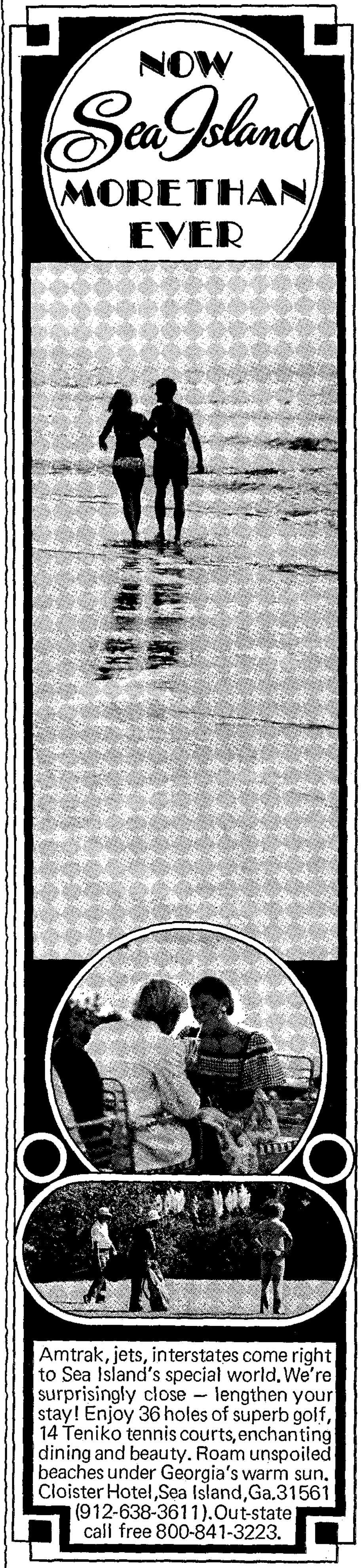
This is one of Solzhenitsyn's main theses. It is argued in what are ideologically the basic chapters of "The Gulag Archipelago." The arrests and executions of 1918-19 were given the official name of "extrajudicial reprisals." In fact, there was no need for such ornate cant. How could any behavior be termed "extrajudicial" when there was no law, when the sole criterion of political and civil usage was the will of the revolutionary regime? Citing one lynch trial after another, purges each more murderous than the last, choruses of confessions each more abject, more ludicrous than the one before, Solzhenitsyn hammers at his point: Soviet law is the repulsive mask of lawlessness, Soviet courts are nothing but instruments of naked power, Soviet judges are the sycophantic auxiliaries to the camp guard and the executioner. The consequence is almost unbearably sombre. A social fabric inherently illegal, a political structure without justice, cannot look to gradual melioration. It cannot redress itself even piecemeal. Each thaw heralds a new winter. Soviet Socialism cannot be liberalized by decree or pragmatic maneuver. It must be rescinded root and branch. Already it may be too late:

> We have to condemn publicly the very *idea* that some people have the right to repress others. In keeping silent about evil, in burying it so deep within us that no sign of it appears on the surface, we are *implanting* it, and it will rise up a thousandfold in the future. . . . Young people are acquiring the conviction that foul deeds are never punished on earth, that they always bring prosperity.
>
> It is going to be uncomfortable, horrible, to live in such a country!

On this last point, at least, the Soviet authorities have relieved Solzhenitsyn of his anguish.

What, then, is the alternative (or, more exactly, *was* the alternative)? We can reconstruct the answer from the letters the writer has addressed to Pimen, Patriarch of Moscow and All the Russias, and to the Central Committee of the Party. What Solzhenitsyn envisions for Russia is a kind of patriarchal communalism, of participatory "Socialism" steeped in certain specific traditions of Russian agrarian and small-town collectivity. These traditions are, as he represents them, profoundly Christian Orthodox—indeed, mystical. They draw their strength both from those ideals of patriarchal simplicity argued by Tolstoy and from the Byzantine-Orthodox mode of Christianity Tolstoy so bitterly repudiated. Marxism was worse than a poisonous import; it was a sin, an abandonment of the genius of Russia, involving all Russians in a nightmare of guilt. "We purely and simply *deserved* everything that happened afterward." Alexander Solzhenitsyn is a Slavophile and Orthodox visionary, equally repelled by Soviet Communism and by what very little he knows of Western technological materialism. Only by keeping this in mind can one gauge the bizarre function exercised by the czarist past in the rhetoric of "The Gulag Archipelago." In comparison with the inferno of the Soviet system, czarist prisons could be recalled, S. P. Melgunov, a radical of an older vintage, writes, "with a feeling almost of gladness." Executions, even during the worst years of student agitation, were rare—only seventeen people a year in the whole empire. The writer Radishchev was taken to his prison transport "in shackles," and when the weather got cold they threw over him a "repulsive, raw sheepskin coat," which they had taken from a watchman. However, the Empress Catherine immediately issued orders that his shackles be removed and that he be provided with everything he required for his journey. But in November of 1927 Anna Skripnikova was sent on a transport from the Butyrki Prison, in Moscow, to the Solovetsky Islands "in a straw hat and a summer dress." Before being put to work, czarist convicts got three days' rest after their long journey. Within moments of arrival in the world of the Gulag (the word is an acronym of the Russian title Chief Administration of Corrective Labor Camps), the starving, tortured beneficiaries of Socialist justice were hounded to the mine, the peat bog, or the logging gang.

But it is not only czarism that provides an ironic counterpoint. For we come to aspects of Solzhenitsyn's book that ought to disturb the Western reader as deeply as they have the Soviet authorities and those few Russian liberals and dissidents who have had clandestine awareness of the text. As is well known, Hitler's divisions found not only a profoundly demoralized, ill-equipped Red Army, prepared to surrender by the tens of thousands, but a population often inclined to welcome their advance. This was particularly true throughout White Russia and the Ukraine. Stalinist decimation had left a terrible bitterness; nationalist, regional instincts now blazed into life. Partisan resistance in the occupied republics sprang of despair, of the realization that the Nazis had come neither



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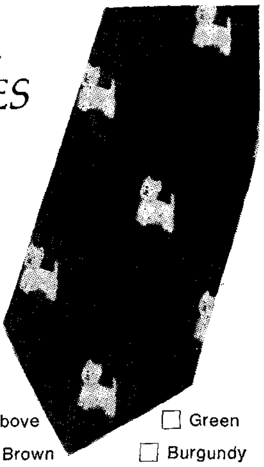

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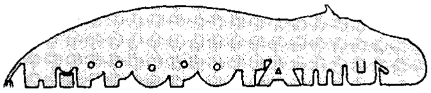

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to liberate nor to establish autonomous partnerships but to ravage. With the retreat of the Reich came Stalin's vengeance. Russian soldiers and officers who had survived captivity were methodically done to death; to have survived, even briefly, behind the German lines was proof of treason. Whether or not there was any clear evidence of collaboration with the Germans, entire communities and ethnic groups from the Western marches, the Ukraine, the Crimea were eradicated through execution or deportation. Any allusion to the catastrophe of Soviet morale and logistics in the first stages of the "Glorious War" was punished by instant arrest.

But some Russians had taken more than a passive or momentary role in the Nazi scheme. Captured in 1942, General Andrei Vlasov went over to the Nazi side. He recruited deserters, prisoners of war, dissidents of various shades, and sought to weld them into a "Russian Liberation Army." In November of 1944, under Himmler's immediate direction, Vlasov contrived a "Committee for the Liberation of the Peoples of Russia." Ukrainians, Cossacks, Tartars working more or less under Vlasov's aegis carried out numerous punitive operations for the S.S. and furnished the death camps with some of their most sadistic administrative personnel. (The point remains controversial, but one of Vlasov's subordinates may have prevented the destruction of Prague by the retreating Waffen-S.S.) Rounded up by the Western Allies at the end of the war, Vlasov and his men were handed over to the Soviet authorities and death. This whole episode has long haunted Solzhenitsyn. He perceives in Vlasov and his men the very proof of the lunatic inhumanity of the Stalinist order. He attributes Vlasov's surrender to the futility of Stalinist military tactics, to the chaotic state in which successive purges had left the Red Army command structure. The young men who joined Vlasov were, says Solzhenitsyn, orphans of the Soviet system, driven half out of their minds by the terrors of battle and of the secret police at their backs: "As the old proverb says, *Well-fed horses don't rampage*. Then picture to yourself a field in which starved, neglected, crazed horses are rampaging back and forth." The Vlasov affair, proclaims Solzhenitsyn, proves the blindness, the cynical obtuseness of Roosevelt and Churchill. To hand over the Cossack Corps was to participate actively in the horrors of Stalinism. Solzhenitsyn's contempt for Churchill is acid: "Along with them, he also

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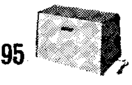

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handed over many wagonloads of old people, women, and children who did not want to return to their native Cossack rivers. This great hero, monuments to whom will in time cover all England, ordered that they, too, be surrendered to their deaths." But we search in vain through these pages of incensed judgment for any reference to the role of Vlasov's followers in the holocaust of the Jews, in the roundup and torture of Russian, Polish, and Czech resistance units. This omission is no accident. It points to the tortuous complexity of Solzhenitsyn's treatment of Nazism.

The comparison of Stalinism with Nazism is implicit in "The Gulag Archipelago." The methodical employment of genocide, Solzhenitsyn affirms, began with the Stalinist extermination of the kulaks in 1929-30. Hitler was an imitator. The number of prisoners in Soviet camps reached fifteen to twenty million. No accurate figure can be given of those whom Leninism-Stalinism did to death by starvation, exile, forced labor, and actual murder. During a single, trivial incident in 1929 involving the Buryat-Mongols, thirty-five thousand of them were shot; in 1931, the G.P.U. fixed at two hundred thousand the number of adherents of the Working Peasants Party it felt should be eliminated. The direct victims of Bolshevist policy must total between fifteen and twenty-five million human beings; Hitler's sum comes to an estimated ten or twelve million.

It is highly probable that Solzhenitsyn's statistics are right. Soviet Communism has slaughtered twice as many people as did Nazism. But the mind cannot grasp facts of this vastness. It assuredly cannot make comparative sense of them or draw up a rational ledger. To infer that the Soviet terror is as hideous as Hitlerism is not only a brutal oversimplification but a moral indecency. Set out by themselves, the facts have no real meaning. And precisely because the whole concept of contrastive enumeration is at once impenetrable as well as monstrous, confusion follows. Solzhenitsyn cites Yevgeny Ivanovich Divnich, "an émigré and preacher of Orthodox Christianity," who was tortured by both the Gestapo and the M.G.B., "but the Gestapo was nonetheless trying to get at the truth, and when the accusation did not hold up, Divnich was released. The MGB wasn't interested in the truth and had no intention of letting anyone out of its grip once he was arrested." Again, one assumes the facts to be so. But, left bare, devoid of a

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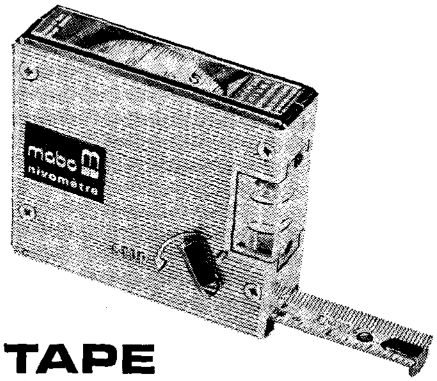

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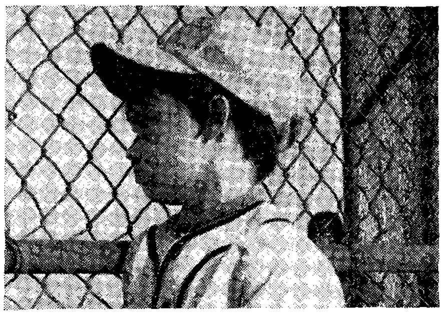
moral and historical context as problematic as any human sensibility has ever had to face, these facts turn to a gross inference—that the Gestapo was using torture merely to seek "the truth." It is this sort of sibylline didacticism that leads the author of "The First Circle" and "The Cancer Ward" to publish a paragraph that will have a sad eminence among the classics of hatred and muddle:

> We read in *Izvestiya* for May 24, 1959, that Yuliya Rumyantseva was confined in the internal prison of a Nazi camp while they tried to find out from her the whereabouts of her husband, who had escaped from that same camp. She knew, but she refused to tell! For a reader who is not in the know this is a model of heroism. For a reader with a bitter Gulag past it's a model of inefficient interrogation: Yuliya did not die under torture, and she was not driven insane. A month later she was simply released—still very much alive and kicking.

This is ignoble—even if or, indeed, precisely because the register is that of sarcasm.

Moral genius cannot be separated from intelligence, from the power to inform judgment through a constant, life-giving sense of discrimination. At key points in "The Gulag Archipelago," this intelligence is lacking. It is "they" who torture, who imprison, who blackmail; it is "they" who napalm and who infect constitutional processes with falsehood; it is "they" who enact the apocalypse or the banality of evil. "They" number tens of thousands. "They" come forward when a Stalin, a Hitler, a colonel, or a murderous technocrat calls. In the Stalin years, there are always enough of "them" to do the job—to enslave, terrorize, or corrupt "us." But who are "they" and what, finally, are "their" motives? This is the central riddle in the tragedy and barbarism of our political condition in the twentieth century, East and West. Our survival may depend on asking the question as exactly as we know how and on trying to hammer out the beginnings of an answer. Solzhenitsyn's contribution is rhetorically impressive but adds very little. The men of the Cheka, of the M.G.B., of the K.G.B. are simply addicts of status and acquisition. With each exercise of abasement and exploitation, their appetite grows. It is "they" who have the apartments, the cars, the women, the extra rations. "Their" bellies are warm and full while "we" cower in the Arctic cold, gnawing shoe leather. There is a terrible truth in this diagnosis, but once again there is, as well, a drastic oversimplification. It is specifically to a man



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of Solzhenitsyn's religious imagination that one looks for a subtler, far less localized sense of the potential of disinterested evil, of sacrificial, abstract malignity in the human fabric. Without such subtlety, in the absence of the risk of "theological" dimensions (even where these are invoked as a "working metaphor"), a phenomenon such as Stalin, and the overwhelming loyalties he compelled, remains intangible. It is a revealing weakness of this book that Solzhenitsyn's only statement on the motivations of these successive waves of terror should amount to nothing more than that they were "the fruit of his [Stalin's] personal insanity."

There are, of course, monumental pages in this book. Even readers inured to a generation of concentration-camp literature will be numbed by Solzhenitsyn's compassionate rage. The catalogue of tortures used during interrogation is the more unbearable for being calmly, almost clinically detailed. The narrative is often deliberately excremental: the endless hours of incarceration without a chance to relieve oneself, the disposal of human waste in suffocating cells and transports—these are the crux of the prisoner's ordeal. Solzhenitsyn has something of Dante's capacity to make the gross material fact a carrier of spiritual darkness. The account of the penal transports is overwhelming: "In 1940 Olenyev's prisoner transport, after disembarking from the barge, was herded on foot through the taiga (from Knyazh-Pogost to Chibyu) without anything to eat at all. They drank swamp water and very quickly got dysentery. Some fell by the wayside out of weakness, and the dogs tore the clothes off those who had fallen. In Izhma they caught fish by using their trousers as nets and ate them alive." The barges, "the ships of the Archipelago," are like pontoons out of Hell. Thousands froze or suffocated in their holds. Everywhere in the night-continent of the penal settlements it is the common thieves who rule, who strip the political prisoners, who create a second inferno within the general edifice. Hence the miracle, the resurrection of return to an ordinary, urban jail. Somehow (he leaves this crucial episode unexplained), the convict Solzhenitsyn had seen the Smyth Report on atomic energy in his labor camp. Having marked himself as qualified in nuclear physics, he was brought back to Moscow for reassignment to scientific forced labor—a mode of existence recounted in "The First Circle." This transfer involved a spell in the Butyrki Prison. Here were scien-

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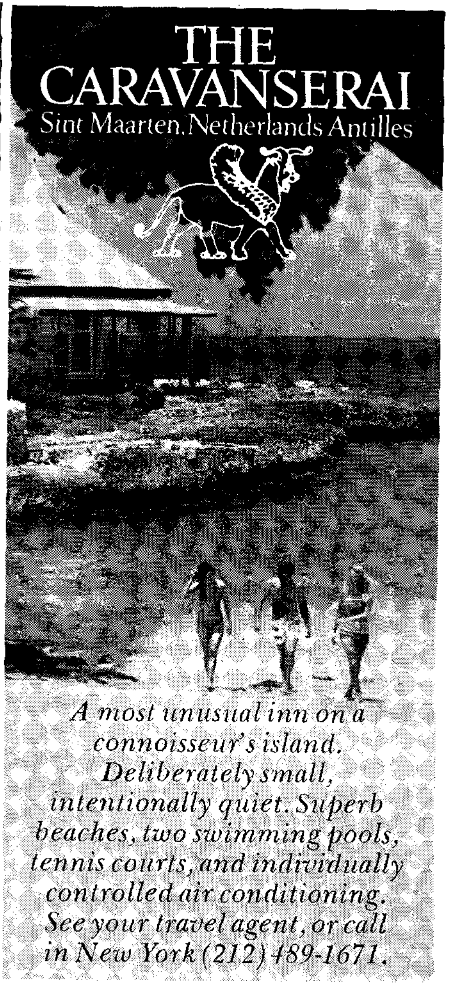
tists, writers, creatures newly harpooned from the outside world. Here was warmth, intellectual discussion, the pulse of social life. Solzhenitsyn's description has an unforgettable glow, at once festive and tragic: "Was it not here, in these prison cells, that the great truth dawned? The cell was constricted, but wasn't *freedom* even more constricted? Was it not our own people, tormented and deceived, that lay beside us there under the bunks and in the aisles?"

But let us not fool ourselves. Even where it moves and instructs us most, "The Gulag Archipelago" is a work violently at odds with the Western style of feeling and argument. It is filled with Slavophile, liturgical rhetoric. Citing those who broke under torture, Solzhenitsyn exclaims:

> *Brother mine! Do not condemn those* who, finding themselves in such a situation, turned out to be weak and confessed to more than they should have.... Do not be the first to cast a stone at them.

The prose is often crude, demotic, overblown (features that Thomas P. Whitney has, as far as I can surmise, rendered admirably in his translation). But the crudity lies not only in the prose. Western authors, "peering through a microscope at the living cells of everyday life, shaking a test tube in the beam of a strong light," would no doubt require "another ten volumes" to deal with the problem of how to urinate in a cell filled to twenty times its capacity and with no latrine bucket. "Our Russian pens write only in large letters." To make this point, Solzhenitsyn refers to "Remembrance of Things Past." As it happens, Proust's sounding of human evil and suffering is as unsparing as Solzhenitsyn's and the moral intelligence he brings to the enterprise more comprehensive. Though it is universal in its appeal, "The Gulag Archipelago" is also a thoroughly Russian, culturally specific work. Only an "insider" can judge Solzhenitsyn's history of the Soviet apparatus and the formula he puts forward of a future symbiosis of émigré and motherland. "Only then will our culture attain wholeness. Only then will it reveal its capacity for benign development. And I dream of living until that day."

Sadly, one doubts that this dream will be fulfilled. It is more probable that this haunted giant of a man will come to find the West intolerable—for its materialism, for its ironies, for blowing neither hot nor cold. One can easily imagine a day on which the city fathers of Zurich or any other Western center might wish their guest back in



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his homeland. This would be the final logic and triumph of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's position. In the meantime, there are two more tomes of "The Gulag Archipelago" to come, and no less massive. —GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SPREADING FIRES, by John Knowles (Random House). A punctilious servant named Neville comes with the Provençal house that Brendan Lucas, a twenty-nine-year-old American Foreign Service officer, rents for his and his family's holiday. Neville, who cooks like a dream and keeps everything spotless, is something of a mystery. There is his vague British-Canadian past, and his insistence that he was somehow framed in his previous occupation as a male nurse. Also: his absences while forest fires burn in the vicinity; his long-faced disapproval of Brendan's luscious ballerina sister, Mimi; his disgust at Mimi's premature bedroom arrangements with her irreverent, fancily named fiancé, Xavier Farel de Dornay; and his habit of locking and shuttering the house—and particularly his own room—so that it is as tight as a bank vault. If anyone can crack Neville's shell, it will be Brendan's mother—an imperious, inflexibly self-righteous woman—but in a preliminary joust (over that locked room) Neville proves her match. Neville *is* a mystery, and Mr. Knowles turns out to have no interest in a pat solution. Rather, his concern is mainly for character, and his violent, loose-ended dénouement is as illuminating of the Lucases as it is of that frightening, mixed-up Neville.

GENERAL

A POET'S JOURNAL: DAYS OF 1945-1951, by George Seferis, translated from the Greek by Athan Anagnostopoulos (Harvard). Every once in a while, a book comes along to demonstrate the peculiar expressiveness that belongs to topnotch poets. This is such a book. Seferis, who was awarded the Nobel Prize in 1963 and who died in 1971, records his return to Greece after the Second World War, and tells of some of his government service, including a tour of duty as the Greek Ambassador to Turkey. But it is the poet, not the public man (Seferis laments the financial needs that drove him to hold jobs), who writes these pages. They

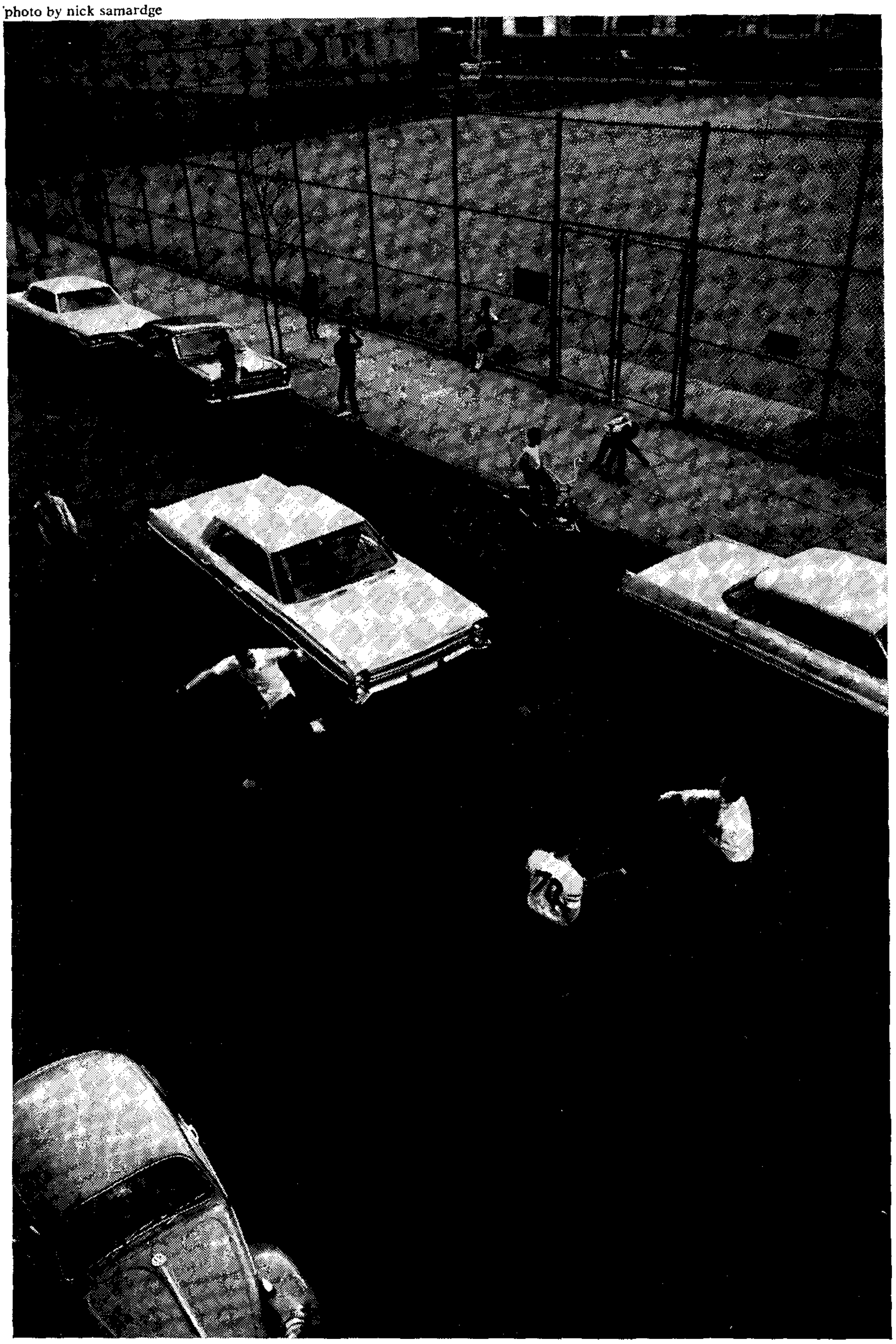

photo by nick samardge

This is crazy.

In this country, there are thousands of places built for kids to play in.

Ironically enough, most of the time most of them are kept locked up. And the kids kept locked out. (Not enough money for sports and recreation supervisors is the usual excuse.)

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The situation makes so little sense, you'd think someone would do something about it.

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are remarkable. Like many younger poets (Octavio Paz, lately), Seferis finds modern politics—ideology, if you like—destructive of art; his pen portrait of a "committed" poet, Paul Éluard, whom he once knew and whom he meets again in this volume, reveals appalling desiccation, and Seferis remarks mordantly that "once the *heimatlos* was the man without a country; today it's the man without a party." Homelessness—exile and return—is a recurrent theme: the book begins with a homecoming, and, later on, deeply affecting passages describe Seferis' return to Ionia and to Smyrna, whence he and his family had fled the Turkish massacres of 1922. The translation is so good that it does not read like one.

NOTE: "A Musical Season," a collection of music, dance, and opera reviews by Andrew Porter, has been published by Viking. All the material appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*

MYSTERY AND CRIME

BLACK AS HE'S PAINTED, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). A highly diverting suspense story of London in summertime, with Superintendent Roderick Alleyn, of Scotland Yard, as the hero, and President Bartholemew Opala, of the African Republic of Ng'ombwana, as the star. President Opala, known to Alleyn as "the Boomer" since the days when they were schoolmates together, has been threatened with assassination, and the hunt is on. The hunt is on for the President, to keep him directly under the eye of Scotland Yard at every moment of his visit, ignoring his angry demands for a little privacy, and the hunt is on for the possible assassin, who seems to be coming from every direction. Alleyn is very worried and working very hard to conceal tension, but he is amused and, in a curious way, enlightened by a quality of persistence in the behavior of a tiny black stray cat that has just been adopted by his old friend Samuel Whipplestone, a recently retired Foreign Service officer. To say that this story is charming in Dame Ngaio Marsh's way is to say about the best that can be said of a work of mystery fiction.

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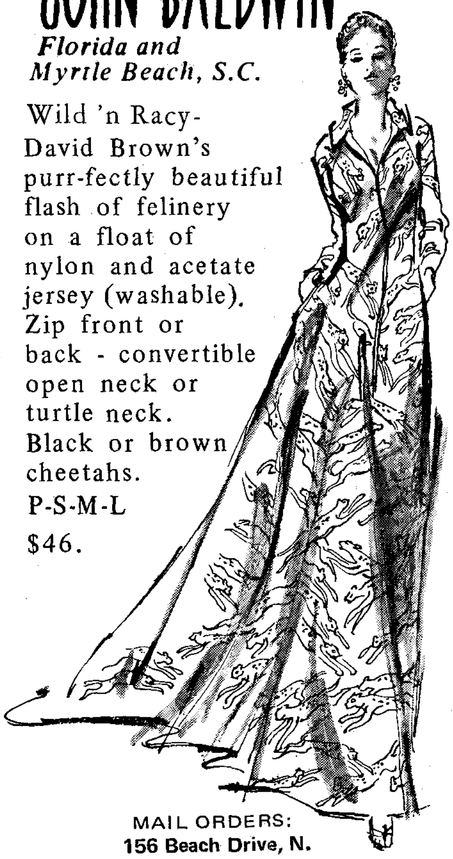
Housing experts say that a family should not pay more than twice its annual income for housing.—*Newsday.*

Aw, they've never heard of the American Way.



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